May 30, 1953

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THE NEW YORKER

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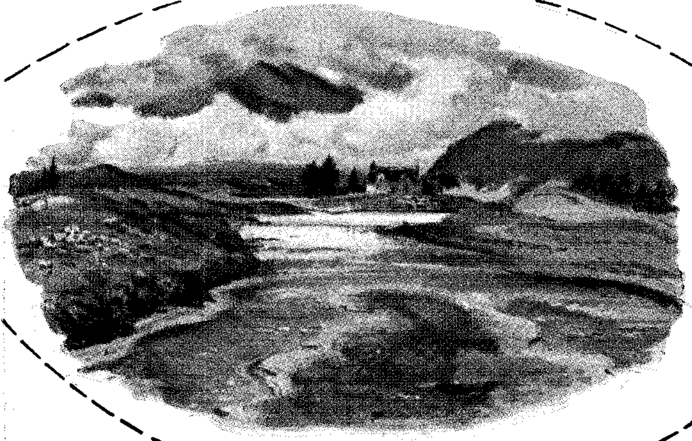

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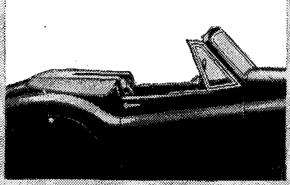

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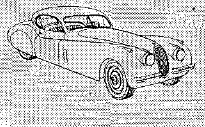

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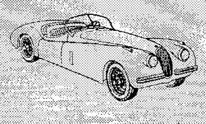

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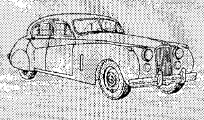

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				28	29	30
31	1	2	3	4	5	6

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

The Children's Hour—This revival of Lillian Hellman's play about a fiendish little girl and the disastrous effect she has on two of her schoolmistresses is just as powerful as it was eighteen years ago. Iris Mann is the diabolical child this time, and the victims are Kim Hunter and Patricia Neal. Miss Hellman's direction is superlative. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly at 8:40. Matinée Saturday at 2:40. Closes Saturday, May 30.)

The Crucible—It is hard to say what contemporary reference Arthur Miller had in mind in this play that has to do with the Salem witchcraft trials, but in any case he has written a moving and impressive piece. The cast, directed by Jed Harris, is headed by Arthur Kennedy, Maureen Stapleton, and E. G. Marshall. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI-6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Dial "M" for Murder—A solid British mystery, by Frederick Knott, in which Maurice Evans figures as a gentleman who wants his wife out of the way, and Gusti Huber as that unfortunate lady. They and John Williams, who plays a perfect model of a Scotland Yard man, do a first-rate job. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Fifth Season—Menasha Skulnik has the leading role in this comedy about the garment industry, and his acting is just about the only thing deserving of your respectful attention. Richard Whorf is also in the cast. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Misalliance—Shaw's comedy, written in 1910, concerning the decay of the British aristocracy, is still very funny. Among the principals are Martyn Green, Jan Farrand, and Tamara Geva. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

My 3 Angels—Sam and Bella Spewack have made an extremely humorous item from this French play about three convicts in Cayenne who have their own ideas about justice. Walter Slezak, Jerome Cowan, Carmen Mathews, Henry Daniell, and Joan Chandler are especially praiseworthy in the cast. José Ferrer is the director and Boris Aronson has designed a fine tropical set. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Picnic—All the ladies of a small Kansas town are comparatively placid until sex turns up in the shape of a prepossessing young bum. William Inge's superior play, directed by Joshua Logan, has a talented cast that includes Janice Rule, Ralph Meeker, and Peggy Conklin. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Seven Year Itch—A comedy, by George Axelrod, about a man who gets into the usual difficulties with sex when his wife goes away for the summer. It's one of the happiest things in town. Tom Ewell plays the distracted hero, and the ladies in his life are Vanessa Brown and Neva Patterson. (Fulton, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Time of the Cuckoo—This Arthur Laurents play, which deals with the discouraging romantic adventures of an American secretary in Venice, owes whatever success it has to the superb work of Shirley Booth in the leading role. Dino DiLuca, Lydia St. Clair, and Bethel Leslie are in it, too. (Empire, Broadway at 40th St. PE 6-9540. Nightly at 8:40. Matinée Saturday at 2:40. Closes Saturday, May 30.)

Time Out for Ginger—If the idea of a teen-age girl whose father inspires her to go out for her school football team doesn't depress you unduly, this play, starring Melvyn Douglas, may be just what you are looking for. Also with Polly Rowles, Laura Pierpont, and Philip Loeb. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. LU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Run—the moon is blue: A comedy in which Donald Cook, Janet Riley, and Biff McGuire appear as a roué, a virgin, and an architect, respectively. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, May 30.)

MUSICALS

Can-Can—The excellent choreography of Michael Kidd and the ingenious sets of Jo Mielziner are the chief assets of this glimpse of the Montmartre in the good old days, and Motley's costumes are a help, too. But the book by Abe Burrows and the music of Cole Porter are hardly up to scratch. With Lilo, Gwen Verdon, and Peter Cookson. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

An Evening with Beatrice Lillie—A highly diverting, sometimes reminiscent tête-à-tête with a lady who can do no comic wrong. Miss Lillie is sturdily supported by Reginald Gardiner, the only man who ever made wallpaper come alive, and the piano team of Eadie and Rack. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly at 8:40. Matinée Saturday at 2:40. Closes Saturday, May 30.)

Hazel Flagg—The plot of this lavish and ornamental piece is taken from Ben Hecht's story about a girl who thinks she may be dying of radium poisoning, but you can ignore it in favor of the dancing girls and the scenery, both of which are very pretty indeed. Helen Gallagher, Thomas Mitchell, and Jack Whiting provide most of the brighter moments. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Porgy and Bess—This third appearance of the Gershwin-Heyward classic is even better than its predecessors. LeVern Hutcherson, Leslie Scott, and Irving Barnes alternate in the role of Porgy; Bess is played by Leontyne Price and Urylee Leonardos; Cab Calloway is Sportin' Life; and John McCurry takes the part of Crown. Robert Breen is the director, and Alexander Smallens conducts the orchestra, as he did both times before. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Wonderful Town—Rosalind Russell shows that she is an astonishingly gifted comedienne, if not a spectacular singer and dancer, in this revival of "My Sister Eileen." Joseph Fields and Jerome Chodorov again handled the book, Leonard Bernstein composed the music, Betty Comden and Adolph Green wrote the lyrics, and George Abbott is responsible for the excellent direction. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—guys and dolls: All those Damon Runyon characters. Frank Loesser wrote the music and lyrics, and the cast at present includes Iva Withers, Julie Oshins, and Susan Hight. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **the king and i:** A royal Siamese (Alfred Drake, for the time being) and his court, taken in hand by a strong-willed English teacher, played by Constance Carpenter. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.) . . . **wish you were here:** Arthur Kober's comedy "Having Wonderful Time," fitted up for the musical stage. With Sheila Bond, Jack Cassidy, and Patricia Marand. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

Me and Juliet—The new Rodgers and Hammerstein musical, with Isabel Bigley, Bill Hayes, and Joan McCracken. Robert Alton staged the dances and musical numbers, and the production is under the direction of George Abbott. Opens Thursday, May 28. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

BALLET

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Thursday evening, May 28: "Swan Lake," "Filling Station," "Valse Fantaisie," and "Interplay."... ¶ Friday evening, May 29: "Four Temperaments," "The Cage," "Sylvia: Pas de Deux," and "La Valse."... ¶ Saturday matinée, May 30: "Kaleidoscope," "Tyl Ulenspiegel," "Harlequinade," and "Metamorphoses."... ¶ Saturday evening, May 30: "Swan Lake," "The Five Gifts," "Orpheus," and "Pied Piper."... ¶ Sunday matinée, May 31: "The Duel," "Firebird," "Concertino," and "Symphony in C."... ¶ Sunday evening, May 31: "Swan Lake," "Prodigal Son," "Filling Station," and "Bourrée Fantasque."... ¶ Tuesday evening, June 2: "Swan Lake," "Picnic at Tintagel," "Illuminations," and "Fanfare" (première).... ¶ Wednesday evening, June 3: "Mother Goose Suite," "Swan Lake," "The Cage," and "Metamorphoses."... ¶ Thursday evening, June 4: "The Filly," "Illuminations,"

* * *

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

"Pas de Trois," and "La Valse."...¶ Friday evening, June 5: "Serenade," "Age of Anxiety," "Pas de Trois," and "Cakewalk." ...¶ Saturday matinée, June 6: "Tyl Ulenspiegel," "Concerto Barocco," "Firebird," and "Pied Piper."...¶ Saturday evening, June 6: "Four Temperaments," "The Cage," "Scotch Symphony," and "Interplay." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30. Through Sunday, June 14.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

AMBASSADOR, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—Dancing at dinner and supper in the Garden to Jules Lande's orchestra. In between, there's concert piano. Silence on Sundays.

ASTOR ROOF, Broadway at 44th St. (JU 6-3000)—Very little mountain greenery around this sky-high dance floor, but there is Harry James' band, with Buddy Rich on the drums, to make up for that. Closed Sundays.

BILTMORE, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—There's string music by Michael Kent's quartet in the Palm Court at cocktail time, except on Sundays, and during dinner in the Madison Room, which is closed Sundays and Memorial Day. No dancing in either place.

GOGI'S LARUE, 45 E. 58th St. (EL 5-6374)—An opulent sound box for Ted Straeter and his merry musicians, who cook up as fine dance music as you'll hear anywhere, and often venture into group singing, displaying an interesting blend of boyish tenors. For Latins from Manhattan, there's the Pepito Lopez rumba band. The minimum also includes a small revue, in which Orson Bean is the bright particular star and wit. Closed Mondays.

EL MOROCCO, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—A few of the customers sleep out, but they're back again bright and early next day. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band for dancing.

NEW YORKER, Eighth Ave. at 34th St. (LO 3-1000)—The ice show, an art form dating back to Grandma Moses, still flowers in the Terrace Room. Since it's all indoors, the pretty girls in it needn't dress too warmly. Bernie Cummins' orchestra does the dance music. Closed Sundays.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Mata and Hari, two very sly pusses, are doing their sardonic dances in the Cotillion Room, where Stanley Melba's men and Chico-Relli's rumba band play for the patrons' workouts. Denise Darcel, a well-known Parisian work of art, sings (or talks) a batch of songs. Sundays, there's only a dinner show; Mondays, the room is closed.... ¶ There's music every day for cocktail, dinner, and supper dancing in the Café Pierre. Stanley Worth's quartet is usually responsible.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the Persian Room, at dinner and supper, Marion Colby and the Blackburn Twins sing and Clifford Guest, a ventriloquist, talks out of both corners of his mouth. Dick LaSalle's and Mark Monte's bands pulse away all evening. Closed Sundays....¶ The Rendez-Vous Room, which is devoted to the comfort of those who are fond of dining and dancing in state, offers Maximillian Bergere's and Nicolas Matthey's orchestras after eight-thirty....¶ Leo LeFleur's music tinkles in the Palm Court during the cocktail hour. No dancing.

ROOSEVELT, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Everything's normal on Madison Avenue, for Guy Lombardo's orchestra is back in the Grill. Closed Sundays.

ST. REGIS, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Even the Admirable Crichton would find no fault with the operation of the Maisonette, where the bands of Milt Shaw and Horace Diaz conduct a practically non-stop marathon all evening. At dinner and supper, Jerome Courtland, a good-looking all-round American boy, sings with youthful grace and enthusiasm. The place closes for the season on Wednesday, June 3, and next evening the orchestras move upstairs to the Roof. Closed Sundays upstairs and down.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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SAVOY-PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Irving Conn's orchestra is in the Café Lounge at dinner and supper, as well as for tea dancing every afternoon.

STATLER, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—Charlie Fisk's jazz band and Sharkey and his Kings of Dixieland, two orchestras new to Manhattan, are in the Café Rouge. Closed Sundays.

STORK CLUB, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—Not as old as Groton, but it gets most of its graduates into Yale just the same. One of Hugo Pedell's orchestras and a rumba band do the music.

VERSAILLES, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—The script of the new musical comedy here, invented by George White, suffers a bit from vitamin deficiency, but this is more than offset by the merriment of Fay DeWitt, Lou Nelson, and Georgie Kaye, not to mention the four-wheel drive of the rest of the cast. Panchito's band and Salvatore Gioè's orchestra play for dancing after nine.

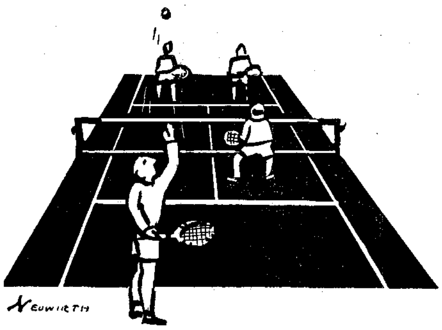
WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—The sad, savage, sensual music of traditional Spain is given a perfect translation by the nimble feet of José Greco and his loyal followers. They dance in the Empire Room. Nat Brandwynne's and Mischa Borr's orchestras handle the setting-up exercises for the house guests. The room closes for the season on Saturday, May 30. On Monday, June 1, Los Chavales de España and Trini Reyes, another fine Spanish song-and-dance combination, will open the Starlight Roof. Emil Coleman's and Mischa Borr's orchestras will operate up there on their present schedule. ...¶ There is music from seven to one in the Peacock Lounge, which closes for the season on Sunday, May 31.

NOTE—The high-in-the-sky Rainbow Room is an intimate aerie the size of the Tasman Deep, but rather more hospitable after dark. It's open for cocktails from four to nine. There is soft music now and then, and not a single taxi horn. The address: 30 Rockefeller Plaza. The phone: CI 6-5800. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

LE COQ ROUGE, 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): Eddie Davis, who once dandled Peter Stuyvesant on his knee, now makes dance music for sprier fry after eight-thirty. Closed Sundays.... **BARBERRY ROOM,** 19 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): Calm, starlit nights the year round. Under their mellow glow, Ralph Strain plays, from ten to one, the hands-across-the-table piano that goes with the scenery. Closed Saturdays.... **LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): The luxurious saloon of the Golden (or Volstead) Era, reconstructed with an antiquarian's care. During dinner, Johnny Mehegan plays fairly recondite piano all by himself; at supper he alternates with Marshall Grant, a handy man himself. They're off Sundays.... **ARMANDO'S,** 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): There's desultory piano and violin, after nine-thirty, in what amounts to a *pied-à-terre* for the Westchester set. Closed Sundays and Memorial Day.... **CELESTE,** 28 W. 56th St. (JU 6-9063): Jim Mahoney can dig up a reasonable pianoforte facsimile of any show tune ever written. He's here from nine o'clock on, except Mondays.... **LA ZAMBRA,** 127 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9131): Conversation, song, dance, and guitar by Vicente Gomez, a busy but warmhearted host, during dinner and supper. Closed Mondays.... **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Addison Bailey turns out well-bred piano in this thoroughly upholstered manse at dinner and after the theatre. Sundays, the instrument is in the hands of Harold Cooke.... **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): This is a cellarful of nothing but Latin-American music, dancing, and cuisine, all of it highly but tastily seasoned. Closed Sundays.... **CAFÉ NINO,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014): Surrounded by the handiwork of some fancy-free decorators, Harry Meyerowitz plays piano at cocktails, and Rudy Timfield at dinner and supper. Closed Sundays and Memorial Day.... **CHAMPAGNE GALLERY,** 135 Macdougal St. (GR 7-9221): Life in a relaxed and happy coeducational youth hostel, where anyone not out in the kitchen making fudge is apt to bob up onstage, singing along with the pianist.



BIG AND BRASSY

(Dancing, unless noted.)

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060): The Ritz Brothers, whose sound and fury frequently signify absolutely nothing, are in full cry. Fran Warren, who's also around, proves that she can still sing a pretty nice song....¶ There's solid music in the lounge after ten these nights, thanks to Billy Taylor's jazz trio. No dancing.... **LA VIE EN ROSE,** 123 E. 54th St. (MU 8-8420): The Mills Brothers, eminent examples of close-order harmony, are crooning here.... **VILLAGE BARN,** 52 W. 8th St. (GR 7-4687): Clara Cedrone keeps the wolf (Ernest Sarracino) from the door in those souped-up melodramas apparently dear to the hearts of teen-agers, who can also indulge here in square dancing. Pay no heed to the other doings.... **RIVIERA,** Fort Lee, N.J. (Fort Lee 8-2000): Marge and Gower Champion scamper about the floor, Vic Damone sings, and the Hudson rolls majestically by on the starboard side. As of Tuesday, June 2, the scampering will be in charge of Bambi Linn and Rod Alexander, and the singing will be in charge of Tony Martin.... **CAFÉ SOCIETY,** 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4355): On Monday, June 1, Josh White will start another seminar on mountain music and contiguous Americana. Cy Coleman's trio provides less traditional sounds.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Alice Pearce, smiling bravely through the slings and arrows of a particularly outrageous fortune, is one of the funniest girls of our time. Portia Nelson and the Jimmy Lyons trio collaborate on a very special sheaf of love songs; the Three Riffs unravel their persiflage-and-dance act; and a handsome East Indian soprano named Amru Sani sings whatever East Indian sopranos sing. The piano of Bart Howard provides an agreeable background.... **LE RUBAN BLEU,** 4 E. 56th St. (PL 3-6426): Julius Monk, mentor of this nursery for talent, has come up with one of the brighter *enfants terribles* of the season—a pandemonious sprig of wild thyme named Ceil Cabot. The veteran Toppers, whose singing is a bourbon-type blend of tenor voices; Nancy Reed, in whose ballads there is plenty of come-hither; and the fledgling comedy team of Dana and Wood all do their very best to maintain the pace. The unique and glittering music of Norman Paris and his virtuoso trio is a big help to everyone. Closed Sundays.... **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Phil Leeds is a relaxed, once-over-lightly humorist; Celestin Gamory is a warm and winning new Calypso man from Trinidad; and Patricia Wilson is a green hand not yet quite sure what to do with her good voice. Between shows, the dance music of

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BOTTLED AND PACKAGED IN FRANCE

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Clarence Williams' trio, which includes Karl Lynch on guitar. Closed Mondays. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Nancy Andrews, a full-rigged man-o'-war, flips through a set of ballads tending to disprove the theory that women are the second sex. She's on duty except Sundays. The local tenor is young Michael Mason. He's off Mondays. Bob Downey and Harold Fonville play double piano, and Hazel Webster is the solo pianist. Antique movies on Sundays; amateur nights Mondays. . . . **BYLINE ROOM,** 137 E. 52nd St. (EL 5-8319): A *petite histoire* of love life among the moderns. The words and music are by such new-school poets as Alec Wilder and Bart Howard; their sounding board, calm but persuasive, is Mabel Mercer. Sam Hamilton is at the piano. Closed Sundays. The place is reached through the often raucous ground-floor Show Spot Lounge. . . . **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): A fine tantivy that reaches its peak in the small hours. The contributors are the diva called Mae Barnes, who could literally be described as a howling success; Jimmie Daniels, whose ditties are man-of-the-world romantic; Charlotte Rae, whose mockingbird's-eye view of the American soprano is malice aforethought; and the Three Flames, whose jump tunes, especially when they're sung by Tiger Haines, are complete existentialism. Only the piano of Garland Wilson and Norene Tate is ever unruffled. Closed every Monday for alterations.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(Open until late, and no dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): Wild Bill Davison's horn leads the other muskrats (Cutty Cutshall, Edmond Hall, Gene Schroeder, Cliff Leeman, and sometimes Mr. Condon) a merry ramble. Ralph Sutton is the genius in charge of the interlude piano. On Tuesdays, visiting tooters compound the fracture. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Jo Jones' brilliant collection of specialists (Hank Jones, Tyree Glenn, and Tommy Potter) and Erroll Garner's trio, which has Al Hall on bass, take turns at shining up the dark hours of the night, after nine-thirty. Don Abney is at the piano from five-thirty to nine. Closed Sundays. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Pee Wee Erwin's band, which is on the sunny side of the Mason and Dixon Line, holds forth here. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons; closed Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Danny Barker's new band, which includes Don Frye, Arthur Herbert, Heywood Henry, and Herman Autrey, has the floor. There's also solo piano by Joe Sullivan. On Monday, June 1, Wilbur de Paris's band, which includes Sidney de Paris, Omer Simeon, and Freddy Moore, all good men and true, will return for their hundredth stand. Don Frye will become the solo pianist. Closed Sundays; jam sessions Monday nights. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-1368): Ella Fitzgerald's magic voice and Bud Powell's magic piano are the major attractions. Bill Davis's trio is here, too. On Thursday, June 4, Dinah Washington, another singer of note, will replace Miss F. and Mr. P.; the Davis lads will stay on. . . . **CHILDS PARAMOUNT,** Broadway at 44th St. (CH 4-9440): A group of excellent technicians, of which Jimmy McPartland and George Wettling are the most prominent, is in the grill Tuesdays through Saturdays until two or so, and Sundays from nine-thirty to eleven-thirty. On Sunday, May 31, from five-thirty to eight-thirty, they'll have Joe Thomas and his All Stars in to help out in a jam session. On Friday, June 5, Conrad Janis and his tailgaters will replace the Wettling-McPartland posse. Dancing. . . . **BANDBOX,** 1680 Broadway (CI 5-5970): A gymnasium big enough to accommodate all the jitterbugs in town (which it often does) and almost too big for perfect audibility. Slim Gaillard's wildcats, Machito's mambo band, and the Ravens are in residence now. On Tuesday, June 2, they'll give way to Earl Hines' band, Oscar Peterson's trio, and Joe Loco's mambo mob. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Except Mondays, after nine-thirty, the jazz of the new Douglas Duke trio, which is light-hearted, inventive, and so progressive as to be way out in deep left field. . . . **L'ONYX,** 256 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9836): Chuck Wayne's quintet is the main reason for dropping in at this bar-and-grill. . . . **STUYVESANT CASINO,** 140 Second Ave., at 9th St. (GR 3-5289): Friday, May 29, a company of ancient and honorable artillerymen—Wild Bill Davison, Max Kaminsky, Billy Butterfield, Bud Freeman, Jimmy Archey, Zutty Singleton, Claude Hopkins, Tommy Benford, and Jimmy Rushing—is forecast. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): Friday and Saturday, May 29-30, it is reliably reported, there'll be intentional cacophony by Wilbur de Paris's elegant band, Roy Eldridge, Red Allen, Willie the Lion Smith, and Conrad Janis. Dancing.

ART

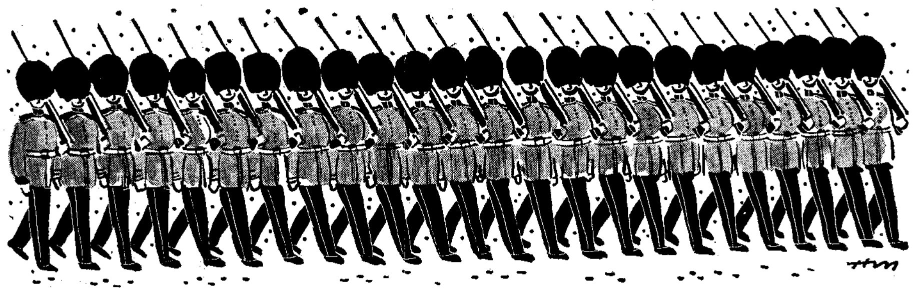
(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

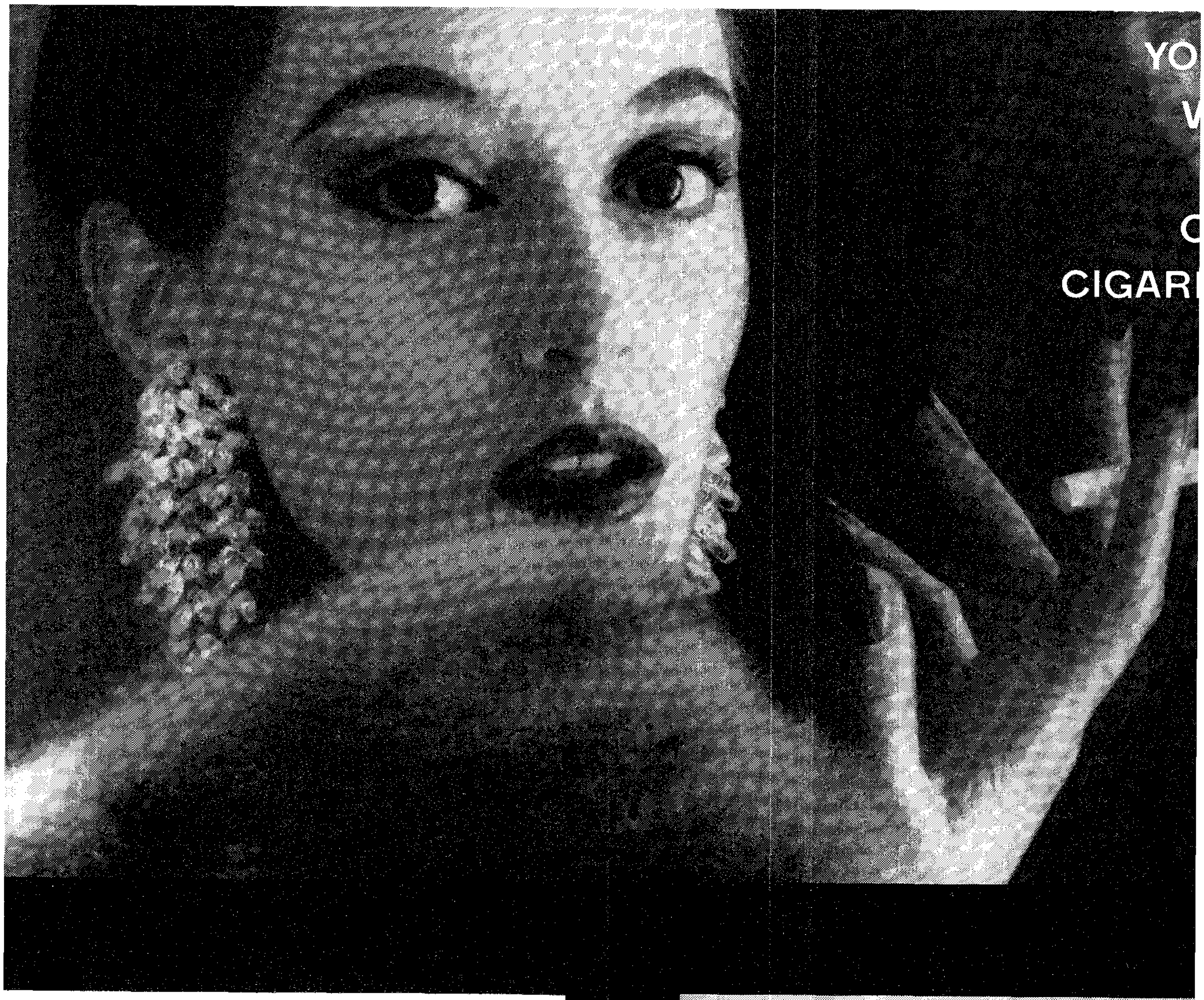
GALLERIES

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **CREATIVE GALLERY,** 18 E. 57th St.: Paintings and drawings by Hans Guggenheim and three new artists, Alex Aizer, Robert Minter, and Beatrice Fried; through June 13. (Weekdays, except Memorial Day, 11 to 5.) . . . **DOWNTOWN,** 32 E. 51st St.: New paintings by Herbert Katzman, Robert Knipschild, and six others of this gallery's younger artists; through May 29. . . . **GANSO,** 125 E. 57th St.: The yearly survey of the varied canvases turned out by the group here, which includes Edward Chavez, Ethel Magafan, Alex Redein, and Reginald Wilson; through June 6. (Closed Memorial Day.) . . . **HACKER,** 24 W. 58th St.: The American Abstract Artists 1953 spring annual, with small oils and sculptures by forty members; through June 30. (Closed Memorial Day.) . . . **KRAUSHAAR,** 32 E. 57th St.: Twentieth-century drawings running from early examples by William Glackens and Gifford Beal to more recent work by John Heliker, Joe Lasker, and others; through June 19. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **DE NAGY,** 206 E. 53rd St.: A review of the past year's work by ten of the gallery artists, with drawings by Dwight Ripley and oils by Harry Jackson; through June 13. (Weekdays, 11 to 5.)

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **PERLS,** 32 E. 58th St.: An exhibition of oils and gouaches by Austin, Bombois, Braque, Picasso, and at least fifteen others whose work the gallery regularly handles; through July 3. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **VIVIANO,** 42 E. 57th St.: This show combines the paintings and sculptures of Americans (Erle Loran, Joseph Glasco, Kay Sage, and others) with those of such Italians as Afro, Leonardo Cremonini, and Renato Birolli; through July 24. (Closed Saturdays.)

DOUGLAS CHANDOR—A portrait of Queen Elizabeth II painted at Buckingham Palace in the





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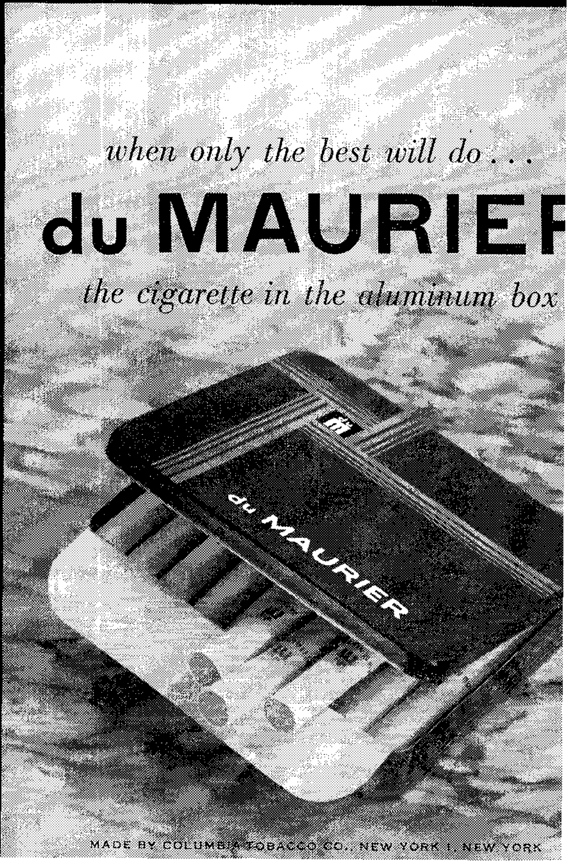
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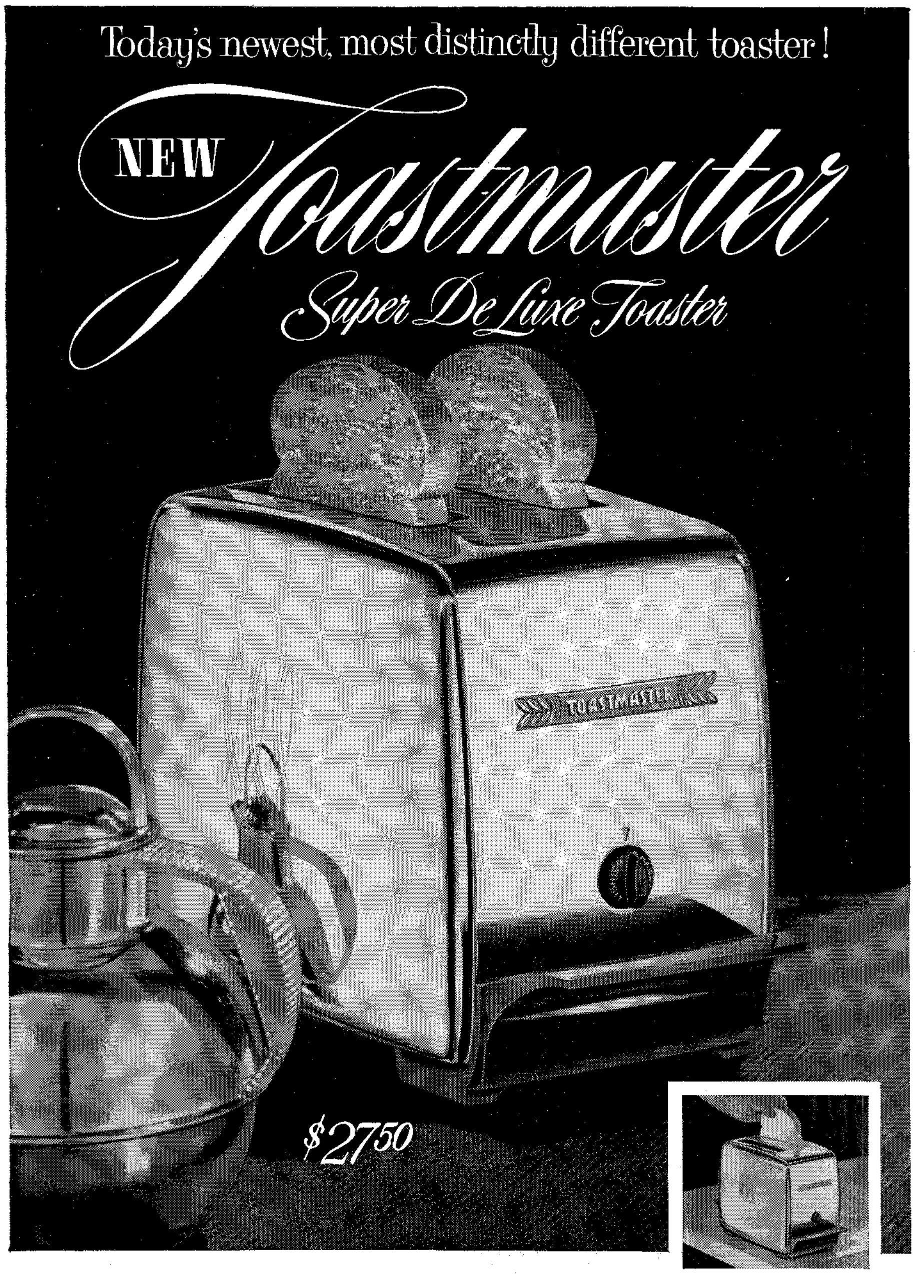

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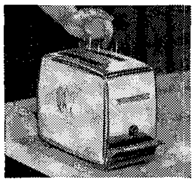
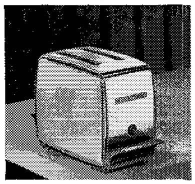
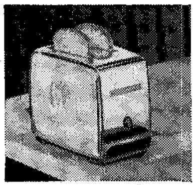


lowers bread for you . . .



starts it toasting . . .



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McG McGRAW ELECTRIC COMPANY

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

fall of 1952; through June 6. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St. Closed Memorial Day.)

HELEN BEATTY CLARKE—Western desert, mountain, and coastal scenes in oil by a native of Palm Springs; through May 30. (Ferargil, 63 E. 57th St.)

HARRY CROWLEY—Abstract-Expressionist paintings, hazy in design but generally attractive in color; through May 30. (Salpeter, 42 E. 57th St. Weekdays, 11 to 5:30.)

EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At **DUVEEN BROTHERS**, 18 E. 79th St.: Two oils of Venice by Guardi, a landscape by Gainsborough, and other "pastoral and urban fantasies" by old masters; through June 26. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **FINE ARTS ASSOCIATES**, 51 E. 57th St.: About fifteen oils by Cross, Derain, Vlaminck, and other French masters; through June 25. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **NIVEAU**, 63 E. 57th St.: More French masters, among them Chagall, Soutine, Rouault, and Utrillo; through May 30. . . . **WILDENSTEIN**, 19 E. 64th St.: A show called "Springtime in Painting," with fifty canvases by members of the Fontainebleau school and others; through May 29.

FLORENCE KAWA—Twenty water colors in a portfolio and as many oils that range in subject from potted plants to city shapes; through June 5. (Contemporary Arts, 106 E. 57th St. Weekdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 2:30 to 5:30; Monday evenings, 8:30 to 11.)

LENARD KESTER—Lively, semi-Expressionist paintings of beach scenes, picnics, carnivals, and other animated subjects; through May 29. (Associated American Artists, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.)

ISRAEL LEVITAN—Abstract sculptures, by an artist with an especially good feeling for fluent design; through June 3. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St. Closed Saturdays.)

JEAN LURÇAT—Gouaches and drawings, some done as designs for his rugs; through June 6. (Cadby-Birch, 21 E. 63rd St. Closed Memorial Day.)

BORIS MARGO—Paintings, halfway between Surrealism and abstraction, in a minor retrospective that goes back as far as 1936; through May 29. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.)

RICHARD O'HANLON—Birds, chiefly, carved from unpolished natural stone, woods, and other materials; through May 30. (Willard, 23 W. 56th St.)

NATHANIEL POUSETTE-DART—More than fifty small water colors varying from realistic to semi-abstract; through June 6. (Passedoit, 121 E. 57th St. Closed Memorial Day.)

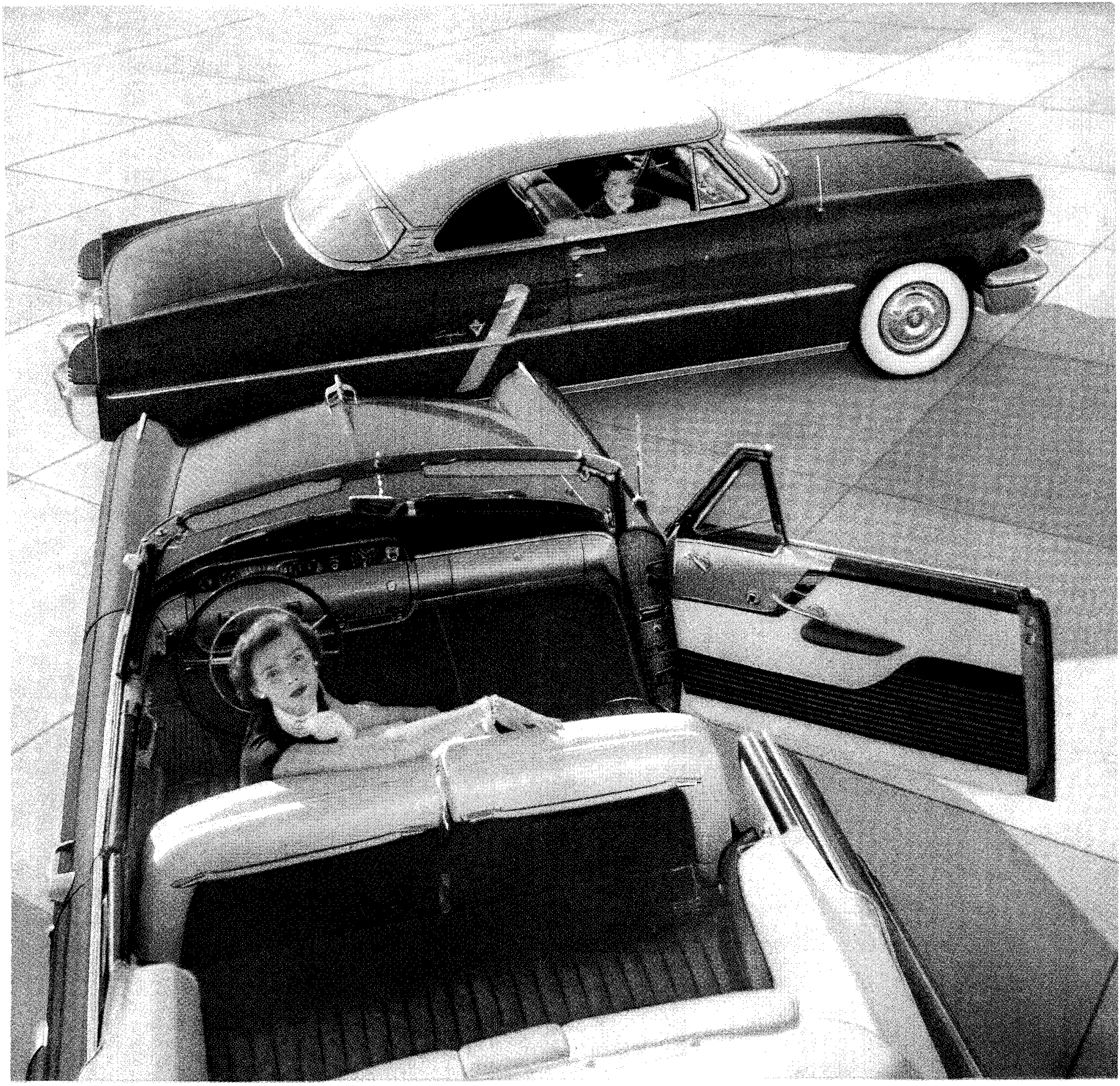
SOME OF THIS WEEK'S OPENINGS—At the **A.C.A.**, 63 E. 57th St.: George Laine; through June 5. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **AMERICAN ACADEMY OF ARTS AND LETTERS**, Broadway at 155th St.: Group show; through June 28. (Daily, except Mondays, 2 to 5.) . . . **CHAPELLIER**, 48 E. 57th St.: Athena Suntoze Hsu; through June 9. . . . **THE CONTEMPORARIES**, 959 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Richard Florsheim; through June 6. . . . **GRAND CENTRAL MODERNS**, 130 E. 56th St.: Nancy Gallantière; through June 12. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **SERIGRAPH**, 38 W. 57th St.: Norwegian serigraphs; through June 29. American serigraphs; through July 31. (Closed Memorial Day.) . . . **THE STABLE**, 924 Seventh Ave., at 58th St.: Fourteen painter-printmakers; through June 20. (Weekdays, except Memorial Day, 11 to 6.)

NOTE—The semiannual Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit is on view daily, starting at noon and continuing until dark; through Sunday, June 14.

MUSEUMS

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—The Seventeenth Biennial International Water Color Exhibition, with two hundred paintings by John Marin, Dong Kingman, Graham Sutherland, I. Rice Pereira, and others; through June 21. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Memorial Day, 1 to 5.)

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Art and Anatomy," a show made up of prints, drawings, paintings, and sculptures, and presented to coincide with the annual meeting of the American Medical Association here; starting May 30. . . . ¶ An absorbing ex-



Standard equipment, accessories, and trim illustrated are subject to change without notice. Power steering, 4-way power seat, power brakes, white side-wall tires optional at extra cost.

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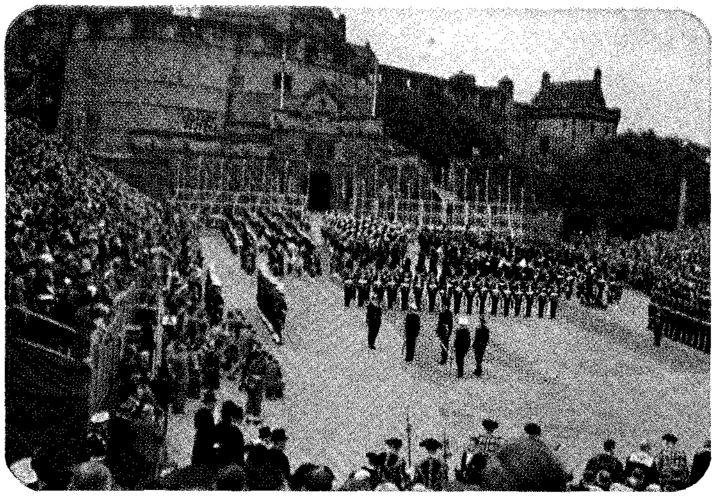
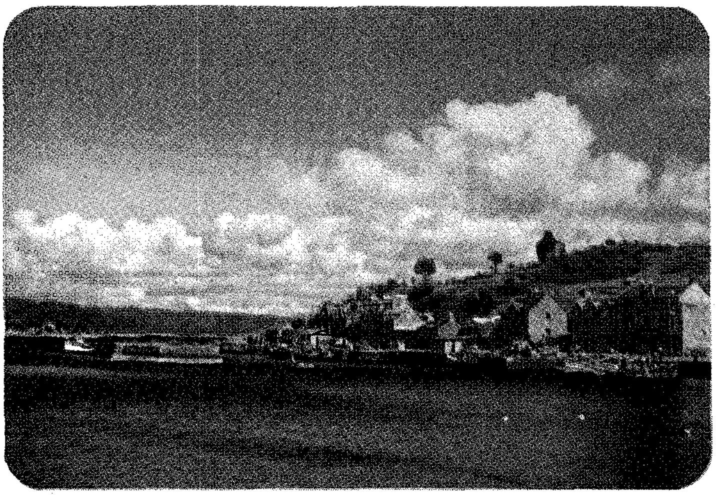
"We rented a car for $5 a day and saw *all* of the most photogenic country in the world—*Britain!* Around every bend there's an irresistible shot—like this mellow Lowlands village street, with the stark ruins of an ancient abbey jutting up against the sky."

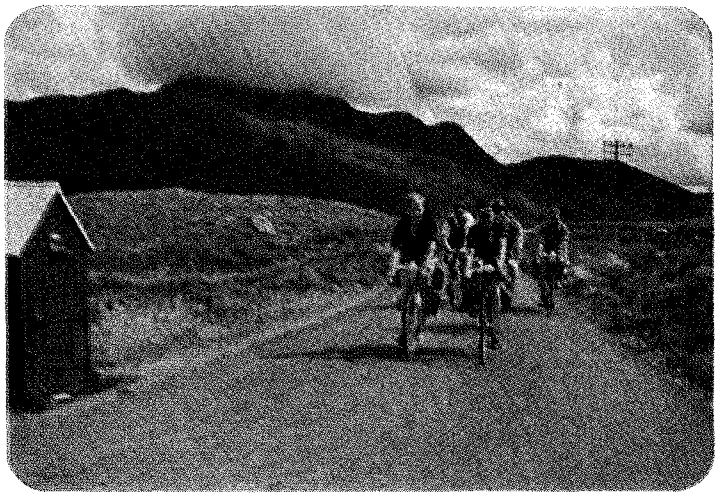


"In a land famous for pageantry, we were lucky enough to catch one of the most brilliant shows—the Military Tattoo at Edinburgh Castle. We divided our time in Edinburgh between sightseeing and shopping for bargains in tweeds and cashmeres."

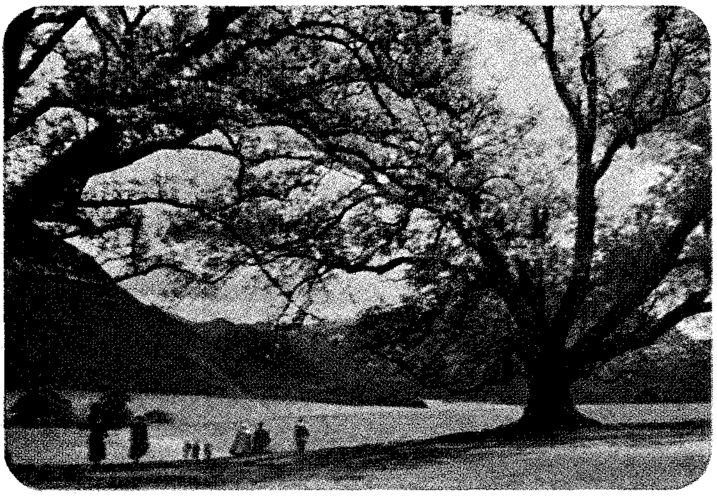
"Seven centuries of history in a single picture—Edward I began Caernarvon Castle in 1285! We fell completely in love with Wales—a country of picturesque customs, rugged mountains, and the famous green valleys that are all you've heard—and more."



"When I focus my lens on one of Scotland's beautiful lochs, I'm in second heaven. This is the charming harbor at Tarbert, seen from the steamer that carried us up Loch Fyne, on the island-dotted western coast, and it isn't far to the romantic Highlands!"



"In the background: the dramatic Northumberland moors. Cyclists are a familiar sight on every English road, and we often stopped to chat with them. Britons are the friendliest people you'd hope to meet anywhere, and *they speak your language.*"



"This is Ullswater in Wordsworth's Lake District in England. And here's the rainbow of his poem 'My heart leaps up when I behold a rainbow in the sky'. Do bring *your* camera along with you—and *do* see your Travel Agent now and come to Britain!"

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

hibition of Rembrandt paintings, drawings, and prints, most of them from the Museum's collection. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Memorial Day, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Around seventy-five paintings by Rouault, in various mediums, along with a hundred of his prints, many of them being shown for the first time in this country; through May 31. . . . ¶ "Sculpture of the Twentieth Century," a handsome, informative loan show, tracing the development of modern sculpture since the turn of the century; through Sept. 7. (Weekdays, noon to 7; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The second exhibition in a series displaying the Museum's collection. It includes paintings by Bonnard, Chagall, and Modigliani, and sculptures by Brancusi and Arp. Through Sept. 20. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 10 W. 8th St.—The Museum's annual exhibition of contemporary American sculpture, water colors, and drawings by almost two hundred artists; through May 29. (Daily, except Monday, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

Lemonade Opera—The season will open with the first performances in America of Mozart's "Don Pedro," for which Joseph Longstreth has written a new English libretto. (Lemonade Opera, 141 W. 13th St. CH 2-9831. Opening performance Monday, June 1, at 8:15; thereafter nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30.)

Naumburg Symphony Orchestra—Remus Tzincoca conducting, with Beatrice Krebs, contralto. (Central Park Mall. Saturday, May 30, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Baseball—At **EBBETS FIELD:** Dodgers vs. Giants, Thursday, May 28, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Dodgers vs. Pittsburgh, Sunday, May 31, at 2 (doubleheader). . . . ¶ Dodgers vs. Milwaukee, Tuesday, June 2, at 8, and Wednesday and Thursday, June 3-4, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Dodgers vs. St. Louis, Friday, June 5, at 8, and Saturday, June 6, at 1:30. . . . **YANKEE STADIUM:** Yankees vs. Washington, Thursday, May 28, at 2. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Philadelphia, Sunday, May 31, at 2. . . . **POLO GROUNDS:** Giants vs. Philadelphia, Friday, May 29, at 1:30, and Saturday, May 30, at 1:30 (doubleheader). . . . ¶ Giants vs. Cincinnati, Tuesday, June 2, at 8:30, and Wednesday, June 3, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Giants vs. Cincinnati, Thursday, June 4, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Giants vs. Chicago, Friday, June 5, at 8:30, and Saturday, June 6, at 1:30.

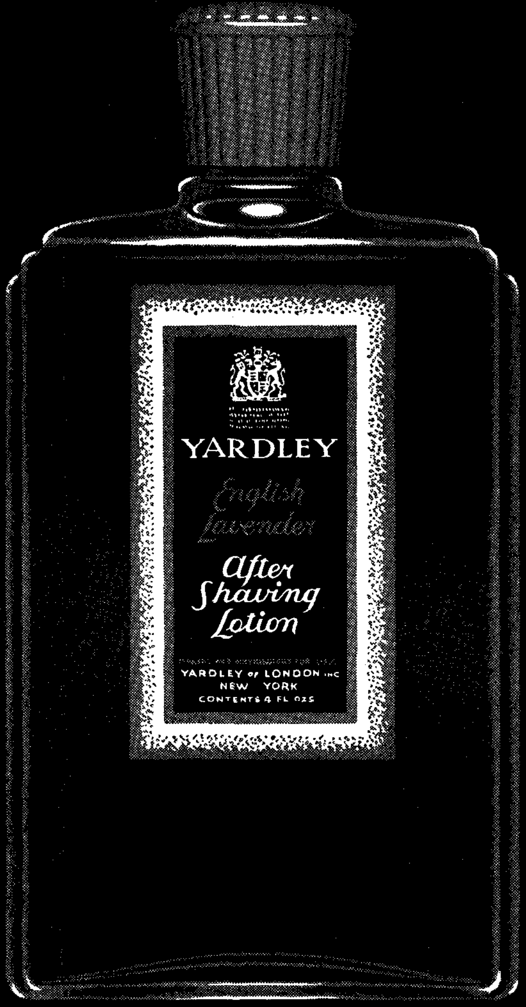
Boxing—At Madison Square Garden—Friday, May 29: Lulu Perez vs. Glen Flanagan, featherweights, 10 rounds. . . . ¶ Friday, June 5: Willie Pep vs. Pat Marcune, featherweights, 10 rounds. (Preliminaries at 8:30; main bouts at 10.)

Golf—Sectional qualifying rounds for the U.S.G.A. Open Championship. (Winged Foot Golf Club, Mamaroneck, and Knoll Golf Club, Boonton, N.J. Monday, June 1.) . . . ¶ New Jersey State Golf Association Amateur Championship. (Essex Fells Country Club, Essex Fells, N.J. Thursday through Sunday, June 4-7.)

Horse Show—Devon Horse Show. (Devon, Pa. Through Saturday, May 30.)

Polo—At Blind Brook Polo Club, Purchase: Sundays at 3:30.

Racing—At **BELMONT PARK:** Weekdays at 1:15; through Wednesday, June 17. The Suburban Handicap, Saturday, May 30; the Peter Pan Handicap, Wednesday, June 3; and the Coaching Club American Oaks, Saturday, June 6. (From Penn Station, frequent trains leave for the track Mondays through Fridays between 10:45 and 1; Memorial Day between 10:15 and 1:25; and Saturday, June 6, between 10:45 and 1:25.) . . . **GARDEN STATE PARK,** Camden, N.J.: Daily at 2:30; through Satur-



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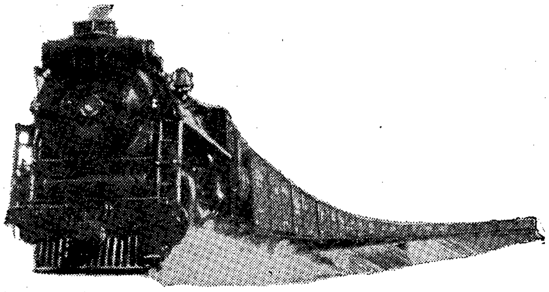

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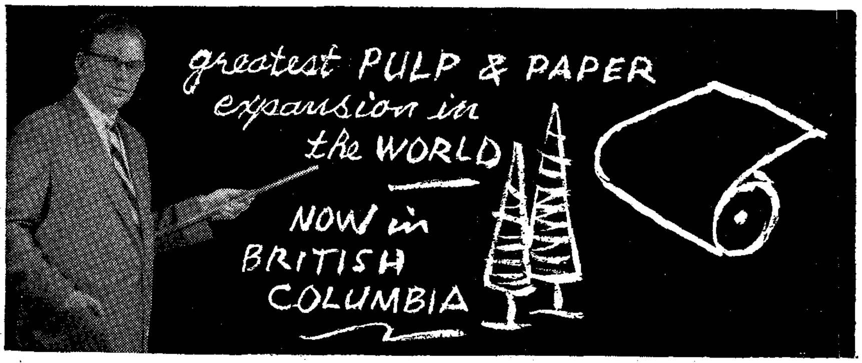
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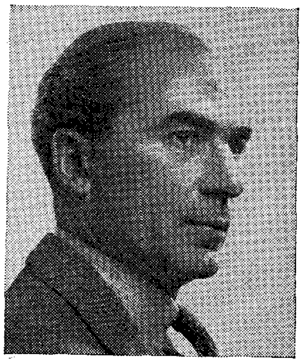

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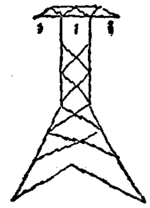


day, May 30. (A train leaves Penn Station for the track at 11.) . . . WOODBINE PARK, Toronto: The Queen's Plate, Tuesday, June 2.

Track—I.C.A.A.A.A. Outdoor Championships. (Triborough Stadium, Randalls Island. Friday and Saturday, May 29-30.)

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:40; through Saturday, Sept. 26. (Trains leave Penn Station for the track weekdays at 7:04; additional trains Fridays and Saturdays at 6:49.)

OTHER EVENTS

Coronation of Queen Elizabeth II—The ceremony, Her Majesty's address to the Commonwealth, and the accompanying pomp and circumstance will be carried over the major radio and television networks all day long Tuesday, June 2.

Coronation Ceremonies—A page of an illuminated manuscript showing Edmund being crowned King of East Anglia in 856, prints of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century coronations, and incunabula and other material concerning the order, history, and customs of the ritual in England; through July 31. (Morgan Library, 33 E. 36th St. Weekdays, except Memorial Day, 9:30 to 5.)

The State Coach—An exact reproduction, two-thirds actual size, of the almost two-hundred-year-old coach that will carry Queen Elizabeth to her Coronation, complete with eight Windsor Grays and an entourage of Guards; through June 3. (Rockefeller Center Plaza. Weekdays, 11 to 8; Memorial Day, 9 to 9; and Sunday, 1 to 9.)

United Nations—The organization's activities will be more or less quiescent until June 16, when the Trusteeship Council will convene; however, there will be periodic sessions of the Security Council and various commissions and committees to which the public will be admitted. (United Nations Permanent Headquarters, First Ave. at 42nd St. Mondays, except June 1, through Fridays. For tickets, call PL 4-1234, Ext. 634, the day before you want to go, or write to Admissions Office, United Nations, New York, ten days in advance.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours of the Headquarters, conducted by the American Association for the United Nations, leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building about every ten minutes, daily. . . . ¶ Questions about the United Nations will be answered by the Information Center for the United Nations, 22 E. 46th St., MU 2-2658.

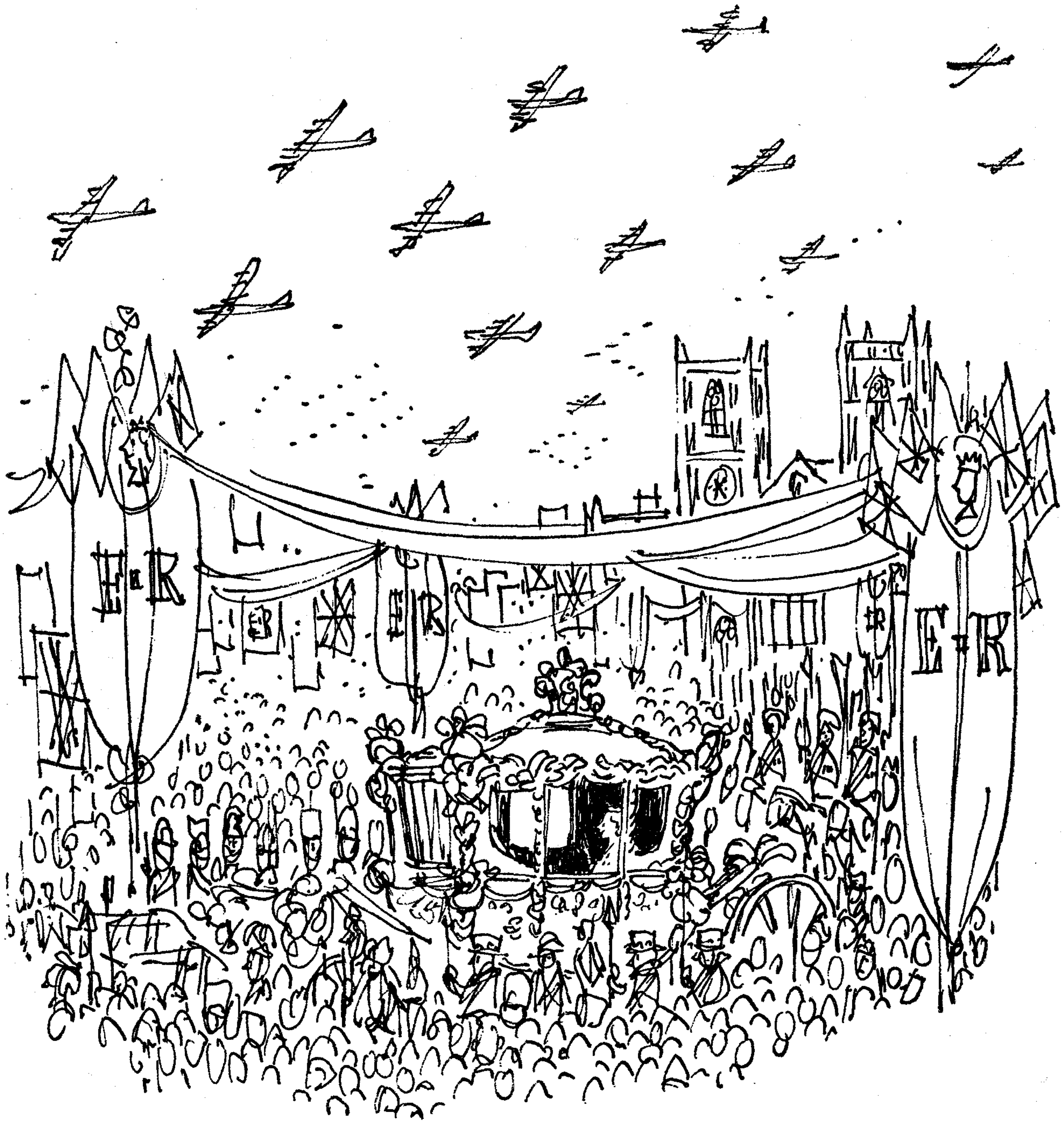
Poetry Center Readings—Dylan Thomas and a company of actors reading "Under Milk Wood," his new play in verse. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Thursday, May 28, at 8:40.)

Hayden Planetarium—The current show, called "Messengers from Space," deals with theories regarding the origins and behavior of meteors, comets, and asteroids, and, in addition, dramatizes the formation of the Meteor Crater in Arizona. Starting Monday, June 1, there will be a new show, "Color in the Sky," about the atmospheric effects produced by the sun's rays. (Central Park W. at 81st St. Mondays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30. Saturdays and Sundays at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Weekdays, except Memorial Day and Monday, June 1, 10 to 5)—Thursday, May 28, at 1:45: English furniture, including Adam-Hepplewhite, Sheraton, and Chinese Chippendale; porcelains, among them Minton, Crown Derby, and Coalport; sterling-silver and silver-plated ware; paintings; and other objects of art. Owned by Adele Lagstein and others. . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, June 4-5, at 1:45: Terrace and garden furniture and decorations, including sculptures in bronze, lead, and other mediums, belonging to Mrs. William C. Breed and others. Exhibition starts Friday, May 29.

Commencement Dates—Barnard, Columbia, and West Point, Tuesday, June 2; and Annapolis, Friday, June 5.

Never Underestimate the Power of a Woman!



Nor the power of the millions of American women who hail one magazine above all others every month—Ladies' Home **Journal.**

A Curtis Publication

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

CALL ME MADAM—A movie musical based on the Lindsay-Crouse work about a jaunty American Ambassadress abroad. It has the solid virtue of employing Ethel Merman in the principal role. Donald O'Connor, Vera-Ellen, George Sanders, and Billy De Wolfe are also helpful. (Riverside, B'way at 96th, RI 9-9861; through May 29. . . . ¶ Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320; starting May 30. . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting June 3.)

COME BACK, LITTLE SHEBA—Shirley Booth, in her first movie appearance, showing the other girls what acting is all about. She plays the unappetizing wife of a disconsolate and unappetizing chiropractor (Burt Lancaster) in a community that even the housing shortage could not excuse. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; May 28. . . . ¶ Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320; and York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-5779; through May 29. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; May 31-June 2. . . . ¶ Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; and 68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; starting June 3.)

FANFAN THE TULIP—A breezy French film that spoofs war, love, and costume dramas, and includes among its assets a toothsome lady named Gina Lollobrigida, and Gérard Philipe, whose imitations of Douglas Fairbanks are first-rate. (Fine Arts, 128 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

LIMELIGHT—Charles Chaplin's somewhat garrulous account of life in the London music halls and the way of an aging and tired man with a maid. Rather solemn a good deal of the time, but not without glimpses of the master cutting loose with his enormous comic talents. Mr. Chaplin has the assistance of his sons, Charles, Jr., and Sydney, and of Claire Bloom, an estimable young English actress. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; May 28.)

ROME, 11 O'CLOCK—An episodic melodrama concerned with the lives of some interesting young women catapulted into catastrophe by the collapse of a stairway. Written by Cesare Zavattini and directed by Giuseppe de Santis—gentlemen who were, respectively, involved in "The Bicycle Thief" and "Bitter Rice"—this Italian film is quite worth your while. With Carla Del Poggio, Lea Padovani, Lucia Bose, and Elena Varzi. (World, 153 W. 49th, CI 7-5747.)

REVIVALS

THE AFRICAN QUEEN (1952)—Down an African river with Humphrey Bogart and Katharine Hepburn. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; May 31-June 2.)

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THE BICYCLE THIEF (1949)—An Italian film, made by Vittorio De Sica, about a search for a stolen bicycle by a workman and his son. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590; starting June 2.)

BRIEF ENCOUNTER (1946)—A British cinema expansion of Noel Coward's one-act play "Still Life." With Celia Johnson and Trevor Howard. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; through May 30.)

CAESAR AND CLEOPATRA (1946)—G. B. Shaw's conception of the conqueror. An English film, with Claude Rains and Vivien Leigh. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; starting May 29.)

UN CARNET DE BAL (1938)—A widow traces the careers of her early loves. A French film, with Marie Bell, Harry Baur, and Raimu. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting May 29.)

CASQUE D'OR (1952)—Love and crime in apache Paris, circa 1900. A French film, with Simone Signoret and Serge Reggiani. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; starting June 3.)

DEAD OF NIGHT (1946)—An excursion into the supernatural. An English picture, with Michael Redgrave. (Carlton, B'way at 100th, AC 2-3862; starting June 3.)

DEVIL IN THE FLESH (1949)—A French picture concerned with the trials and cruelties of adolescent love. With Gérard Philipe and Micheline Prelle. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590; starting June 2.)

GREAT EXPECTATIONS (1947)—An English film based on Dickens' story, with Valerie Hobson and John Mills. (Carlton, B'way at 100th, AC 2-3862; starting June 3.)

HIGH NOON (1952)—Cow-country stuff, with Gary Cooper mixing it up with malefactors. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; May 31-June 2.)

MY SISTER EILEEN (1942)—Taken from Ruth McKenney's stories of two girls in Greenwich Village. Rosalind Russell, Brian Aherne, and Janet Blair. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through May 30.)

ODD MAN OUT (1947)—James Mason as a fugitive hunted by all the cops in Belfast. An English film. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; starting May 29.)

OUTCAST OF THE ISLANDS (1952)—A screen version of Conrad's novel about a wandering wastrel of the South Seas. With Ralph Richardson and Trevor Howard. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting June 3.)

TALES OF HOFFMANN (1951)—A big British amalgam of opera, ballet, and cinematography. With Moira Shearer, Robert Helpmann, and Robert Rounseville. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

THIS HAPPY BREED (1947)—Noel Coward's hymn of praise to the British middle classes. An English film, with Celia Johnson and Robert Newton. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; through May 30.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY—Through May 31: "Top Hat" (1935), with Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers. . . . ¶ Starting June 1: "Nothing Sacred" (1937), with Carole Lombard and Fredric March. (Showings at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after noon on the day of the showing.)

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THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

ASTOR, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"The President's Lady," Susan Hayward, Charlton Heston.

BROADWAY, B'way at 53rd. (CO 5-5711)
"Cinerama," a demonstration of a new movie-projection technique. (Nightly at 8:40. Matinées Mondays through Fridays at 2:40, and Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 5. Extra showings Saturdays at 11:40 P.M. Reserved seats only.)

CAPITOL, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"Battle Circus," Humphrey Bogart, June Allyson.

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (LU 2-1796)
May 28: Theatre closed.
From May 29: "Fort Ti," a three-dimensional film, with George Montgomery.

MAYFAIR, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
Through June 3: "The Desert Rats," James Mason, Richard Burton.

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"Young Bess," Jean Simmons, Stewart Granger, Deborah Kerr.

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
Through June 2 (tentative): "The Desert Song," Kathryn Grayson, Gordon MacRae.
From June 3 (tentative): "South Sea Woman," Virginia Mayo, Burt Lancaster.

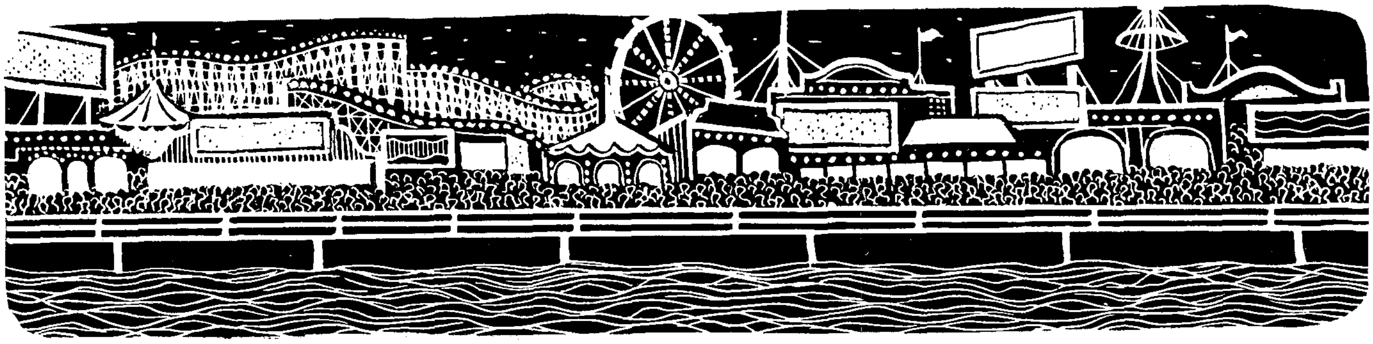
RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"Salome," Rita Hayworth, Stewart Granger, Charles Laughton.

ROXY, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"Titanic," Clifton Webb, Barbara Stanwyck.

STATE, B'way at 45th. (LU 2-5070)
Through June 3 (tentative): "Thunder Bay," James Stewart, Joanne Dru.

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
Through June 1: "The Juggler," Kirk Douglas, Milly Vitale.
June 2-3: Theatre closed.

WORLD, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
ROME, 11 O'CLOCK (in Italian).



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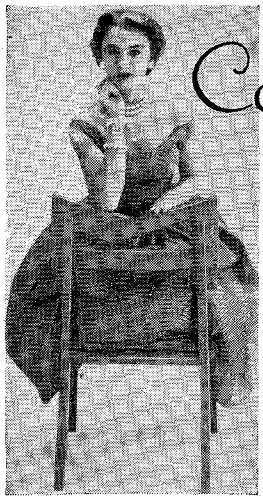
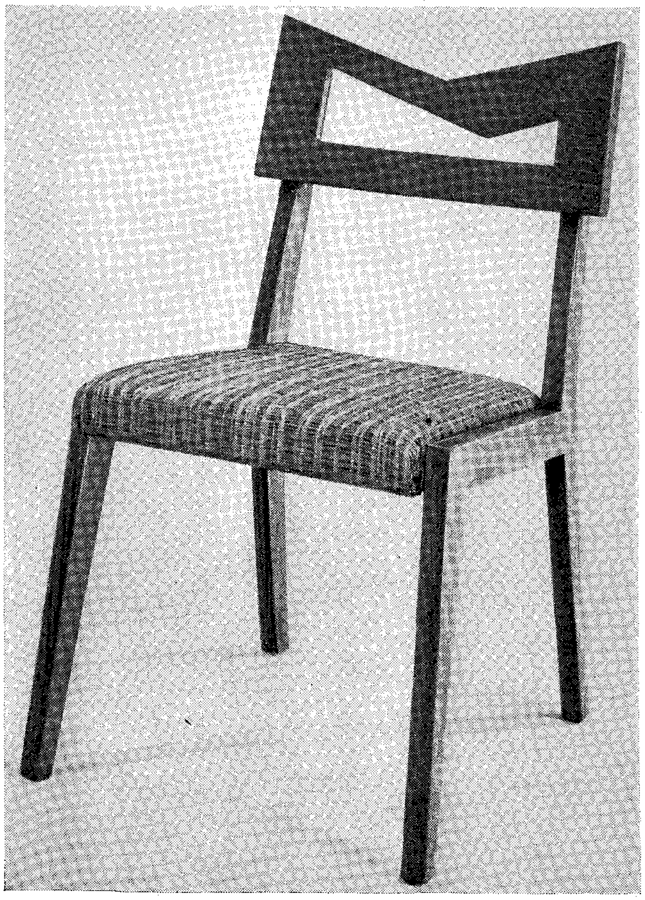


Count on Altman's to bring you today's chair... **modern homemakers won't want to do without it**



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count on Altman's for ideas . . . this versatile chair is designed to our specifications in solid mahogany, along today's splendidly simple lines . . . in your choice of 4 rich finishes: blond, black, malacca brown or cordovan. The slip-seat is covered in green or brown tweed-textured cotton, is easily removable for recovering (additional versatility) . . . and you needn't live another day without today's chair, since it costs only 19.95. See how many ways you can use it in your home (you'll discover many other ways):

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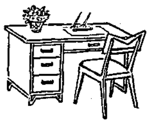
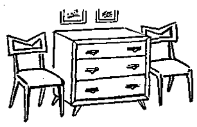
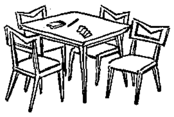


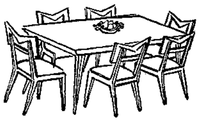
it's a great convenience at your desk



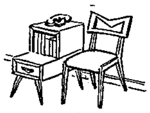
we suggest a pair flanking a chest of drawers



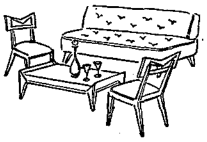
4 are perfect around the card table



6 or 8 make a beautiful setting around the dining table



in the foyer it's ideal at the telephone table



they make an interesting arrangement with a sofa around the coffee table

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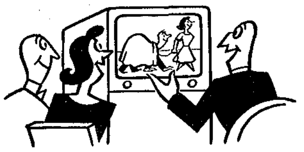
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THERE is a drive under way, probably as uncheckable as the tides, to adapt home movies to television use. Apparently, television has been eating up material of more or less professional origin as greedily as if it had a tapeworm, and the amateur moviemakers are accordingly being urged to come to the rescue, lest the nation's screens go blank. This proposal is a logical enough sequel to the audience-participation shows that have lately been so much in evidence. The audience would not merely be *in* the show, it would conceive, direct, act, focus, and photograph the show as well as watch it. (Nepotism would flourish to a degree undreamed of even in Hollywood.) Under the new scheme of things, some reputations would be bound to suffer, for the foolishness of which normally rational men are capable during conventions and on New Year's Eve is nothing compared to the way they behave when they are within range of a home-movie camera. We recall vividly one melodramatic home movie we figured in some years ago, when we were in college and unfamiliar with even the theory of television. The resurrection today of that one-reeler might prove terribly embarrassing to one of the actors in it, a then frivolous young buck who is now a corporation lawyer. How will he feel if the entire country, acquainted with his features from newspapers and newsreel photographs, suddenly observes him cast as a cow? For in the picture he did indeed play a cow, wearing a blanket draped over his shoulders for a costume, and, with a more sheepish than cowlike expression, he permitted himself to be led out to graze by a Smith undergraduate, who played the ingénue. It was the sort of performance that the American Bar Association, properly vigilant toward the conduct of its members, could hardly be expected to condone.

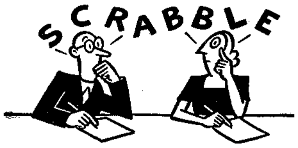


Our own role in the picture was, largely because we wrote the script, or what passed for a script, that of the hero, a simple, virtuous country lad who rescued the girl from the cow. No, that can't have been it; we must have forgotten something. In any event, the movie ended with the girl and ourself standing shoulder to shoulder, staring purposefully off into space, which represented the future. We wonder what ever happened to the Smith girl, and if she would recognize the cow, or ourself, or herself, if she chanced to see us all on television.

Only the Beginning

WE present for your edification the history of Scrabble, the biggest thing in games since Monopoly and maybe the biggest thing ever. We will say no more about the nature of the game than that it is played with a hundred lettered and numbered counters on a small square board and mingles the pleasures of anagrams and crossword puzzles. It is the brain child of a local architect named Alfred Butts, now with the firm of Holden, McLaughlin & Associates, on Lexington Avenue, who told us that he invented the game during the depression, when, being out of work, he was casting about for some way to pick up a dollar. "I guess I'll invent a game," he said to himself, just like that, and he did, only not just like that. He was back working at architecture before he had the game well roughed out, and it wasn't until 1935 that it reached something very like its present form. What it lacked most was a catchy name. Butts tried to peddle it to various manufacturers and jobbers of games, but without success. Meanwhile, he made and sold a few sets on his own, and he and his wife and their friends played the game constantly.

Among the Buttses' friends were Mr. and Mrs. James Brunot. Mr. Brunot, a social worker here and in Washington, where he served on the President's War Relief Control Board, was convinced that Butts' game had commercial possibilities. Finally, in 1948, he arranged to take over its manufacture. The Brunots have a country place in Newtown, Connecticut, and in a barn on the place, with the help of a single employee, they started turning out the game. Brunot, who came down from Connecticut last week on business and with whom we got in a word or two edgewise between the pleas of would-be buyers, mentioned to us that neither his wife nor he could remember which of them had hit on the name Scrabble, or when, or why. "We knew we needed a first-rate name," he said. "We made up a list of names we liked and sent them to our lawyers in Washington, and when they wrote back that nobody had ever used Scrabble as a trademark, we chose that." The Brunots ordered wooden counters from Germany, and lettered and numbered them on a hand-operated stamping machine. The Scrabble boards were made for them by Selchow & Righter, of 200 Fifth Avenue, one of the biggest game manufacturers in the country, whose special pride is Parcheesi, which is probably the oldest trademarked game (1874) in existence.



The Brunots did a little advertising in the *Saturday Review* and elsewhere but depended mostly on word of mouth to spread Scrabble's fame. By last summer, they were selling two hundred sets a week, at three dollars a set. It had taken four years to reach the two-hundred mark, and while everyone who bought the game appeared to be delighted with it, the Brunots assumed that sales would continue at that not very profitable level for years to come. They went away on a week's vacation, expecting orders for two hundred to pile up in their absence. When they got back, orders for twenty-five hundred were waiting for them. The Brunots were flabbergasted. They were still more flabbergasted when, the following week, orders for three thousand came in; then for more, and more, and more. It was as if everyone alive were suddenly clamoring to play Scrabble. The Brunots bought more machinery and moved operations into a small factory building. By Christmas, however, in spite of everything they could do, prosperity had them floored. Orders came in so fast they couldn't even add them up, much less fill them. There was only one solution to this happy disaster, and that was to have one of the big game manufacturers help make Scrabble. In March, the Brunots gave the nod to Selchow & Righter, and by the first of May thousands of sets were zipping over store counters. Mr. Brunot won't estimate how high the rate may eventually go. "Fifty thousand? Sixty? That's a mystery, like what caused Scrabble to start running wild last summer. All we know is it ought to be big for decades. And not only here, but think of Europe and South America still to tap! The letters we get make us feel as if this were only the beginning. One of the nicest letters came from a nun in Alaska. She said that she loves Scrabble, then added the names of about thirty friends we were please to get in touch with, because she was sure that they'd love Scrabble too."

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INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: Mr. Robert Hale, associate curator of American art at the Metropolitan Museum, has reported to friends that since he started wearing a black homburg taxi-drivers don't give him any change.

Foundling

A WHITE rabbit unaccountably appeared in the churchyard of the First Presbyterian Church, at Fifth Avenue and Twelfth Street, one morning not long before Easter and, since all efforts to determine where the animal came from have been in vain, the church has adopted it as a pet for the children of its nursery school, which operates in the same yard. When this cheering series of occurrences came to our attention recently, we telephoned the church, and were promptly asked by the lady we talked to "Is it your rabbit?" We said it wasn't, but asked if we might see it, whereupon the lady said that the thing to do would be to come to the nursery school. The next morning, we arrived at the church about eleven, and there in the yard were a dozen or so three- and four-year-olds, a lady who introduced herself as Alice Traylor, superintendent of the nursery school, and the white rabbit. The children were going their respective ways—seesawing, playing in a sandbox, and so on—and the rabbit was going its way by making a series of erratic dashes from point to point in a hedge beside the church lawn. Mrs. Traylor said that, by and large, the children don't pay much attention to the rabbit, and vice versa, but since the rabbit's arrival the group has been more manageable, while the rabbit has grown fat and sassy. "It's getting to be a snob," she said. "Hangs around the Fifth Avenue fence all the time."

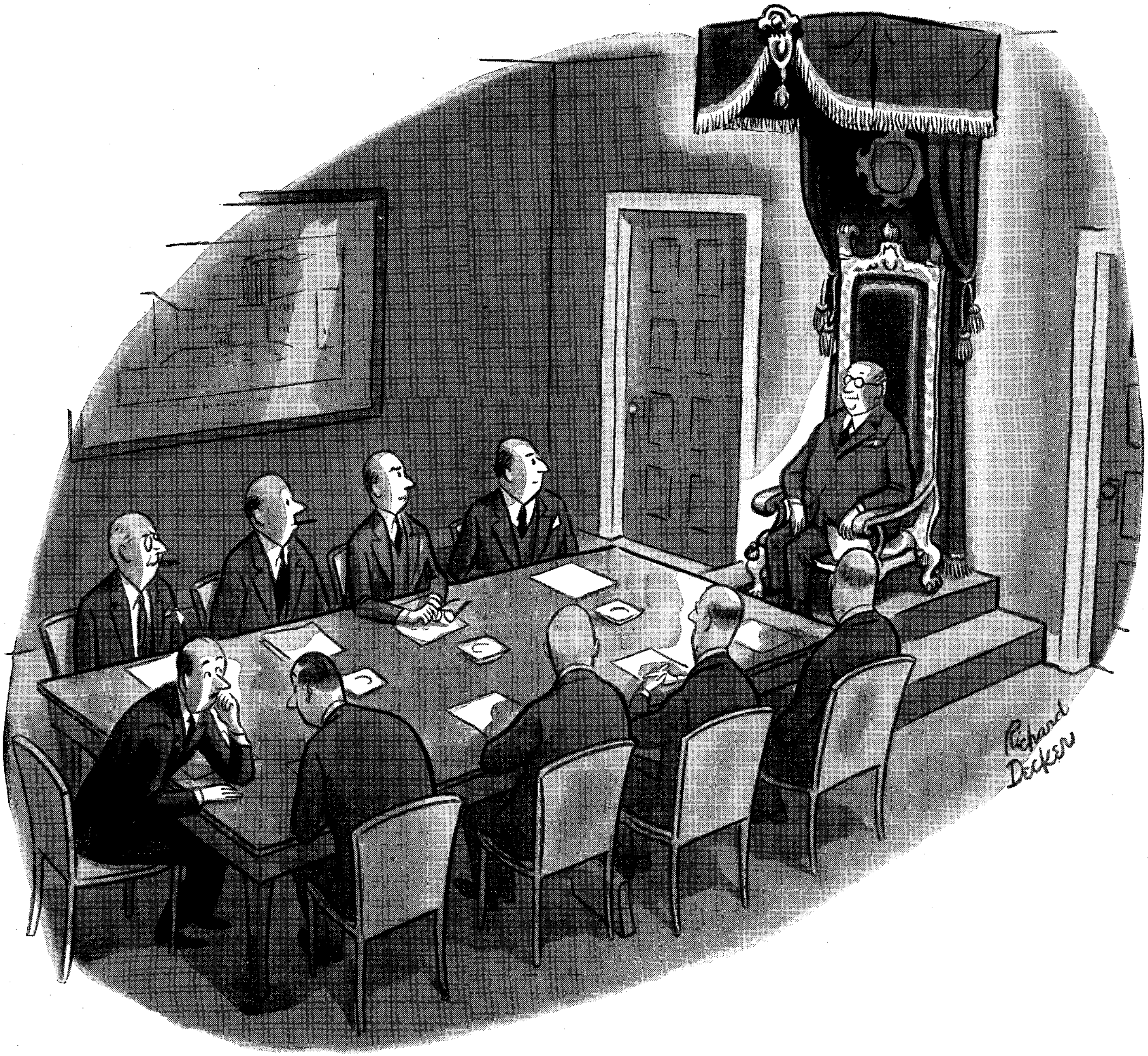
We implored Mrs. Traylor to tell us the tale of the rabbit's appearance. "The minister would be the person for that," she said, and vanished into the church house, shortly to return accompanied by the Reverend John O. Mellin. "As soon as the rabbit appeared," recounted Mr. Mellin, an athletic-looking young man, "we set to work trying to find the owner—in the Couples' Club, the Church School, the various parents' groups. We mentioned the matter at every meeting except the church services themselves. None of our congregation seemed to know anything about the rabbit. Then we checked with some people who live in a little house around the corner, on Eleventh, and always have rabbits running around their lawn. They didn't know anything about this one. After that there was a story in the *Villager*, but that didn't turn up anybody, so we decided the rabbit was ours. This yard is about the only green spot in the neighborhood, and the rabbit may have just seen it and come in through the fence. Where from? Heaven knows. Our best guess is that somebody left it with us, the way people leave foundlings on church doorsteps."

One of the children made a rush at the rabbit, and the rabbit made a rush for the Fifth Avenue fence. Mr. Mellin said that the rabbit has turned out to be excellent advertising for the nursery school, by attracting the attention of passersby; he added that God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform. He then pointed out a rabbit hutch, made of an orange crate and some chicken wire, standing against a wall of the church. "That was constructed by our sexton, Mr. Robert May, who has become the rabbit's caretaker," Mr. Mellin explained. "When it first appeared—I say 'it' because, although the sexton has adjudged it to be a female, I'm not one hundred per cent satisfied—it was thin and dirty, but as you can see, he has nursed it back to health. Mr. May called the A.S.P.C.A. to find out if the rabbit was likely to communicate some disease. They said no, not in this section of the country, so that took care of that. The next problem was diet, and it may surprise you to learn that all the advice we got was under no circumstances to feed it carrots or lettuce. It seems carrots and lettuce aren't particularly good for rabbits. You feed them commercial rabbit pellets."

The rabbit, which is called Harvey by the church's adult membership and Rabbit by the children, didn't arrive *right* before Easter. The interval was almost three weeks, but not enough to keep some of the children from expecting it to act like the Easter rabbit. "When it didn't, they were visibly contemptuous of it for a few days," Mr. Mellin said. "After all, the rabbit, or hare, has been associated with spring religious festivals in the folk traditions of many cultures, so you can hardly blame our Presbyterian children for being disappointed when this rabbit didn't bring them any jelly beans or colored eggs."

Surprise Gift

A GOVERNMENT official, eastbound to Pakistan by air, struck up a conversation with a couple of fellow-passengers who turned out to be a minor



"You'll notice that old Thompson makes quite a thing of his fifty-one per cent."

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rajah and his ranee. When the plane stopped at Beirut, the American spied a handsome silk scarf at an airport shop and bought it. Just then Their Highnesses strolled by. "Look at this," the government man said. "Pretty, don't you think?" The rajah examined the scarf carefully and handed it to the ranee. "Thank you very much," he said, and so did she.

Island Historian

PRESSING on with our series on the borough historians—three down, two to go—we recently journeyed to Staten Island by car and boat, and at the island's largest Telephone Company office, in West New Brighton, picked up, by appointment, Loring McMillen, its district plant engineer (salaried) and the (unsalaried) b. h. of Richmond. Conversing easily the while, he directed us to his local pride, the old Dutch village of Richmond. "It was originally called Cocclestown, possibly because of the abundance of oyster and clam shells, commonly called coccle shells, in the Fresh Kills waters nearby," he said. "This was sometimes written Cuckoldstown, I regret to say. During the Revolution, Richmondtown became the accepted term, and I personally favor using it today, although the 'town' was dropped eighty years ago. I'm director of the Staten Island Historical Society, which is interested in preserving and restoring the town's old buildings. We've restored the seventeenth-century Voorlezer's House, built by the Dutch Reformed Church for services and elementary school—the *voorlezer* was a church employee who led the singing, kept baptismal records, read from the Scriptures, and taught school—as well as an 1837 courthouse, which is empty just now, and an 1848 county clerk's and surrogate's office, which the Society uses as a museum. I asked the borough president for those two buildings in the early nineteen-thirties, and he gave them to us. They'd been abandoned since 1920, when their functions were removed to St. George. We expect to house the museum's overflow in the courthouse."

We reached these structures, which

face each other, and entered the museum. "I joined the Society in 1929, a year after graduating from Union College as a civil engineer," Mr. McMillen said. "I was interested in architectural history, and had studied it briefly at Columbia. In my spare time, I started drawing some of the old Staten Island houses that had fallen into decay, and I began agitating for the preservation of local relics. I saw all this stuff in barns and attics, not being preserved. I and some friends in the Telephone Company began to comb the island for material, and this, or part of it, is the result." He drew our attention, in various rooms, to a well-displayed assortment of furniture, books, lamps, decoy ducks, campaign buttons, musical instruments, prints, household utensils, high-wheeled bicycles, homemade cider presses, handmade nails, and so on. "My friends and I were regular fellows, and people gave us the stuff," he said. "Do you know what really got me started? Henry Ford sent agents here, and they took out two truckloads of local relics for his Dearborn Museum. That got me fired up!"

The historianship of the Borough of Richmond, we learned, is the oldest in New York City, having had an incumbent since 1919. McMillen, in office since 1934, is the third. He is the only borough historian who has had a predecessor. "I was a logical choice, because of my Historical Society work," he said. "I write historical booklets for the Society, historical articles for the Staten Island *Advance*, and I lecture on Staten Island history all over the lot. Union gave me an honorary M.Litt. for this. I ran the half mile there, and I used to be active in track events at the New York Athletic Club, but I've given that up because my Telephone Company work—responsibility for wires, cables, poles, and so forth—and collecting for the museum keep me too busy. My colleagues at the Telephone Company still help me collect. We're all normal young fellows—athletes—and people in the old houses are cordial to us. We pulled a goat out of a well for one old lady, and she gave us an ice marker and a plow."

We asked Mr. McMillen, belatedly, where he was born. "Why, Staten Island!" he said triumphantly. "My dad was a schoolteacher here. I swam and fished in the island's waters as a boy, and my wife and I live in an 1818 rectory, which we've restored. I hope to get a lot more houses restored in Richmondtown, with the city's help. Commissioner Moses and Borough President Cornelius Hall visited Richmondtown a year ago, and we swang a little cocktail party for them. They seemed to like what they saw."

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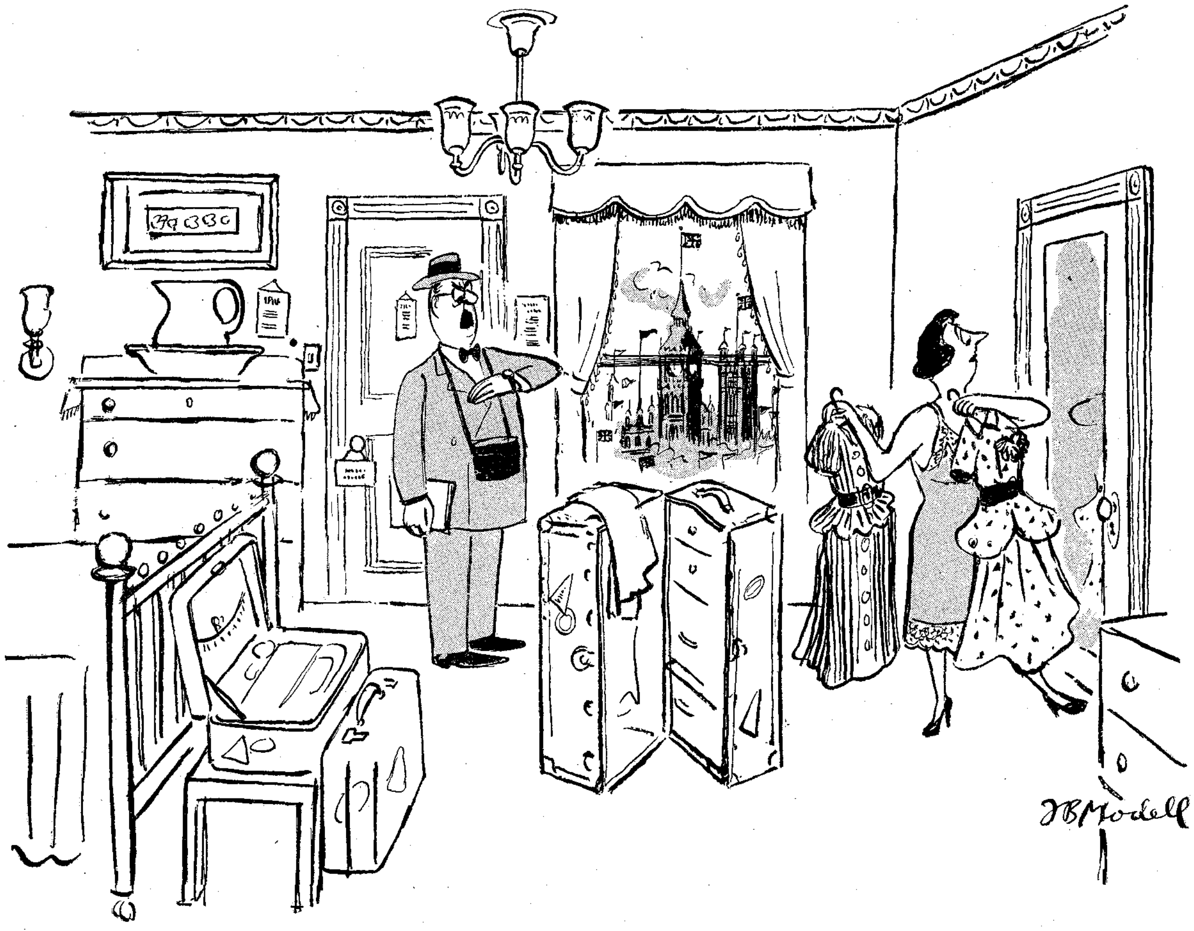
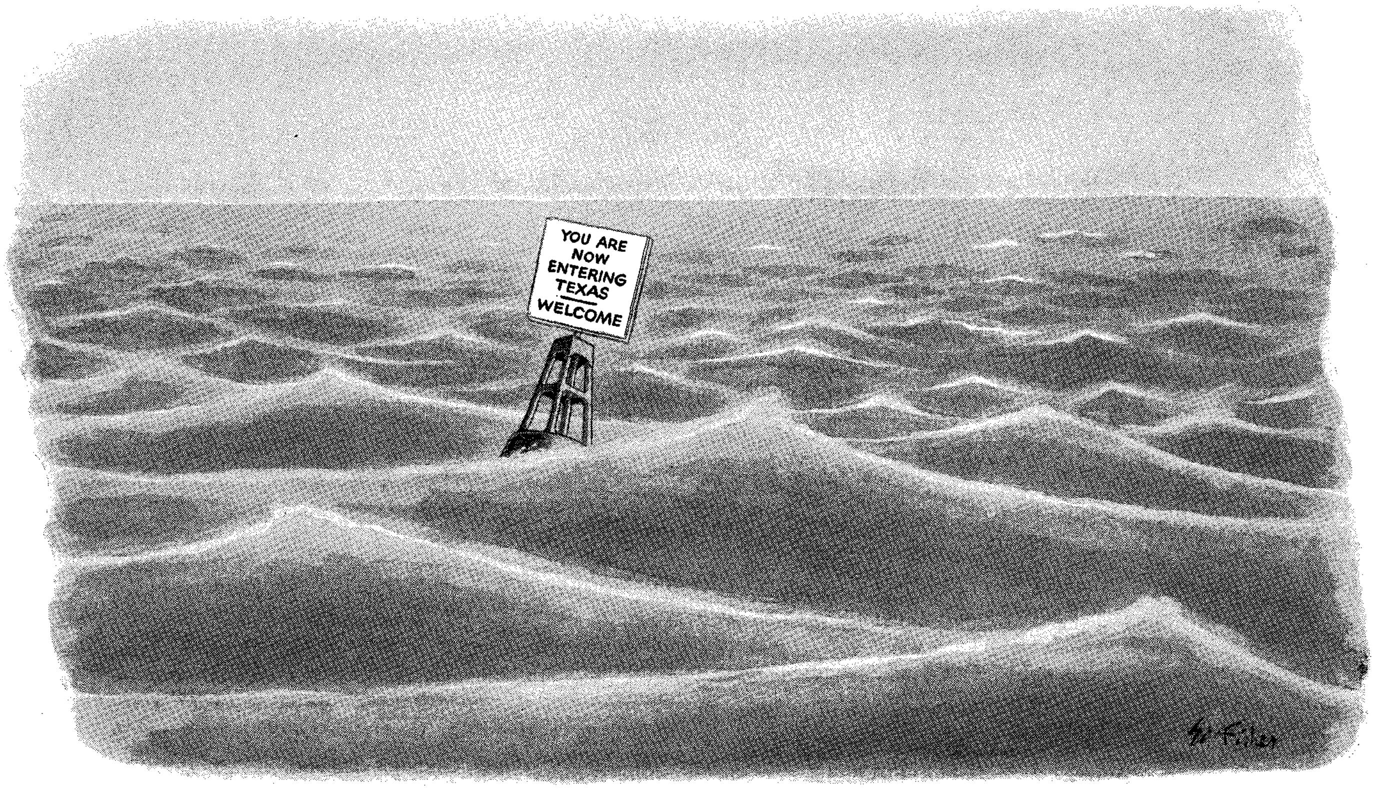
OVERHEARD, one lady browser in Brentano's print department to another: "Isn't it a shame those Lautrec prints are getting so popular! I've practically decided to take mine down."

Frozen

WE mentioned a while ago the case of a housewife who bought a large home freezer and, while attending a night-school course in Freezer Management, learned that the best way to clean spinach before cooking and freezing it is to give it a whirl in a washing machine. Now we've been to see the conductor of the course and have gathered further information on the multiple uses to which home appliances can be put. The course in Freezer Management is offered as part of the night-school curriculum of the Long Island Agricultural and Technical Institute, in Farmingdale, a branch of the State University of New York, and is taught by an ingenious fellow named George G. Cook, who is forty and the holder of a B.S. and M.S. in agriculture and education from Cornell. As we entered the classroom, he was winding up a demonstration of the proper way to prepare a Baked Alaska. "As far as I know, this is the first course in Freezer Management ever offered," he told us, tucking the Baked Alaska away in one of nine gleaming white freezers scattered about the room. "I've been interested in food preservation through freezing ever since 1946, and I like to pass along to my classes some of the little tricks I've picked up over the years. For example, I recommend the washing machine not only for spinach but for beet greens, turnip greens, kale, and Swiss chard. The swirling action of the machine gets the dirt off the undersides of the leaves faster and more



"Oh, hurry it up, Alice. After all, they're not going to be looking at you."


YOU ARE NOW ENTERING TEXAS
WELCOME

thoroughly than hand washing. I also recommend that the housewife spin-dry the vegetables before removing them from the washer. Less mess. As for peas, I suggest that they be shucked by boiling them in the pods for a minute and then passing them through a clothes wringer."

Cook's next self-imposed chore was to bone a turkey, and as he boned he predicted to us that the freezer would shortly become as indispensable to the kitchen as the refrigerator and stove. Over five million home freezers are already in operation throughout the country, he said, and the eating habits of *Homo americanus* are, as a result, being radically altered. "Back in the old, pre-freezer days," he explained, "the usual thing was to buy a ham, have baked ham one night, sliced cold ham the next, ham hash or ham loaf on the third night, and maybe a ham-bone soup on the fourth. Ham, ham, ham! Nowadays, you can have ham one night and freeze the remainder till you're good and ready for it." The key to successful freezer management, he went on, giving the turkey a terrible wrench, is to buy a big enough freezer. "Allow five to six cubic feet per family member," he said. "Since the cost of stocking it once a year is prohibitive, unless you raise your own vegetables, stock it as often as you can with as much as you can. But stock! Stock! Bake eight pies in one oven heating and freeze seven. Or eight loaves of bread. Freezing bread actually makes it taste fresher, and I advise the women in my classes to buy day-old bread, pies, cakes, and sweet rolls at bakeries for a few cents off, then freeze them. A dollar saved is a dollar earned. People with freezers stop throwing away leftovers. Do you know what happens to waffles that don't get eaten? They get put into moistureproof bags and frozen—*frozen*, do you hear?"

We may have looked slightly ill, for Mr. Cook hurriedly left leftovers to speak instead of his classes, which average thirty-two members and meet for two hours one evening a week for twelve weeks. There's a registration fee of four dollars and a laboratory fee of two dollars for the materials used; otherwise, the course is free. He provides all the food that his pupils prepare, except meat, and the students get their two dollars' worth of food back the last night of the course. The price of meat being what it is, he fears that if he were to give it away, a certain number of artful dodgers might take his course merely in order to pick up a nice cut of beef. His counsel in class ranges all the way from blanching food to the use of dry ice in case of power failure. A negative advantage of home freezers, he said, as he got the turkey ready for *its* moistureproof bag, is that they keep housewives out of grocery stores, where they're subject to impulse buying. A positive advantage is that housewives not only are spared the horror of becoming hopeless impulse buyers but don't get trichinosis. "Matter of fact," Cook said, "my wife always leaves blankets and winter clothes in our freezer for forty-eight hours before storing them for the summer. That's guaranteed to kill moths in all stages. Think what an advantage that is! Furthermore, the freezer is an ideal place in which to put valuable papers. The thick walls of the freezer make it practically fireproof. Or hide your cash and securities in a frozen-food container at the bottom of the freezer, and how is a thief to find them? He's not going to empty the whole darned thing looking for them—not with frosty haddock fillets and ice-cold succotash sticking to his fingers. Safe as a bank."

Trained

THE things that happen in the country! A Connecticut friend of ours acquired cheap from a kennel a magnificent male German shepherd, one year old, weighing close to a hundred pounds and about seven feet long from nose to tail tip. "They told me he was trained," he said to us, "but they didn't say what for. One day, we were off in the woods on a walk, and a hunter came out of a clump of trees nearby. The dog went over to him in a businesslike way and smelled the muzzle of his gun. Then, by God—and I was never so surprised in my life—the animal took the gun away from him, threw him down, and beat hell out of him." Our friend, an expression of awe on his face, paused for a moment. "I gave that dog back to the kennel," he said.

THE LIBERATION

ON the day Polly Bay decided to tell her Uncle Francis and his sister, her Aunt Jane, that in a week's time she was leaving their house and was going East to be married and to live in Boston, she walked very slowly home from Nevilles College, where she taught, dreading the startled look in their eyes and the woe and the indignation with which they would take her news. Hating any derangement of the status quo, her uncle, once a judge, was bound to cross-examine her intensively, and Aunt Jane, his perfect complement, would bolster him and baffle her. It was going to be an emotional and argumentative scene; her hands, which now were damp, would presently be dripping. She shivered with apprehension, fearing her aunt's asthma and her uncle's polemic, and she shook with rebellion, knowing how they would succeed in making her feel a traitor to her family, to the town, and to Colorado, and, obscurely, to her country.

Uncle Francis and Aunt Jane, like their dead kinsmen, Polly's father and her grandfather and her great-grandmother, had a vehement family and regional pride, and they counted it virtue in themselves that they had never been east of the Mississippi. They had looked on the departures of Polly's sisters and her cousins as acts of betrayal and even of disobedience. They had been distressed particularly by removals to the East, which were, they felt, iconoclastic and, worse, rude; how, they marvelled, could this new generation be so ungrateful to those intrepid early Bays who, in the forties, had toiled in such peril and with such fortitude across the plains in a covered wagon and who with such perseverance had put down the roots for their traditions in this town that they had virtually made? Uncle Francis and Aunt Jane had done all in their power—through threats and sudden illnesses and cries of "Shame!"—to prevent these desertions, but, nevertheless, one by one, the members of the scapegrace generation had managed to fly, cut off without a penny, scolded to death, and spoken of thereafter as if they were unredeemed, treasonous, and debauched. Polly was the last, and her position, therefore, was the most uncomfortable of all; she and her aunt and uncle were the only Bays left in Adams, and she knew that because she was nearly thirty, they had long ago stopped fearing that she, too, might go. As they frequently told her, in their candid way, they felt she had reached "a sensible age"—it was a struggle for them not to use the word "spinster" when they paid her this devious and crushing compliment. She knew perfectly well, because this, too, they spoke of, that they imagined she would still be teaching "Immensee" in German 1 years after they were dead, and would return each evening to the big, drafty house where they were born, and from which they expected to be carried in coffins ordered for them by Polly from Leonard Harper, the undertaker, whose mealy mouth and shifty eye they often talked about with detestation as they rocked and rocked through their long afternoons.

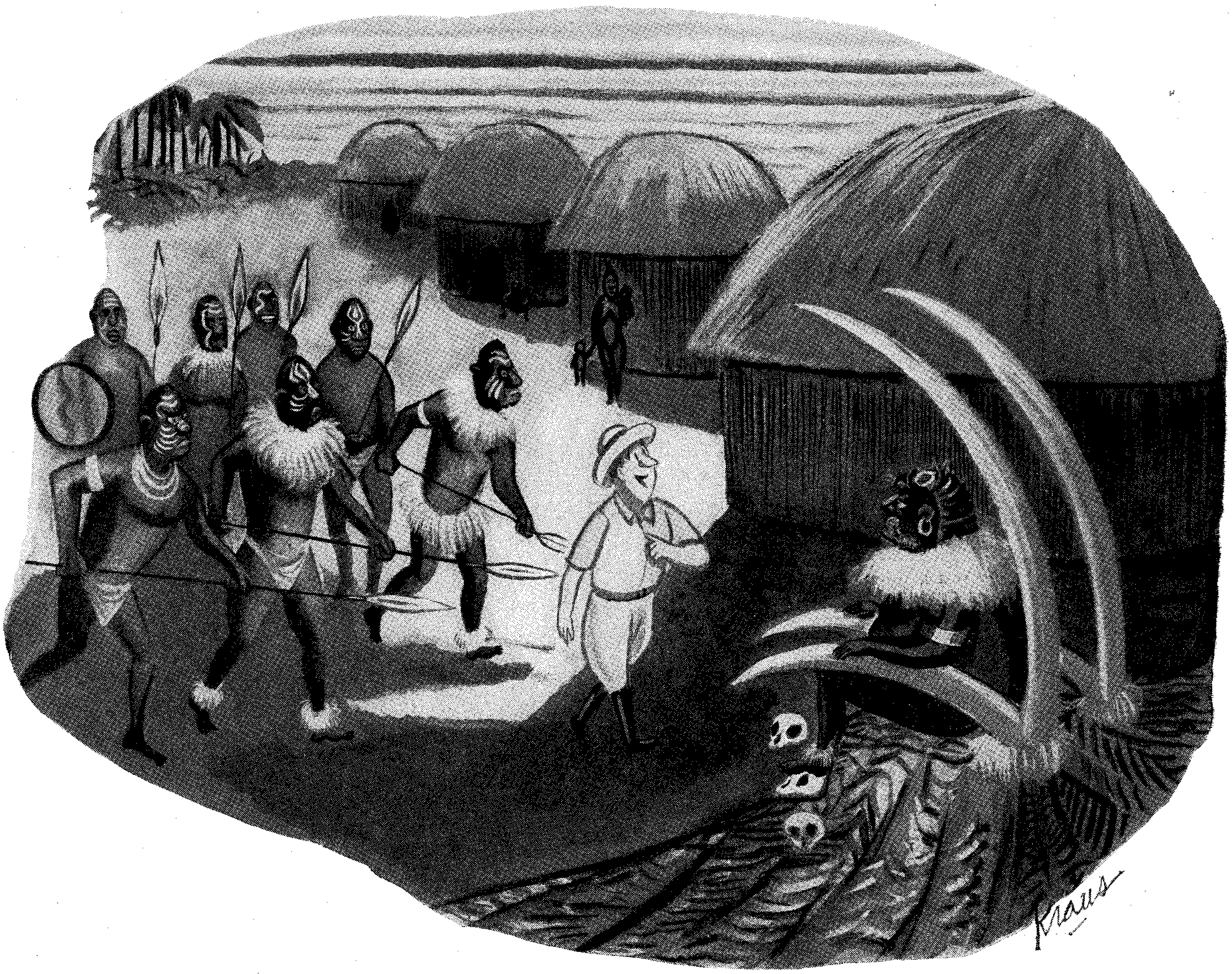
Polly had been engaged to Robert Fair for five months now and had kept his pretty ring in the desk in her office at college; she had not breathed a word to a soul. If she had spoken out when she came back from the Christmas holidays in her sister's Boston house, her uncle and aunt, with a margin of so much time for their forensic pleas before the college year was over, might have driven her to desperate measures; she might have had to flee, without baggage, in the middle of the night on a bus. Not wanting to begin her new life so haphazardly, she had guarded her secret, and had felt a hypocrite.

But she could not keep silent any longer; she had to tell them and start to pack her bags. She did not know how to present her announcement—whether to disarm them with joy or to stun them with a voice of adamant intention. Resenting the predicament, which so occupied her that her love was brusquely pushed aside, and feeling years younger than she was—an irritable adolescent, nerve-racked by growing pains—she now snatched leaves from the springtime bushes and tore them into shreds. It was late May and the purple lilacs were densely in blossom, offering their virtuous fragrance on the wind; the sun was tender on the yellow willow trees; the mountain range was blue and fair and free of haze. But Polly's senses were not at liberty today to take in these demure delights; she could not respond today at all to the flattering fortune that was to make her a June bride; she could not remember of her fiancé anything beyond his name, and, a little ruefully and a little cynically, she wondered if it was love of him or boredom with freshmen and with her aunt and uncle that had caused her to get engaged to him.

Although she loitered like a school child, she had at last to confront the house behind whose drawn blinds her aunt and uncle awaited her return, innocent of the scare they were presently to get and anticipating the modest academic news she brought each day to serve them with their tea. She was so unwilling that when she came in sight of the house, she sat down on a bench at a trolley stop, under the dragging branches of a spruce tree, and opened the book her uncle had asked her to bring from the library. It was "The Heart of Midlothian." She read with distaste; her uncle's pleasures were different from her own.

Neither the book, though, nor the green needles could hide from her interior eye that house where she had lived for seven years, since her father had died; her mother had been dead for many years and her sisters had long been gone—Fanny to Washington and Mary to Boston—but she had stayed on, quiet and unquestioning. Polly was an undemanding girl and she liked to teach and she had not been inspired to escape; she had had, until now, no reason to go elsewhere although, to be sure, these years had not been exclusively agreeable. For a short time, she had lived happily in an apartment by herself, waking each morning to the charming novelty of being her own mistress. But Uncle Francis and Aunt Jane, both widowed and both bereft of their heartless children, had cajoled her and played tricks upon her will until she had consented to go and live with them. It was not so much because she was weak as it was because they were so extremely strong that she had at last capitulated out of fatigue and had brought her things in a van to unpack them, sighing, in two wallpapered rooms at the top of the stout brown house. This odious house, her grandfather's, was covered with broad, unkempt shingles; it had a turret, and two bow windows within which begonia and heliotrope fed on the powerful mountain sun. Its rooms were huge, but since they were gorged with furniture and with garnishments and clumps and hoards of artifacts of Bays, you had no sense of space in them and, on the contrary, felt cornered and nudged and threatened by hanging lamps with dangerous dependencies and by the dark, bucolic pictures of Polly's forebears that leaned forward from the walls in their insculptured, brassy frames.

THE house stood at the corner of Oxford Street and Pine, and at the opposite end of the block, at the



"Me friend . . ."

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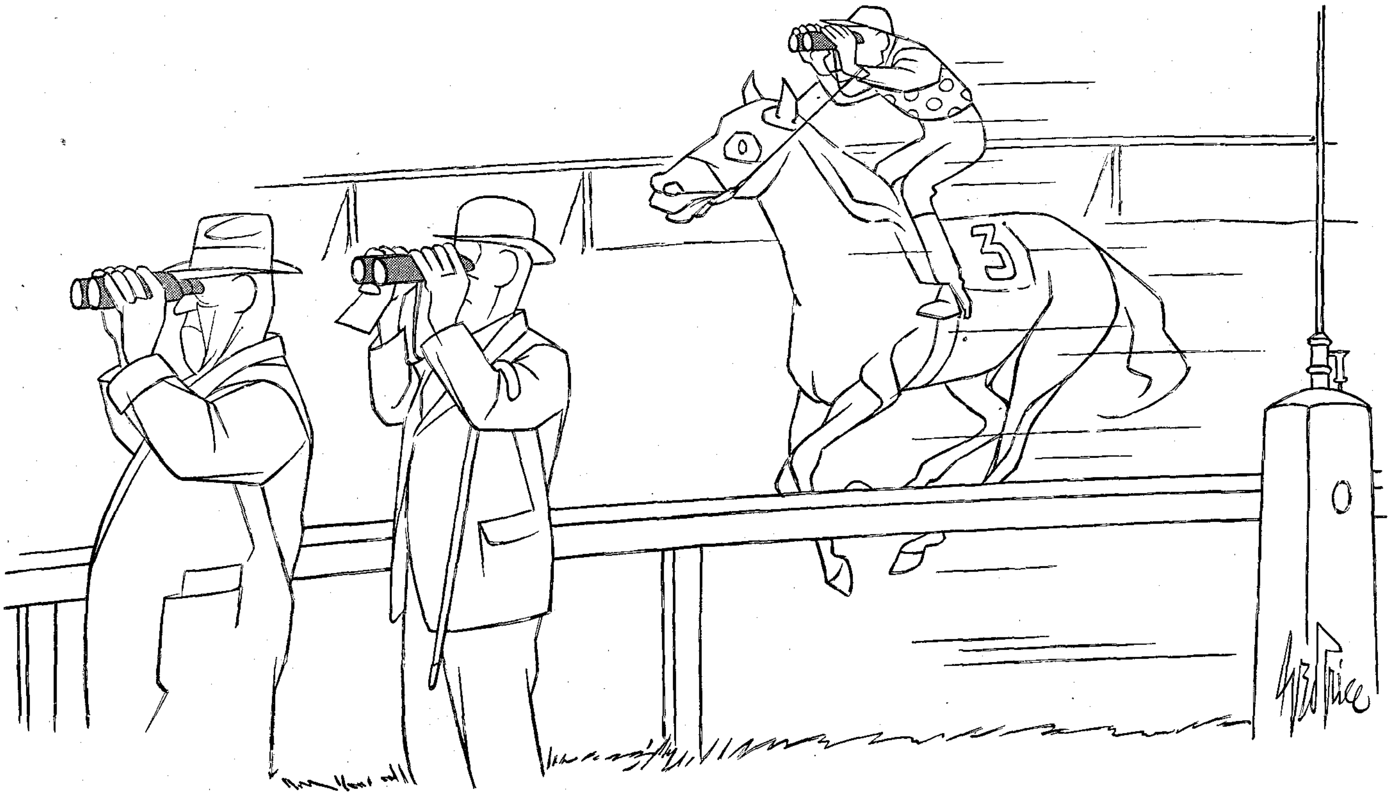
corner of Pine and Plato (the college had sponsored the brainy place names), there was another one exactly like it. It had been built as a wedding present for Uncle Francis by Polly's grandfather, and here Uncle Francis and his wife, Aunt Lacy, had reared an unnatural daughter and two unnatural sons, who had flown the coop, as he crossly said, the moment they legally could; there was in his tone the implication that if they had gone before they had come of age, he would have haled them back, calling on the police if they offered to resist. Uncle Francis had been born litigious; he had been predestined to arraign and complain, to sue and sentence.

Aunt Jane and Uncle Richard had lived in Grandpa's house, and their two cowed, effeminate sons had likewise vanished when they reached the age of franchise. When both Uncle Richard and Aunt Lacy had been sealed into the Bay plot, Uncle Francis had moved down the street to be with his sister for the sake of economy and company, taking with him his legal library, which, to this day, was still in boxes in the back hall, in spite of the protests of Mildred, their truculent housekeeper. Uncle Francis had then, at little cost, converted his own house into four inconvenient apartments, from which he derived a shockingly high income. A sign over the front door read, "The Bay Arms."

Polly's parents' red brick house, across the street from Uncle Francis's—not built but bought for them, also as a wedding present—had been torn down. And behind the trolley bench on which she sat there was the biggest and oldest family house of all, the original Bay residence, a vast grotesquerie of native stone, and in it, in the beginning of Polly's life, Great-Grandmother had imperiously lived, with huge, sharp diamonds on her fichus and her velvet, talking without pause of red Indians and storms on the plains, because she could remember nothing else. The house was now a historical museum; it was called, not surprisingly, the Bay. Polly never looked at it without immediately remembering the intricate smell of the parlor, which had in it moss, must, belladonna, dry leaves, wet dust, oil of peppermint, and something that bound them all together—a smell of tribal history, perhaps, or the smell of a house where lived a half-cracked and haughty old woman who had come to the end of the line.

In those early days, there had been no other houses in this block, and the Bay children had had no playmates except each other. Four generations sat down to Sunday midday dinner every week at Great-Grandmother's enormous table; the Presbyterian grace was half as long as a sermon; the fried rabbit was dry. On Christmas Eve, beneath a towering tree in Grandpa's house, sheepish Uncle Richard, as Santa Claus, handed round the presents while Grandpa sat in a central chair like a king on a throne and stroked his proud



goatee. They ate turkey on Thanksgiving with Uncle Francis and Aunt Lacy, shot rockets and pinwheels off on the Fourth of July in Polly's family's back yard. Even now, though one of the houses was gone and another was given over to the display of minerals and wagon wheels, and though pressed-brick bungalows had sprung up all along the block, Polly never entered the street without the feeling that she came into a zone restricted for the use of her blood kin, for there lingered in it some energy, some air, some admonition that this was the territory of Bays and that Bays and ghosts of Bays were, and forever would be, in residence. It was easy for her to vest the wind in the spruce tree with her great-grandmother's voice and to hear it say, "Not a one of you knows the sensation of having a red Indian arrow whiz by your sunbonnet with wind enough to make the ribbons wave." On reflection, she understood the claustrophobia that had sent her sisters and cousins all but screaming out of town; horrified, she felt that her own life had been like a dream of smothering.

SHE was only pretending to read Walter Scott and the sun was setting and she was growing cold. She could not postpone any longer the discharge of the thunderbolt, and at last she weakly rose and crossed the street, feeling a convulsion of panic grind in her throat like a hard sob. Besides the panic, there was a heavy depression, an ebbing away of self-respect, a regret for the waste of so many years. Generations should not be mingled for daily fare, she thought; they are really contemptuous of one another, and the strong individuals, whether they belong to the older or the younger, impose on the meek their creeds and opinions, and, if they are strong enough, brook no dissent. Nothing can more totally subdue the passions than familial piety. Now Polly saw, appalled and miserably ashamed of herself, that she had never once insisted on her own identity in this house. She had dishonestly, supinely (thinking, however, that she was only being polite), allowed her aunt and uncle to believe that she was contented in their house, in sympathy with them, and keenly interested in the minutiae that preoccupied them: their ossifying arteries and their weakening eyes, their dizzy spells and migrant pains, their thrice-daily eucharist of pills and drops, the twinges in their old, uncovered bones. She had never disagreed with them, so how could they know that she did not, as they did, hate the weather? They assumed that she was as scandalized as they by Uncle Francis's tenants' dogs and children. They had no way of knowing that she was bored nearly to frenzy by their vicious quarrels with Mildred over the way she cooked their food.

In the tenebrous hall lined with closed doors, she took off her gloves and coat, and, squinting through the shadows, saw in the mirror that her wretchedness was plain in her drooping lips and her frowning forehead; certainly there was no sign at all upon her face that she was in love. She fixed her mouth into a bogus smile of courage, she straightened out her brow; with the faintest heart in the world she entered the dark front parlor, where the windows were always closed and the shades drawn nearly to the sill. A coal fire on this mild May day burned hot and blue in the grate.

They sat opposite each other at a round, splayfooted table under a dim lamp with a beaded fringe. On the table, amid the tea things, there was a little mahogany casket containing the props with which, each day, they documented their reminiscences of murders, fires, marriages, bankruptcies, and of the triumphs and the rewards of the departed Bays. It was open, showing cracked photographs, letters sallow-inked with age, flaccid and furry newspaper clippings, souvenir spoons flecked with venomous green, little white boxes holding petrified morsels of wedding cake. As Polly came into the room, Aunt Jane reached out her hand and, as if she were pulling a chance from a hat, she picked a newspaper clipping out of the box and said, "I don't think you have ever told Polly the story of the time you were in that train accident in the Royal Gorge. It's such a yarn."

Her uncle heard Polly then and chivalrously half rose from his chair; tall and white-haired, he was distinguished, in a dour way, and dapper in his stiff collar and his waistcoat piped with white. He said, "At last our strayed lamb is back in the fold." The figure made Polly shiver.

"How late you are!" cried Aunt Jane, thrilled at this small deviation from routine. "A department meeting?" If there had been a department meeting, the wreck in the Royal Gorge might be saved for another day.

But they did not wait for her answer. They were impelled, egocentrically and at length, to tell their own news, to explain why it was that they had not waited for her but had begun their tea. Uncle Francis had been hungry, not having felt quite himself earlier in the day and having, therefore, eaten next to nothing at lunch, although the soufflé that Mildred had made was far more edible than customary. He had several new symptoms and was going to the doctor tomorrow; he spoke with infinite peace of mind. Painstakingly then, between themselves, they discussed the advisability of Aunt Jane's making an appointment at the beauty parlor for the same hour Uncle Francis was seeing Dr. Wilder; they could in this way share a taxi. And what was the name of that fellow who drove for the Town Taxi whom they both found so cautious and well mannered? Bradley, was it? They might have him drive them up a little way into the mountains for the view; but, no, Francis might have got a bad report and Jane might be tired after her baking under the dryer. It would be better if they came straight home. Sometimes they went on in this way for hours.

Polly poured herself a cup of tea, and Aunt Jane said, as she had said probably three thousand times in the past seven years, "You may say what you like, there is simply nothing to take the place of a cup of tea at the end of the day."

Uncle Francis reached across the table and took the newspaper clipping from under his sister's hand. He adjusted his glasses and glanced at the headlines, smiling. "There was a great deal of comedy in that tragedy," he said.

"Tell Polly about it," said Aunt Jane. Polly knew the details of this story by heart—the number of the locomotive and the name of the engineer and the passengers' injuries, particularly her uncle's, which, though minor, had been multitudinous.

Amazing herself, Polly said, "Don't!" And, amazed by her, they stared.

"Why, Polly, what an odd thing to say!" exclaimed Aunt Jane. "My dear, is something wrong?"

She decided to take them aback without preamble—it was the only way—and so she said, "Nothing's wrong. Everything's right at last. I am going to be married ten days from today to a teacher at Harvard and I am going to Boston to live."

They behaved like people on a stage; Aunt Jane put her teacup down, rattling her spoon, and began to wring her hands; Uncle Francis, holding his butter knife as if it were a gavel, glared.

"What are you talking about, darling?" he cried. "Married? What do you mean?"

Aunt Jane wheezed, signalling her useful asthma, which, however, did not oblige her. "Boston!" she gasped. "What ever for?"

Polly returned her uncle's magisterial look, but she did so obliquely, and she spoke to her cuffs when she said, "I mean 'married,' the way you were married to Aunt Lacy and the way Aunt Jane was married to Uncle Richard. I am in love with a man named Robert Fair and *he* is with *me* and we're going to be married."

"How lovely," said Aunt Jane, who, sight unseen, hated Robert Fair.

"Lovely perhaps," said Uncle Francis the magistrate, "and perhaps not. You might, if you please, do us the honor of enlightening us as to the qualifications of Mr. Fair to marry and export you. To the best of my knowledge, I have never heard of him."

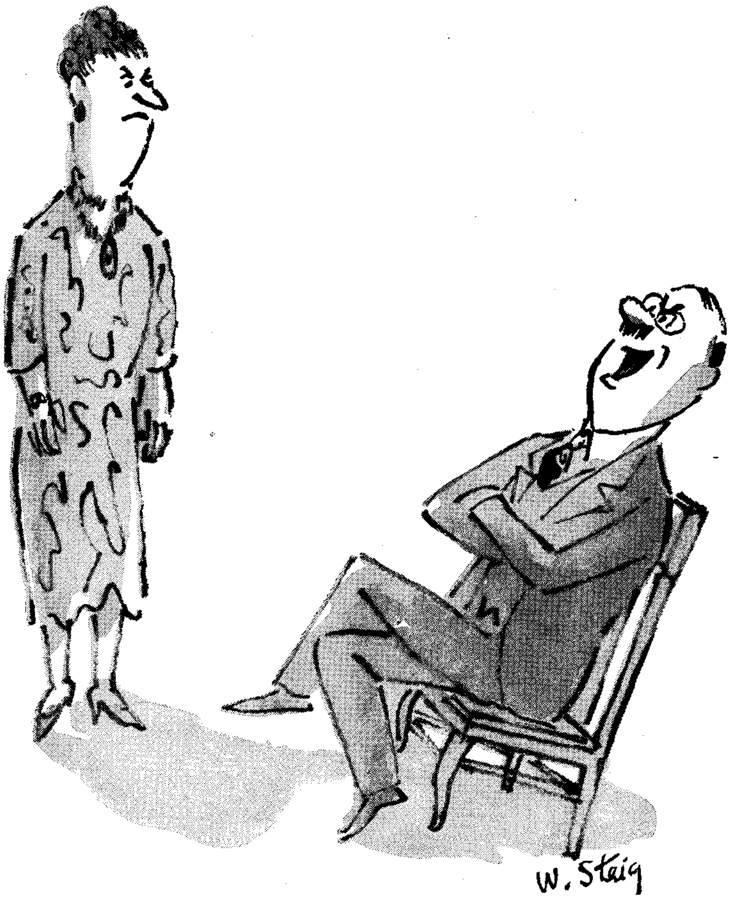
"I'm quite sure we don't know him," said Aunt Jane; she coughed experimentally, but her asthma was still in hiding.

"No, you don't know him," Polly said. "He has never been in the West." She wished she could serenely drink her tea while she talked, but she did not trust her hand. Fixing her eyes on a maidenhair fern in a brass jardiniere on the floor, she told them how she had first met Robert Fair at her sister Mary's cottage in Edgartown the summer before.

"You never told us," said Uncle Francis reprovingly. "I thought you said the summer had been a mistake. Too expensive. Too hot. I thought you agreed with Jane and me that summer in the East was hard on the constitution." (She had; out of habit she had let them deprecate the East, which she had loved at first sight, had allowed them to tell her that she had had a poor time when, in truth, she had never been so happy.)

Shocked by her duplicity, Aunt Jane said, "We ought to have suspected something when you went back to Boston for Christmas with Mary instead of resting here beside your own hearth fire."

Ignoring this sanctimonious accusation, Polly continued, and told them as much of Robert Fair as she thought they deserved to know, eliding some of his history—for there was a divorce in it—but as she spoke, she could not conjure his voice or his face, and he remained as hypothetical to her as to them, a circumstance that



"And why don't you love me, if I might ask?"

alarmed her and one that her astute uncle sensed.

"You don't seem head over heels about this Boston fellow," he said.

"I'm nearly thirty," replied his niece. "I'm *not* sixteen. Wouldn't it be unbecoming at my age if I *were* lovesick?" She was by no means convinced of her argument, for her uncle had that effect on her; he could make her doubt anything—the testimony of her own eyes, the judgments of her own intellect. Again, and in vain, she called on Robert Fair to materialize in this room that was so hostile to him and, through his affection, bring a persuasive color to her cheeks. She did not question the power of love nor did she question, specifically, the steadfastness of her own love, but she did observe, with some dismay, that, far from conquering all, love lazily sidestepped practical problems; it was no help in this interview; it seemed not to cease but to be temporarily at a standstill.

Her uncle said, "Sixteen, thirty, sixty, it makes no difference. It's true I wouldn't like it if you were wearing your heart on your sleeve, but, my Lord, dear, I don't see the semblance of a light in your eye. You look quite sad. Doesn't Polly strike you as looking downright blue, Jane? If Mr. Fair makes you so doleful, it seems to me you're better off with us."

"It's not a laughing matter," snapped Aunt Jane, for Uncle Francis, maddeningly, had chuckled. It was a way he had in disputation; it was intended to enrage and thereby rattle his adversary. He kept his smile, but for a moment he held his tongue while his sister tried a different tack. "What I don't see is why you have to go to Boston, Polly," she said. "Couldn't he teach Italian at Nevilles just as well as at Harvard?"

Their chauvinism was really staggering. When Roddy, Uncle Francis's son, went off to take a glittering job in Brazil, Aunt Jane and his father had nearly reduced this stalwart boy to kicks and tears by reiterating that if there had been anything of worth or virtue in South America, the grandparent Bays would have settled there instead of in the Rocky Mountains.

"I don't think Robert would like it here," said Polly.

"What wouldn't he like about it?" Aunt Jane bridled. "I thought our college had a distinguished reputation. Your great-grandfather, one of the leading founders of it, was a man of culture, and unless I am sadly misinformed, his humanistic spirit is still felt on the campus. Did you know that his critical study of Isocrates is *highly* esteemed amongst classical scholars?"

"I mean I don't think he would like the West," said Polly, rash in her frustration.

She could have bitten her tongue out for the indiscretion, because her jingoistic uncle reddened instantly and menacingly, and he banged on the table and shouted, "How does he know he doesn't like the West? You've just told us he's never been farther west than Ohio. How does he dare to presume to damn what he doesn't know?"

"I didn't say he damned the West. I didn't even say he didn't like it. I said *I* thought he wouldn't."

"Then *you* are presuming," he scolded. "I am impatient with Easterners who look down their noses at the West and call us crude and barbaric. But Westerners who renounce and denounce and derogate their native ground are worse."

"Far worse," agreed Aunt Jane. "What can have come over you to turn the man you intend to marry against the land of your forebears?"

Polly had heard it all before. She wanted to clutch her head in her hands and groan with helplessness; even more, she wished that this were the middle of next week.

"We three are the last left of the Bays in Adams," pursued Aunt Jane, insinuating a quaver into her firm, stern voice. "And Francis and I will not last long. You'll only be burdened and bored with us a little while longer."

"We have meant to reward you liberally for your loyalty," said her uncle. "The houses will be yours when we join our ancestors."

In the dark parlor, they leaned toward her over their cups of cold tea, so tireless in their fusillade that she had no chance to deny them or to defend herself. Was there to be, they mourned, at last not one Bay left to lend his name and presence to municipal celebrations, to the laying of cornerstones and the opening of fairs? Polly thought they were probably already fretting over who would see that the grass between the family graves was mown.

Panicked, she tried to recall how other members of her family had extricated themselves from these webs of casuistry. Now she wished that she had more fully explained her circumstances to Robert Fair and had told him to come and fetch her away, for he, uninvolved, could afford to pay the ransom more easily than she. But she had wanted to spare him such a scene as this; they

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THE OVERGROWN BACK YARD

There is a rumor hereabout of summer,
A long, green, and heavy heat,
By thunder sometimes broken asunder,
And rivers in the street.

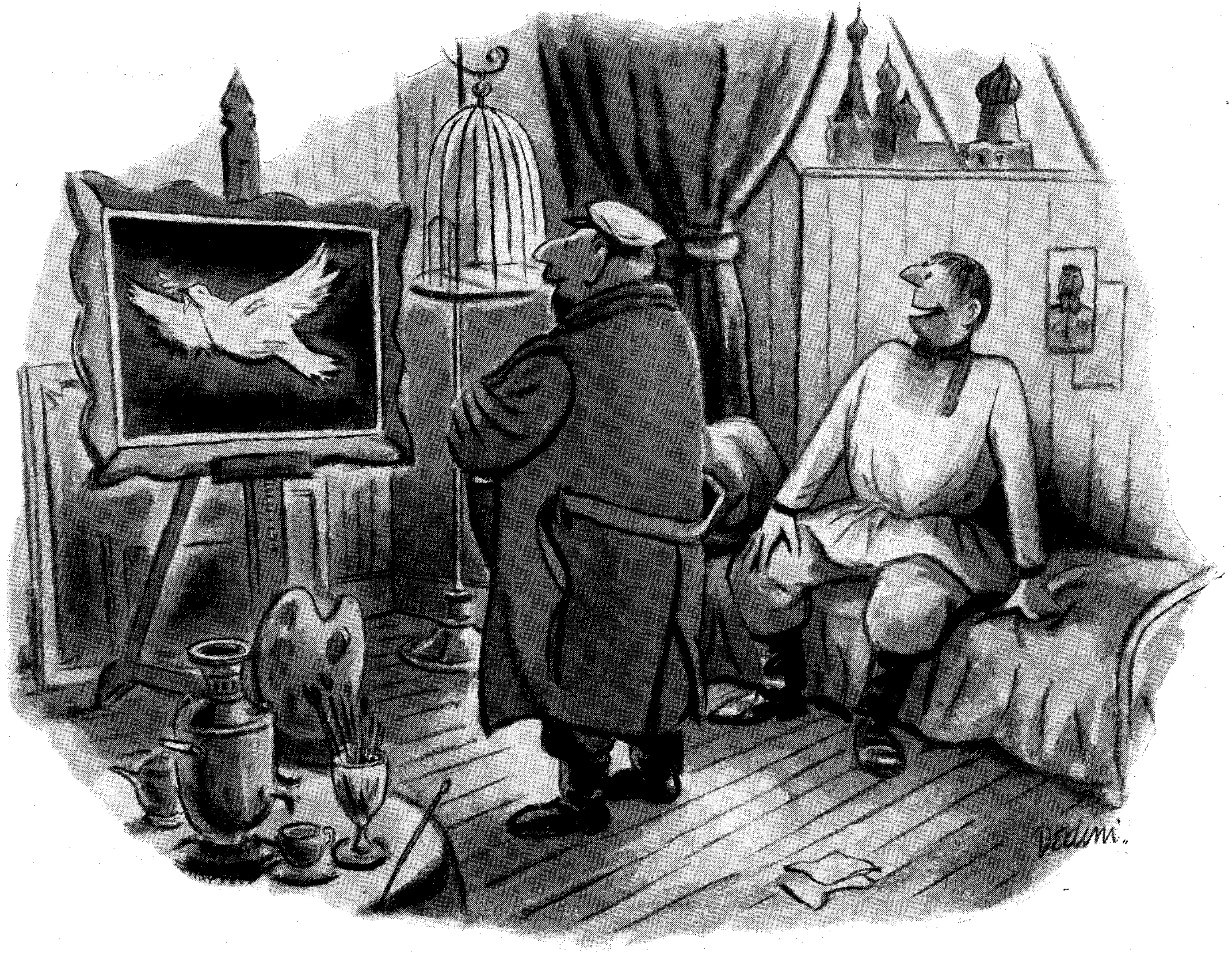
But early in the season, with reason,
We began with weapons war
On weeds rising, on the lilac raising
New leaves too far.

Wet makes the grass grow. Sun, we think,
Drinks up the damp. Whet we
Then the hand sickle against the fickle
Grass, and cut.

The sickle sound, close to the ground,
Is soft. The hooked blade's bevel
Makes fall the grass, that eye may pass
On lawn at level.

That impatient goer, the charging mower,
Hauls back, and pants, and lunges
At tufts and patches. The wheel catches.
But the green changes

From jungle creeping up, to dingle,
To a dell. This clothes-yard slope,
From under cover, with this going over,
Begins to take shape. —JOHN HOLMES



"It was a nice commission. They let me eat the dove."

• •

would not have been any more reticent with him; they would have, with this same arrogance—and this underhandedness—used their advanced age and family honor to twist the argument away from its premise.

DARKNESS had shrunk the room to the small circle where they sat in the thin light of the lamp; it seemed to her that their reproaches and their jeremiads took hours before they recommenced the bargaining Aunt Jane had started.

Reasonably, in a judicious voice, Uncle Francis said, "There is no reason at all, if Mr. Fair's attainments are as you describe, that he can't be got an appointment to our Romance Language Department. What is the good of my being a trustee if I can't render such a service once in a way?"

As if this were a perfectly wonderful and perfectly surprising solution, Aunt Jane enthusiastically cried, "But of course you can! That would settle everything. Polly can eat her cake and have it, too. Wouldn't you give them your house, Francis?"

"I'd propose an even better arrangement. Alone here, Jane, you and I would rattle. Perhaps we would move into one of my apartments and the Robert Fairs could have this house. Would that suit you?"

"It would, indeed it would," said Aunt Jane. "I have been noticing the drafts here more and more."

"I don't ask you to agree today, Polly," said Uncle Francis. "But think it over. Write your boy a letter tonight and tell him what your aunt and I are willing to do for him. The gift of a house, as big a house as this, is not to be scoffed at by young people just starting out."

Her "boy," Robert, had a tall son who in the autumn would enter Harvard. "Robert has a house," said Polly, and she thought of its dark-green front door with the brilliant brass trimmings; on Brimmer Street, at the foot of Beacon Hill, its garden faced the Charles. Nothing made her feel more safe and more mature than the image of that old and handsome house.

"He could sell it," said her indomitable aunt.

"He could rent it," said her practical uncle. "That would give you additional revenue."

The air was close; it was like the dead of night in a sealed room and Polly wanted to cry for help. She had not hated the West till now, she had not hated her relatives till now; indeed, till now she had had no experience of hate at all. Surprising as the emotion was—for it came swiftly and authoritatively—it nevertheless cleared her mind and, outraged, she got up and flicked the master switch to light up the chandelier. Her aunt and uncle blinked. She did not sit down again but stood in the doorway to deliver her valediction. "I don't want Robert to come here because I don't want to live here any longer. I want to live my own life."

"Being married is hardly living one's own life," said Aunt Jane.

At the end of her tether now, Polly

all but screamed at them, "We *won't* live here and that's that! You talk of my presuming, but how can *you* presume to boss not only me but a man you've never even seen? I don't want your houses! I hate these houses! It's true—I hate, I despise, I abominate the West!"

So new to the articulation of anger, she did it badly and, ashamed to death, began to cry. Though they were hurt, they were forgiving, and both of them rose and came across the room, and Aunt Jane, taking her in a spidery embrace, said, "There. You go upstairs and have a bath and rest and we'll discuss it later. Couldn't we have some sherry, Francis? It seems to me that all our nerves are unstrung."

Polly's breath toiled against her sobs, but all the same she took her life in her hands and she said, "There's nothing further to discuss. I am leaving. I am not coming back."

Now, for the first time, the old brother and sister exchanged a look of real anxiety; they seemed, at last, to take her seriously; each waited for the other to speak. It was Aunt Jane who hit upon the new gambit. "I mean, dear, that we will discuss the wedding. You *have* given us very short notice but I daresay we can manage."

"There is to be no wedding," said Polly. "We are just going to be married at Mary's house. Fanny is coming up to Boston."

"Fanny has known all along?" Aunt Jane was insulted. "And all this time you've lived under our roof and sat at our table and have never told *us* but told your sisters, who abandoned you?"

"Abandoned me? For God's sake, Aunt Jane, they had their lives to lead!"

"Don't use that sort of language in this house, young lady," said Uncle Francis.

"I apologize. I'm sorry. I am just so sick and tired of—"

"Of course you're sick and tired," said the adroit old woman. "You've had a heavy schedule this semester. No wonder you're all nerves and tears."

"Oh, it isn't that! Oh, leave me alone!"

And, unable to withstand a fresh onslaught of tears, she rushed to the door. When she had closed it upon them, she heard her aunt say, "I simply can't believe it. There must be some way out. Why, Francis, we would be left altogether *alone*," and there was real terror in her voice.

Polly locked the door to her bedroom and dried her eyes and bathed their lids with witch hazel, the odor of which made her think of her Aunt Lacy, who, poor simple creature, had had to die to escape this family. Polly remembered that every autumn Aunt Lacy had petitioned Uncle Francis to let her take her children home for a visit to her native Vermont, but she had never been allowed to go. Grandpa, roaring, thumping his stick, Uncle Francis bombarding her with rhetoric and using the word "duty" repeatedly, Polly's father scathing her with sarcasm, Aunt Jane slyly confusing her with red herrings had kept her an exhausted prisoner. Her children, as a result, had scorned their passive mother and had wounded her, and once they finally escaped, they had not come back—not for so much as a visit. Aunt Lacy had died not having seen any of her grandchildren; in the last years of her life she did nothing but cry. Polly's heart ached for the plight of that gentle, frightened woman. How lucky *she* was that the means of escape had come to her before it was too late! In her sister's Boston drawing room, in a snowy twilight, Robert Fair's proposal of marriage had seemed to release in her an inexhaustible wellspring of life; until that moment she had not known that she was dying, that she was being killed—by inches, but surely killed—by her aunt and uncle and by the green yearlings in her German classes and by the dogmatic monotony of the town's provincialism. She shuddered to think of her narrow escape from wasting away in these arid foothills, never knowing the cause or the name of her disease.

Quiet, herself again, Polly sat beside the window and looked out at the early stars and the crescent moon. Now that she had finally taken her stand, she was invulnerable, even though she knew that the brown sherry was being put ceremoniously on a tray, together with ancestral Waterford glasses, and though she knew that her aunt and uncle had not given up—that they had, on the contrary, just begun. And though she knew that for the last seven days of her life in this house she would be bludgeoned with the most splenetic and most defacing of emotions, she knew that the worst was over; she knew that she would survive, as her sisters and her cousins had survived. In the end, her aunt and uncle only *seemed* to survive; dead on their feet for most of their lives, they had no personal history; their genesis had not been individual—it had only been a part of a dull and factual plan. And they had been too busy honoring their family to love it, too busy defending the West even to look at it. For all their pride in their surroundings, they had never contemplated them at all but had sat with the shades drawn, huddled under the steel engravings. They and her father had lived their whole lives on the laurels of their grandparents; their goal had already been reached long before their birth.

Hats
SALE
ALL·HATS HALF PRICE

The mountains had never looked so superb to her. She imagined a time, after Uncle Francis and Aunt Jane were dead, when the young Bays and their wives and husbands might come back, free at last to admire the landscape, free to go swiftly through the town in the foothills without so much as a glance at the family memorials and to gain the high passes and the peaks and the glaciers. They would breathe in the thin, lovely air of summits, and in their mouths there would not be a trace of the dust of the prairies where, as on a treadmill, Great-Grandfather Bay's oxen plodded on and on into eternity.

The next days were for Polly at once harrowing and delightful. She suffered at the twilight hour (the brown sherry had become a daily custom, and she wondered if her aunt and uncle naïvely considered getting her drunk and, in this condition, persuading her to sign an unconditional indenture) and all through dinner as, by turns self-pitying and contentious, they sought to make her change her mind. Or, as they put it, "come to her senses." At no time did they accept the fact that she was going. They wrangled over summer plans in which she was included; they plotted anniversary speeches in the Bay museum; one afternoon Aunt Jane even started making a list of miners' families among whom Polly was to distribute Christmas baskets.

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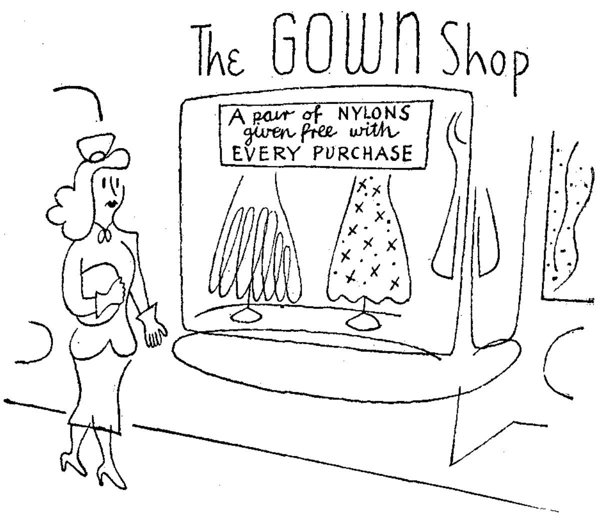
The GOWN Shop
A pair of NYLONS given free with EVERY PURCHASE

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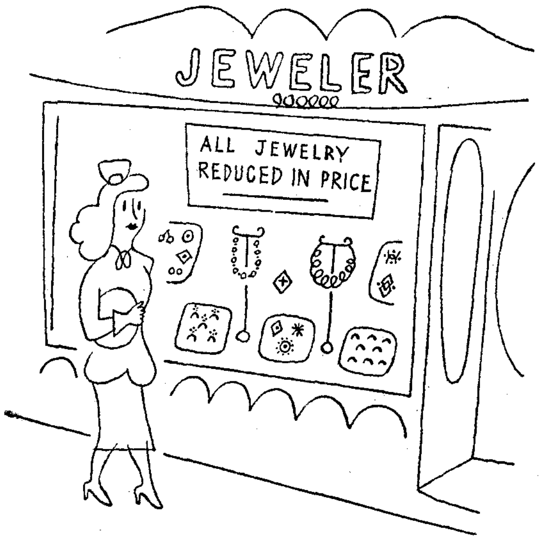
JEWELER
ALL JEWELRY REDUCED IN PRICE

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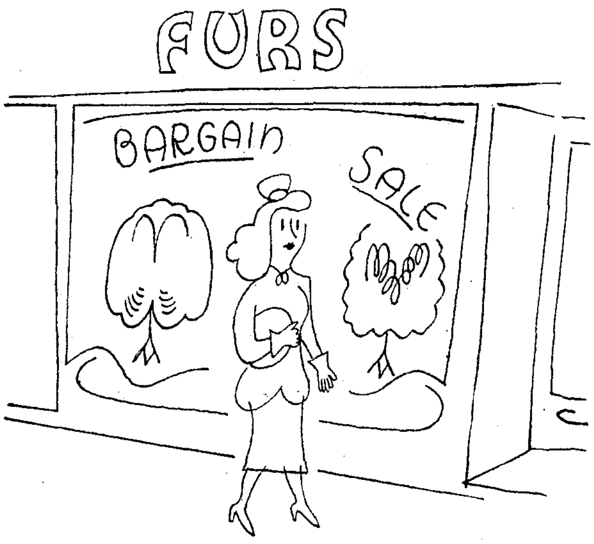

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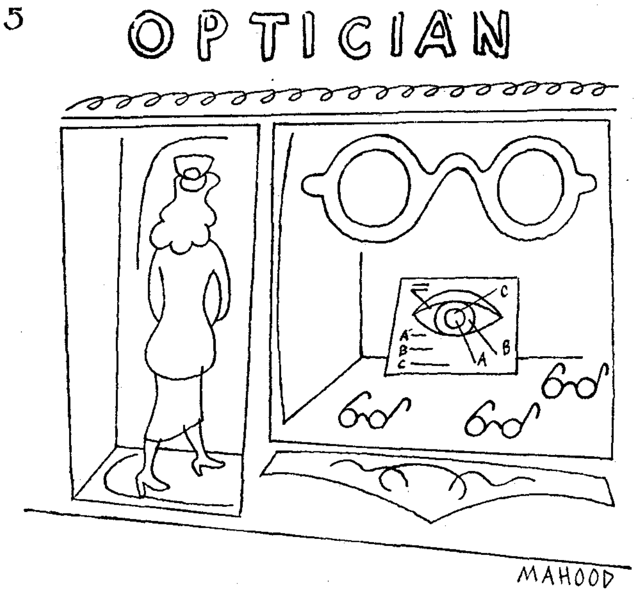

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But when they were out of her sight and their nagging voices were out of her hearing, they were out of her mind, and in it, instead, was Robert Fair, in his rightful place. She graded examination papers tolerantly, through a haze; she packed her new clothes into her new suitcases and emptied her writing desk completely. On these starry, handsome nights, her dreams were charming, although, to be sure, she sometimes woke from them to hear the shuffle of carpet slippers on the floor below her as her insomniac aunt or uncle paced. But before sadness or rue could overtake her, she burrowed into the memory of her late dream.

The strain of her euphoria and her aunt's and uncle's antipodean gloom began at last to make her edgy, and she commenced to mark the days off on her calendar and even to reckon the hours. On the day she met her classes for the last time and told her colleagues goodbye and quit the campus forever, she did not stop on the first floor of the house but went directly to her room, only pausing at the parlor door to tell Aunt Jane and Uncle Francis that she had a letter to get off. Fraudulently humble, sighing, they begged her to join them later on for sherry. "The days are growing longer," said Aunt Jane plaintively, "but they are growing fewer."

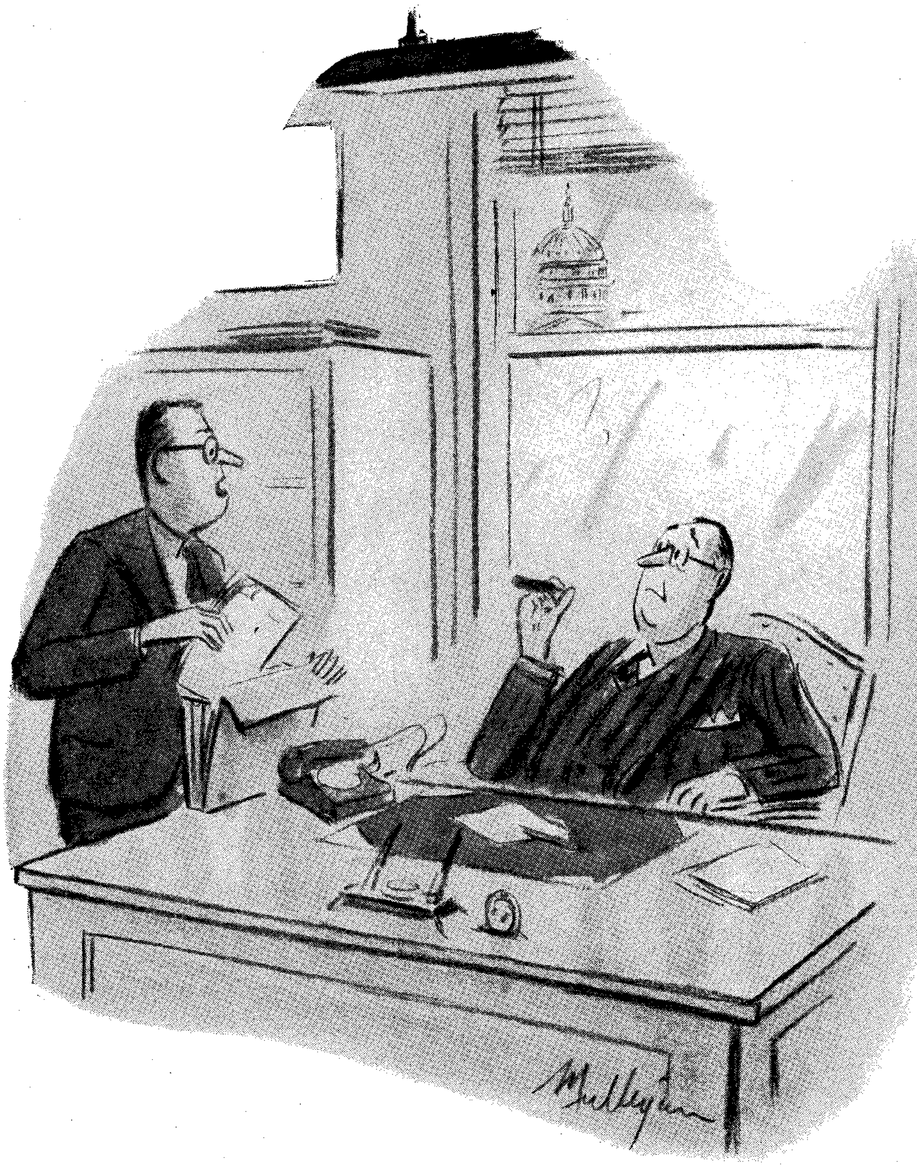
Polly had no letter to write. She had a letter from Robert Fair to read, and although she knew it by heart already, she read it again several times. He shared her impatience; his students bored him, too; he said he had tried to envision her uncle's house, so that he could imagine her in a specific place, but he had not been able to succeed, even with the help of her sister. He wrote, "The house your malicious sister Mary describes could not exist. Does Aunt Jane *really* read Ouida?"

She laughed aloud. She felt light and purged, as if she had finished a fever. She went to her dressing table and began to brush her hair and to gaze, comforted, upon her young and loving face. She was so lost in her relief that she was pretty, and that she was going to be married and was going away, that she heard neither the telephone nor Mildred's feet upon the stairs, and the housekeeper was in the room before Polly had turned from her pool.

"It's your sister calling you from Boston," said Mildred with ice-cold contempt; she mirrored her employers. "I heard those operators back East giving themselves *some* airs with their la-di-da way of talking."

Clumsy with surprise and confusion (Mary's calls to her were rare and never frivolous), and sorry that exigency and not calm plan took her downstairs again, she reeled down into that smothering front hall where hat trees and cane stands stood like people. The door to the parlor was closed, but she knew that behind it Aunt Jane and Uncle Francis were listening.

When Mary's far-off, mourning voice broke to Polly the awful, the impossible, the unbelievable news that Robert Fair had died that morning of



"I've dug up one thing in my investigations so far, Chief. Your department head is looking into you."

• •

the heart disease from which he had intermittently suffered for some years, Polly, wordless and dry-eyed, contracted into a nonsensical, contorted position and gripped the telephone as if this alone could keep her from drowning in the savage flood that had come from nowhere.

"Are you there, Polly? Can you hear me, darling?" Mary's anxious voice came louder and faster. "Do you want me to come out to you? Or can you come on here now?"

"I can't come now," said Polly. "There's nothing you can do for me." There had always been rapport between these sisters, and it had been deeper in the months since Robert Fair had appeared upon the scene to rescue and reward the younger woman. But it was shattered; the bearer of ill tidings is seldom thanked. "How can you help me?" Polly demanded, shocked and furious. "You can't bring him back to life."

"I can help bring you back to life," her sister said. "You must get out of *there*, Polly. It's more important now than ever."

"Do you think that was why I was going to marry him? Just to escape this house and this town?"

"No, no! Control yourself! We'd better not try to talk any more now—you call me when you can."

The parlor door opened, revealing Uncle Francis with a glass of sherry in his hand.

"Wait, Mary! Don't hang up!" Polly cried. There was a facetious air about her uncle; there was something smug. "I'll get the sleeper from Denver tonight," she said.

When she hung up, her uncle opened the door wider to welcome her to bad brown sherry; they had not turned on the lights, and Aunt Jane, in the twilight, sat in her accustomed place.

"Poor angel," said Uncle Francis.

"I am so sorry, so very sorry," said Aunt Jane.

When Polly said nothing but simply stared at their impassive faces, Uncle Francis said, "I think I'd better call up Wilder. You ought to have a sedative and go straight to bed."

"I'm going straight to Boston," said Polly.

"But why?" said Aunt Jane.

"Because he's there. I love him and he's there."

They tried to detain her; they tried to force the sherry down her throat; they told her she must be calm and they asked her to remember that at times like this one needed the love and the support of one's blood kin.

"I am going straight to Boston," she repeated, and turned and went quickly up the stairs. They stood at the bottom calling to her: "You haven't settled your affairs. What about the bank?" "Polly, get hold of yourself! It's terrible, I'm heartbroken for you, but it's not the end of the world."

She packed nothing; she wanted nothing here—not even the new clothes she had bought in which to be a bride. She put on a coat and a hat and gloves and a scarf and put all the money she had in her purse and went downstairs again. Stricken but diehard, they were beside the front door.

"Don't go!" implored Aunt Jane.

"You need us now more than ever!" her uncle cried.

"And we need you. Does that make no impression on you, Polly? Is your heart that cold?"

She paid no attention to them at all and pushed them aside and left the house. She ran to the station to get the last train to Denver, and once she had boarded it, she allowed her grief to overwhelm her. She felt chewed and mauled by the niggling hypochondriacs she had left behind, who had fussily tried to appropriate even her own tragedy. She felt sullied by their disrespect and greed.

How lonely I have been, she thought. And then, not fully knowing what she meant by it but believing in it faithfully, she said half aloud, "I am not lonely now." —JEAN STAFFORD

•

Mr. and Mrs. Robert M. Gates of Pennsylvania avenue are the parents of a son born at Lawrence Memorial hospital late Wednesday.

Boy wants lawns to mow. Phone Niantic 446-W3.—*New London (Conn.) Day.*

Now, *there's* the kind of baby to have.

THE CLEVER ONE

NOT long ago, I was staying in Washington, D.C., with my younger sister, Deirdre, who is married and has four young children. It was spring. We sat in her large, pleasant living room, with the trees all fresh and green outside on Garfield Street, and the shrubs bursting into bloom—white, pink, blue, yellow—in her garden, where the children were giving themselves wholeheartedly to some raucous game, and we began to speak, as we often do, of the time when we two were small together. There is less than two years between us. Our childhood was spent in Dublin, most of it in a small house in Ranelagh.

"The first time I remember seeing you," I said, "was before we went to live in Ranelagh. It was when we were living in the house on Belgrave Road. You must have been about eighteen months old, I suppose. Someone was holding you in their arms, and you snatched Emer's cap off her head and threw it in the fire, and she cried. It was a new woollen cap she had." Emer is our older sister.

"I don't remember that," Derry said, but she looked pleased at the thought of the burning cap. "I don't remember Belgrave Road at all."

"The next time I have a clear memory of you," I continued, "you must have been about three. We were living in Ranelagh. I went into the front bedroom and found you wandering around in your skin, crying for someone to dress you, and I dressed you."

"I don't remember *that*," Derry said.

"Well, do you remember when you were six or seven and almost got St. Vitus's dance? You kept shaking, and dropping things all over the house."

"Oh, I remember that, all right," Derry said, smiling.

All the time we were talking, she was hemming a pink cotton dress for her older daughter. I looked at her hands, so steady and sure with the needle, and I thought of how we had all feared she would lose the use of them.

"You were never able to help with the washing-up," I said, "for fear you'd break all the cups and saucers. When you weren't dropping things, you lay on the bed with your eyes wide open, not able to wake up. You looked awful. You gave Mother a terrible fright. She got the woman from next door in to look at you."

"I *remember* all that," Derry said impatiently.

"But you were asleep," I said.

"I was no more asleep than you are now," she said. "And I was no nearer getting St. Vitus's dance than you are now, either," she added, this time with a touch of defiance.

I stared, or glared, at her. "What do you mean?" I cried.

She looked me straight in the eye, but the color began to rise in her face.

"Do you mean to tell me you were putting it all on?" I cried, sounding almost as thunderstruck as I felt. Derry's delicate health had loomed as importantly in my childhood as the Catholic Church and the fight for Irish freedom. The first word I ever remember hearing about Derry was that she had been underweight when she was born and that her health was precarious. My mother always dressed us exactly alike, and people used to call us Mrs. Brennan's twins, but I was the large, hardy twin and she was the thin, pale one, always with me, and always silent, while I talked endlessly. Remembering how strongly all this had shaped our childhood, and the way it had determined everything between us and around us, I naturally was aghast to hear her now, more than twenty years later, calmly tearing it all away. I decided that she was joking.

"You're joking, aren't you?" I said.

"I am not," she said.

"But why did you do it?" I asked.

"Well, for one thing, I always got out of doing the washing-up," she said. "And I was always too delicate to go to school much, if you remember."

"All those washing-ups I did," I said. "And do you mean to say you never told anyone at all about it?"

She gave me an exasperated look. "That would have been pretty silly, wouldn't it? The whole point was that no one knew."

"And you've kept it a secret all these years," I said.

"To tell you the truth, I hadn't thought about it for years, till you brought it up just now. Of course, I really did have colds sometimes, and I did have those terrible chilblains in the wintertime." She began to laugh, and so did I, but not very heartily.

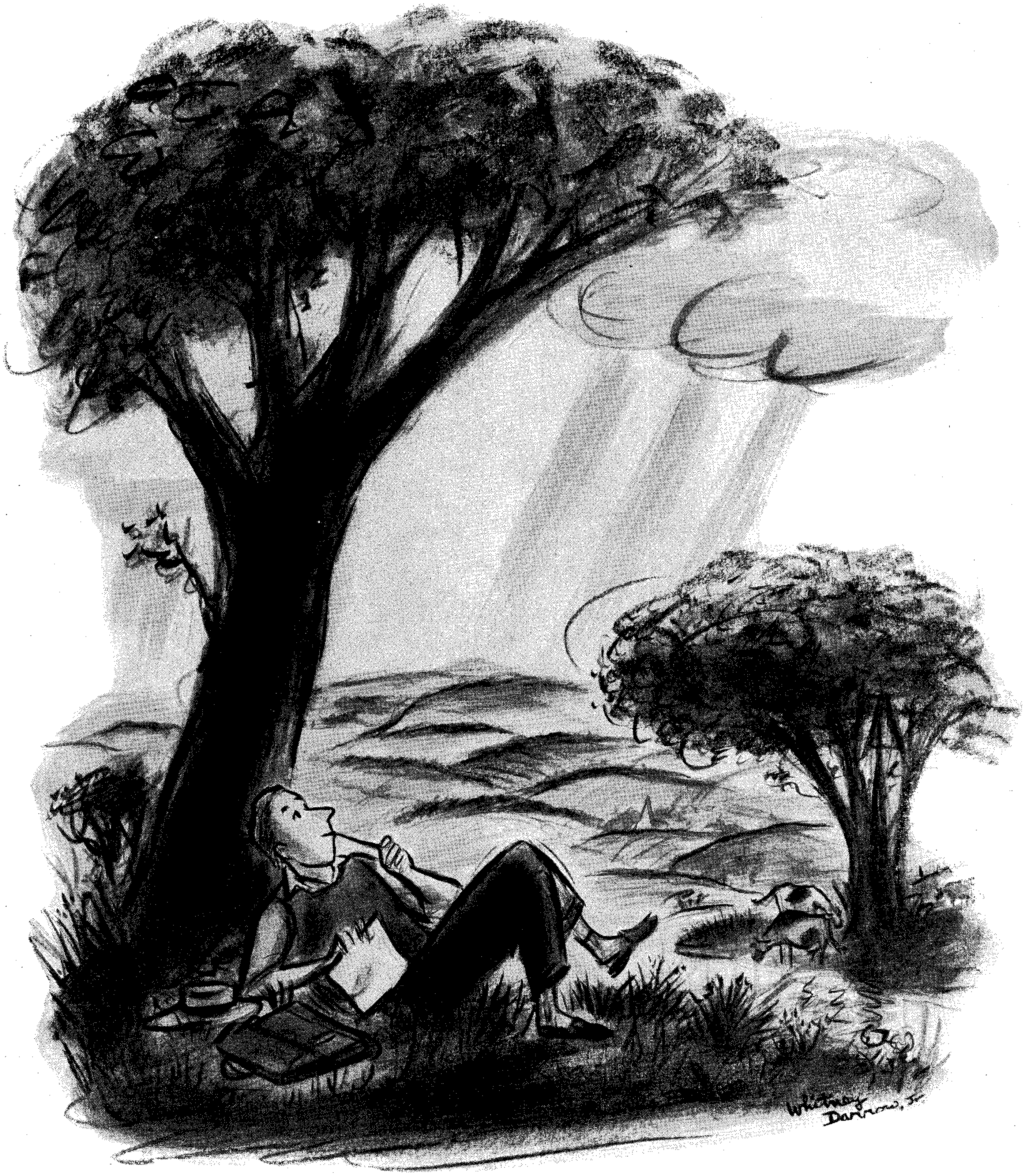
Just then, two of her children began a battle under the windows, and she ran out to investigate them, leaving me to think about her duplicity all those years ago, when she was so small and frail it would have taken a strange-minded person to accuse her of the least offense, let alone of keeping the house in an uproar over her health for years on end. I was more admiring than anything else, because I hadn't really minded doing the washing-up alone, since I always received high praise from my mother for doing it, but I was stunned to think that Derry had been capable, so young, of thinking up and carrying through such a black and complicated plot, and of not speaking about it to anyone—not even to me.

It was then I remembered that this was not the first time she had set me back.

THE first time it happened, she was not more than seven and I was almost nine. In those years, as I say, I was larger than she was, and I won't say I bullied her, but I did boss her around. All her life, I bossed her unmercifully until the moment of which I am about to speak, and I suppose that even after that things did not really change very much between us. I remember I had a favorite game called "sitting on Derry." I used to make her lie flat on the floor while I sat on her stomach and stared into her face, grimacing in a manner that we both considered terrifying. It was a simple game, but I suppose she must sometimes have grown weary of it.

I felt superior to her, and protective toward her because she was so tiny, and because she hated school and never did well in her lessons, and because she got ugly, painful chilblains in the cold weather and I never did, and most of all because she was shy. As a matter of fact, I never gave her a chance to say a word. People were always told that I had the brains in the family. "Derry has the beauty," they used to say, "but Maeve has all the brains." I believed every word of this. I used to look at Derry and think solemnly about my brains, and about how I never had any trouble in school and always got good marks. In games, I always hammered myself into the lead, while Derry played off by herself somewhere, and I was always first to enter myself in singing competitions, although I had no voice, and in reciting contests, although I had no eloquence. I had even made up my mind to become an actress, but I had not spoken to anyone at school or in the family about my ambition, for fear of being laughed at.

However, one day Derry and I were sitting together in the back garden of our house in Ranelagh. It must have been summertime, because we were sitting on the grass, and there were forget-


Whitney Darrow, Jr.

“. . . a beer that’s right . . . a sheer delight . . . day or night . . . kite . . . bright . . . try it tonight . . .”

• •

me-nots and London pride in bloom in my mother’s flower beds. We had a bead box on the grass between us, and we were stringing necklaces and enjoying my conversation.

“When I grow up,” I said to Derry, “I’m going to be a famous actress. I’ll act in the Abbey Theatre, and I’ll be in the pictures, and I’ll go around to all the schools and teach all the teachers how to recite.”

I was about to continue, because I never expected her to have anything to say, but she spoke up, without raising her head from her necklace. “Don’t go getting any notions into your head,” she said clearly.

I was astounded. Where had little Derry picked up such a remark? I had never said it, and I was not sure I had ever even heard it. Who had said it to her? I was astounded, and I was silent. I had nothing to say. For the first time, it had occurred to me that little Derry had *brains.* More brains than I had, maybe, even?

—MAEVE BRENNAN

A REPORTER AT LARGE

LONG TODDLE, SHORT FIGHT

THE spectator who goes twice to a play he likes is pretty sure of getting what he pays for on his second visit, especially if the cast is unchanged. If it is a three-act melodrama when he first sees it, he can be reasonably sure it won't have turned into a bit from the repertory of burlesque the next time he drops in. This is not true of the form of entertainment that Pierce Egan, the Herodotus of the London prize ring, denominated the Sweet Science. For one thing, a prizefight contains within itself the seeds of its own abrupt termination, a possibility of which the members of the fancy are well aware but which they push back into a neutral corner of their unconscious when they set out for the scene of a return match. For another, it is always possible that there has occurred, subsequent or consequent to the first encounter, a change in the emotional relationship of the two principals.

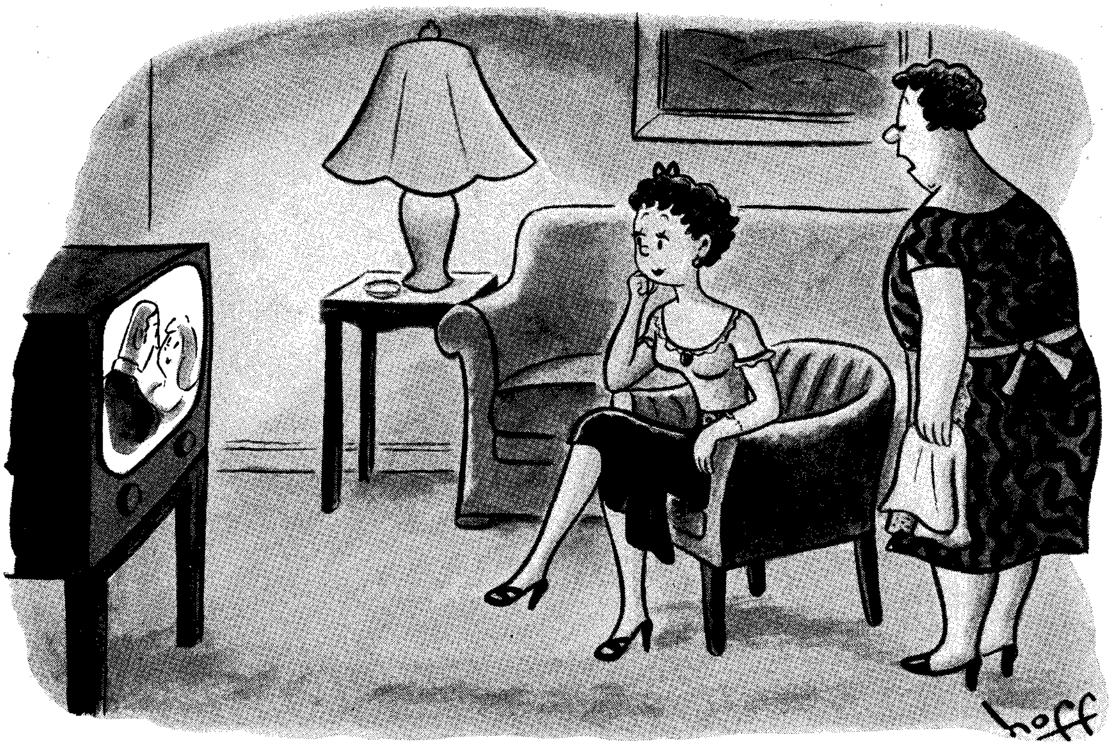
This last was the case with the pair of combats between Tom Oliver the Gardener, the hero and champion of Westminster, weighing a hundred and seventy-five pounds, and Ned Painter, whom the great Egan describes as "a customer not easily to be served," weighing a hundred and eighty. Their first fight, at Shepperton-Range, near London, on May 17, 1814, moved Egan to rapture. Writing of the third round of their battle, he exclaimed, "Such a complete determined *milling* round is not to be met with in the Annals of Pugilism, and there was more execution done in it than in many fights of an hour's length. It was enough to *finish* any two men. By a correct stop-watch, it continued FOUR MINUTES AND A HALF AND TWELVE SECONDS!" (A round by the rules of those days lasted until one man or the other went down, and half a minute separated the rounds. A round now lasts three minutes.) In the eighth round, "Painter was quite done up, and Oliver finished the contest in prime style." As evidence of their sincerity, the historian noted, "they were both *punished* in the extreme, and Painter was quite blind, and his nose beat flat upon his face. Oliver's body was terribly beaten, his head much disfigured, and one of his eyes nearly closed."

At the end of six years—things went more slowly then—the men were rematched to fight in the village of North Walsham, twenty miles from Norwich, Painter's home town. Egan says that the contest "excited an unusual degree of interest in the sporting circles; and numerous parties, for a week previous to the fight, left the Metropolis daily, to be in time to witness this combat." After a mere fifty-five minutes of rather dull milling—"the *punishment* that both the combatants received," Egan skeptically records, "was so truly light for such heavy men that they were up at an early hour the next morning to breakfast"—Painter floored Oliver with "a tremendous blow upon his temple." Half a minute elapsed—he would have had a minute at the end of one of our rounds—and Oliver didn't come to. He passed the time sitting on his second's knee, the custom in an age when stools were not permitted within the ropes. But when Painter had been proclaimed the victor, Oliver "rose (as from a trance) from his second's knee, and going up to Painter said, '*I am ready to fight.*' 'No,' said Painter, '*I have won the battle.*' " And that was that. "It is true," says Egan, concluding his account of this ambiguous ending, "that many ill-natured remarks have been made upon the termination of this battle; nay more, that it was positively a X between the combatants. It is the duty of an impartial writer to mention this circumstance; indeed, he could not pass it over. But it is equally his duty to observe that nothing like PROOF has been offered to substantiate it was a X. . . . At all events, no man possesses a higher character for a deserving well-behaved man in society, whether in Lancashire, London, or Norwich, than NED PAINTER." By "a X," Egan meant "a cross." A "cross fight" was a bout in which one of the combatants had agreed to lose. A "double cross" was one in which the man who had agreed to lose didn't.

To complete the discomfiture of the fight fans who had travelled all the way from London to see this mystery—and who had mostly bet on Oliver—it was followed by a great downpour of rain. "The hedges were now resorted to, and hundreds sought for shelter even under the slightest sprig or a bush; and those who *scampered* off to North Walsham had not a dry thread about them long before they reached it. The *daffy* and *eau de vie* [gin and brandy] were tossed off like milk, to put the *toddlers* (who were as exhausted as drowning rats) in *spirits*." By "*toddlers*" Egan meant pedestrians. "In short, the road beggared all description—it was a fine *finish* to the fight—and the *Bonifaces* never had such liberal customers before, that they might very fairly exclaim, 'It is an ill wind that blows nobody good.' "

The annals of the modern ring are not lacking in anecdotes about fights that ended prematurely. Most of them follow the same pattern. Arrived at the ringside, the man who has travelled great distances to get there lowers his head for some trivial reason. He looks up and the fight is over. Practically every ancient who ever told me that he was at the fight between Bob Fitzsimmons and Peter Maher, in 1896, across the Mexican border from Langtry, Texas, was lighting a cigar when Fitzsimmons knocked Maher out in a minute and thirty-five seconds. A Norwegian ship broker on whose integrity banks have ventured millions in pounds has assured me that after a trip from Oslo just to view the fight at the London National Sporting Club, in 1913, between Georges Carpentier and Bombardier Wells, he was verifying the number of his seat when Carpentier dispatched Wells in the first round. My friend Colonel John R. Stingo, who in 1908 took the then heavyweight champion, Tommy Burns, a Canadian, to Dublin to fight an Irishman named Jem Roche on St. Patrick's Day, is exceptional in that he had his eyes fixed on the principals when Burns levelled Roche in a minute and twenty-eight seconds. "He dazed him with a grazing left to the chin," the Colonel told me, "and then, while Roche stood there as if frozen, he struck him a blow that would have felled an ox. He fell like an avalanche instead, and I could see on Honest Tom's face a puzzled expression that denoted, 'How long has this been going on?' Only blind chauvinism could have induced those people to think Roche had a chance."

I SHOULD have had in mind all these gloomy precedents before I took the plane to Chicago to see the recent return bout between Rocky Marciano, the heavyweight champion of the



"At least in a movie you might be sitting next to someone."

• •

world, and Jersey Joe Walcott. I had seen Marciano win the title from Walcott in Philadelphia in September, after a battle that would have impressed even the Herodotus of the ring. In that fight, old Jersey Joe, who now says he is thirty-nine but who told a reporter two years ago that he was forty-one, floored Marciano, who was twenty-eight, in the first round and had, on the whole, the better of the fighting until the thirteenth, when the younger man caught him with one beautiful, economical right-hand punch that laid him low without leaving ground for any "ill-natured remarks." No unpleasant thoughts marred my journey, however. In the words of Colonel Stingo, I "let disinclination limit the horizon of my anticipation"—always a dangerous procedure. I like going to fights.

When I awoke in my Chicago hotel room on the morning of May 15th, the date set for the championship match, the sun was already high in the heavens, although, since my chamber gave upon a court, I was not immediately aware of it. I was reminded of where I was by the sound of the police whistles, which in that city sound like sea gulls' cries, except that they have two syllables. Instantly remembering the occasion of my presence, I arose and called room service for two three-and-a-half-minute eggs—they arrived hard-boiled—and the newspapers, from which I learned that the combatants were to weigh in at noon at the Chicago Stadium, the scene of the fight that night. I had been of the opinion, ever since last fall, that Marciano probably would repeat his victory, because he is of an age when a conscientious fighter is still capable of improvement, while Jersey Joe is of an age when most boxers have long retired from competition and the best any fighter can hope for is a slow rate of deterioration. But the lapse of eight months since their Philadelphia go seemed hardly enough to make the return bout one-sided. Marciano would have the advantage of added confidence, but he had always had plenty of that anyway. Since one thing I couldn't find in the papers was an advertisement saying where tickets were on sale in downtown Chicago, I decided to go out to the Stadium for the weigh-in and buy my ticket there. I could have bought one in the hotel lobby, I suppose, but the prices were quite steep enough without paying a commission. And, besides, it was a lovely morning and I had nothing else to do.

Most of the sportswriters in the papers seemed to take roughly my view of the probabilities, although they phrased them more elegantly than I would have thought possible before I boarded the plane. "Bald on top but smart inside, old Jersey Joe Walcott is razor sharp and ready to shear boxing's gold-crusted heavyweight crown off champion Rocky Marciano's proud, unbowed head tonight at the Chicago Stadium," a figure-of-speech man named Wendell Smith, of the Chicago *American*, began his piece. "The most amazing, durable antique in the museum of mayhem, the thirty-nine-year-old challenger intends to cut the rugged champion down with his slashing, powerful tools of destruction as quickly as possible and become the first fighter in history to regain the heavyweight title. Tradition says he can't do it. Seven others have had the same opportunity and failed. The gods of chance are against him, too. They've made old Joe the 3–1 underdog. They're heaping their affections and blessings on the young man—the bull-like king of clout from Brockton, Mass., who strikes with the terrifying might of Thor and lightning suddenness of Ajax. The experts, too, believe Walcott is about to be sacrificed upon the altar of futility." This was just about the way I saw things.

But another fellow on the same paper took a diametrically opposite view of the situation. His name was Tom Duggan, and he spoke with an authority I had previously associated with only one other name in Chicago, that of Colonel Robert Rutherford McCormick. "Jersey Joe Walcott is going to win back his heavyweight boxing title out at Octopus Palace tonight," Mr. Duggan said, without qualification of any variety. "I think he'll win it by a knockout within seven or eight rounds. . . . The press-rows for this fight will be filled to the scuppers with self-appointed experts on the manly-art-of-self-defense. You would do well to remember that most of these guys are familiar with fighting only to the extent of their wives taking a belt at them for sneaking in past curfew time with a load on, garnished with lipstick on their collars. . . . I have never been in favor of running benefits for anyone, but, in Marciano's case, I would like to make an exception. After this fight, I think we should all pass the hat for him. . . . He not only is giving his title away but forcing Walcott to take most of the money along with it. . . . I'm astonished at the odds the professional gamblers are maintaining on the fight." This put a different light on the match. As I started for the street, I wondered how Marciano's manager, Al Weill, who is ordinarily a shrewd

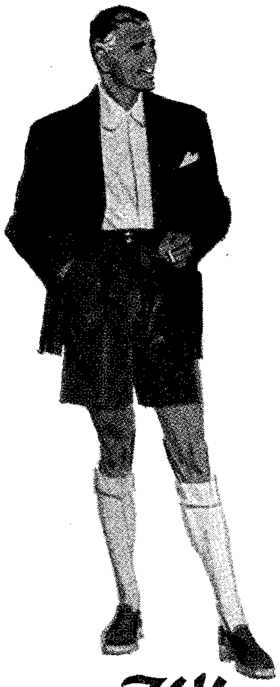
The Man Who Can Afford the Best is Entitled to Comfort, too!

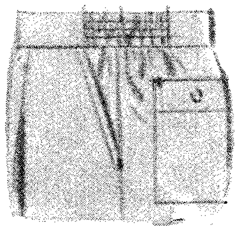
While we wouldn't stake our life on it, we are convinced that there are still many city dwellers who have never seen a comfortable man. This is natural in an environment where until recently the accepted jacket was a dinner one.

Conversely we doubt if in the wide open spaces one has ever seen an uncomfortably dressed man. Ever since 1884 this comfortably-clothed section of the population has looked to White Stag for the finest of fashion-in-action design crafted for men who live vigorously.

Comparatively recently—struck by the notion that most urbanites are emulating their country cousins' ease of living—we turned our skill in comfort-in-action-design to encompass more casual clothes.

In this tradition, we created Jaunties, the easiest wearing slacks ever, and matched them with jackets and kindred Coolordinates. Now, we've made them all in Panama Cloth, a cotton fabric so superb it's woven on silk looms. Washable, unshrinkable, it has a gloss cotton has never had before.

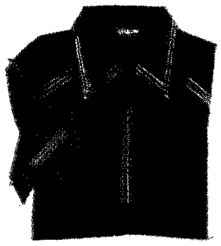




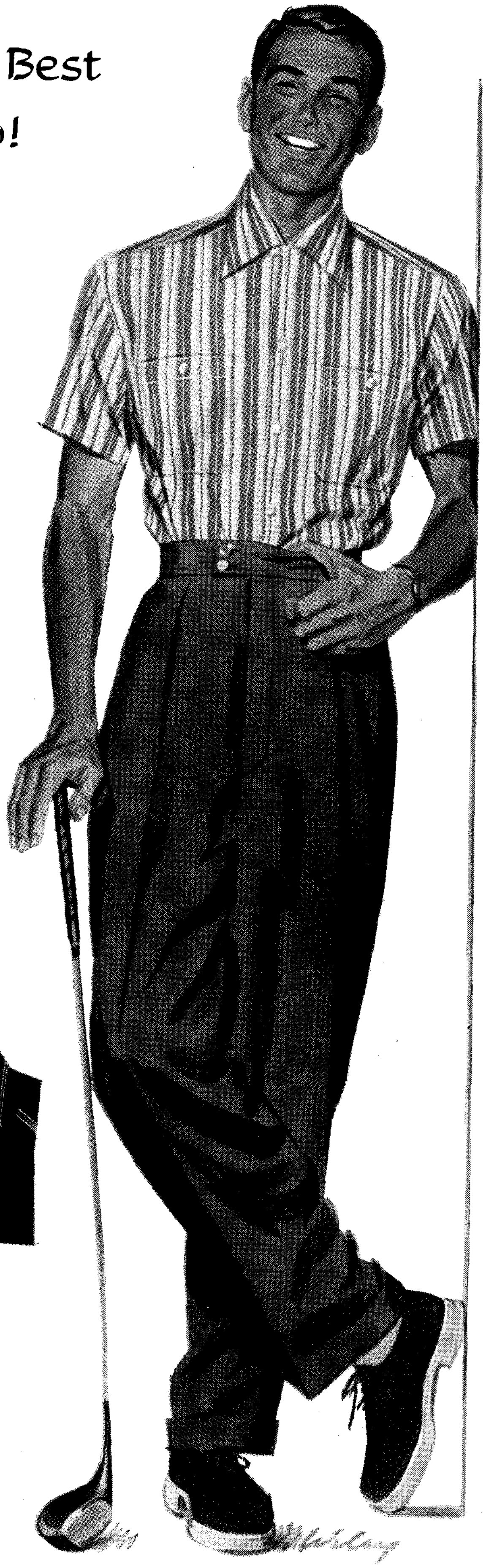
With Jaunties, there is no alteration problem. They fit perfectly, no belt—the waist has elastic side sections for ever-expanding comfort. Precuffed to your length . . . long, regular or short. In Panama Cloth (right), they are 12.95—in charcoal, medium blue, maize, navy. Also in Rayon Club Linen, 8.95; Denim 6.50; Cotton Madras 4.95.

To the left, the Panama Cloth Bermuda Jaunties, 8.95; Striped Blazer at 37.50.

There are comfort-conceived shirts, too. On the gentleman at the right is the Golf Club of nylon and orlon at 8.95. Biggest news: the no-seam collar. You can't see it—but what a difference it makes. Here appended, another fine shirt—the Bohemium Club at 6.95 . . . tailored in pebble beach cloth with raglan sleeves . . . contrasting triple stitching.



Sometimes, White Stag Coolordinates in the finer fabrics such as Panama Cloth are not easily available. If you have difficulty, write us for your nearest dealer.



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With Queenly Style and Regal Performance, the *AERO-WILLYS* is the crowning achievement of 50 years of serving mankind around the globe by WILLYS-OVERLAND . . . a triumphant combination of Aero and Auto Engineering.

WILLYS-OVERLAND 50th ANNIVERSARY

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Willys is proud to present the pageantry, color and beauty of this "once in a lifetime" spectacle.

CBS Television June 2
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Radio-TV newspaper pages show time and station for these history making broadcasts.

HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT, PHOTOGRAPHED IN LONDON BY NORMAN PARKINSON.

Aero Willys *Queen of the American Road*

Gives America a Front Seat at the Coronation of Queen Elizabeth II

World-wide tribute has been accorded the fabulous new *AERO WILLYS* by automotive editors, engineers and testing authorities . . . and by the American public who refer to this luxuriously beautiful new kind of car as "Queen of the American Road."

Facile in a woman's hands . . . responsive to a man's demands, the *AERO WILLYS* is a roomy, luxurious car . . . has more than five feet of seating width, both front and rear . . . parks in less space than nine out of ten American cars . . . is the *only* car in which the driver can see all four fenders. With hundreds of pounds less dead weight, the *AERO WILLYS* has remarkable roadability and unequalled economy—averages, with overdrive, up to 35 miles per gallon on regular gas.

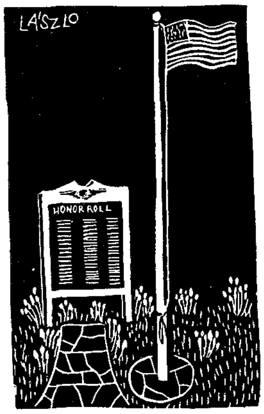
Bright as a dollar, it turns on a dime, and operates on pennies. Meet the new Queen of the American Road at Willys dealers now.

fellow, had allowed himself to be caught in such a trap.

THE Stadium, which, as I knew, is not a stadium but a large shed, is about two and a half miles from the center of the Loop, but I had a full hour to spare, so I walked out along West Madison Street, past the Morrison Hotel, which was headquarters for Marciano and the visiting press; past the Civic Opera House, with a sign on it proclaiming the imminent arrival of Louis Armstrong and Benny Goodman; across the Madison Street drawbridge over the piddling Chicago River; past the soot-blackened Northwestern Railroad station; and then along the most readable thoroughfare in America, the part of West Madison that has the flophouses and the signs—"Second Shot Your Favorite Whiskey ½ Price," "Mamie's Day Old & Fresh Broken Bakery Goods," "We Dare Them! The Largest and Best Bowl of Soup in Town," "Our 20-Ounce Schooner, 15 cents," "Jesus Saves—Are You Saved?" "Pants $1.00 Up," "2 Strickly Fresh Eggs Tost and Buter, 25 cents."

Before a shack bearing signs that read, "Shine 25c" and "First Class Shine 20c," I stopped. I knew from the street numbers that I was now at about the three-quarter pole, and any kind of chair looked good. "I want a first-class shine," I said. "Twenty cents."

"We sold the last first-class shine yesterday," the shoeshine man said. "Got only twenty-five-cent shines left."



Like Mr. Duggan, the shoeshine man picked Walcott. He was a clay-tinted man in a pink shirt. "I think Joe'll whup the kid," he said. "I bought two tickets for me and my wife. I also got a hundred dollars up against a hundred fifty that Joe will go twelve rounds. The bell rings for the end of the twelfth round, I win." I figured he was going to lose four hundred shoeshines.

I got to the Stadium in plenty of time for the weigh-in, which was held in the ring in the center of the arena, before a small mob of cameramen of all varieties—newspaper, newsreel, 3-D, and publicity-department. The working-press seats were almost as full as they would be at fight time. Either out of good nature, which seemed unlikely, or with a vague idea of stimulating ticket sales, the International Boxing Club, which was promoting the bout, had opened the doors to anybody who wanted to see the weighing-in rites. At least a thousand of the seats that would be worth fifty dollars that evening were occupied by the otherwise unemployed males of the quarter, mostly colored.

Marciano, perhaps unaware of the fate Duggan had predicted for him, looked friendly and invulnerable, more heavily muscled than a boxer is supposed to be and whiter than he had been in September, which was natural, since he had trained for the Philadelphia fight under the summer sun. He doesn't verbalize his cockiness, but he has a kind of negative confidence, like a sleepy bulldog. Walcott was massive, elephant-colored, and preoccupied. Some of the journalistic eyewitnesses later wrote that he had the air of a doomed man, but he has never been renowned for gaiety. I attributed his air to the slow, pleasurable digestion of a hearty breakfast. A chap at a microphone announced the weights as each fighter stood on the scale—Marciano a hundred and eighty-four and a half, Walcott a hundred and ninety-seven and three-quarters. This meant that the champion was eight ounces heavier than at their first fight; Walcott had put on a pound and three-quarters.

Directly in front of me sat a delegation of Marciano's home-town friends from Brockton—four young men in green silk windbreakers whose backs were prophetically lettered, in red, "And Still Champion, Rocky Marciano." They were accompanied by four young women of a southern New England small-town high-school freshness never previously observed in a fighter's entourage. I would have laid a bet that none of the eight had ever seen a fight before Rocky turned professional. The girls looked at Walcott with a hauteur generally reserved for members of the visiting basketball team.

There had been some of the usual synthetic acerbity between the fighters' managers during the training period. Walcott's manager, an acidulous little character named Felix Bocchicchio, from Camden, New Jersey, had accused Marciano of butting Walcott in their Philadelphia fight and blinding him so he couldn't see the fatal punch. (The official program for the Chicago fight described him as "smiling, good-natured, and soft-spoken Felix Bocchic-

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Evenings: $6.60, 4.80, 4.20, 3.60, 3.00, 2.40, 1.80. Matinees Wed. & Sat.: $3.60, 3.00, 2.40, 1.80, 1.20 (Tax Included)
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—CRITICS UNANIMOUS!
Rosalind Russell
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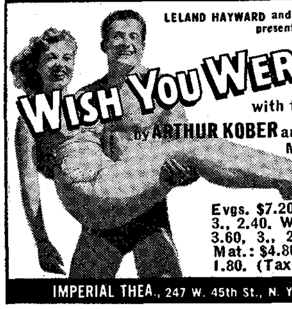
Wonderful Town
WINTER GARDEN, Broadway & 50th St., (Air-Cond.)
Evgs. $7.20 to 2.40. Mats. Wed. & Sat. $4.20 to 1.80.



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LELAND HAYWARD and JOSHUA LOGAN present
WISH YOU WERE HERE
The Musical with the Swimming Pool
by ARTHUR KOBER and JOSHUA LOGAN
Music and Lyrics by HAROLD ROME
Evgs. $7.20, 6., 4.80, 3.60, 3., 2.40. Wed. Mat. $4.20, 3.60, 3., 2.40, 1.80. Sat. Mat.: $4.80, 3.60, 3., 2.40, 1.80. (Tax Included.)
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"BEST LAUGHS ON BROADWAY!"
—LIFE Magazine
MISALLIANCE
"Best Comedy of the Season!" —CUE Magazine
Air-Conditioned
BARRYMORE W. 47 St. Eves. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40

chio, who, among many other enterprises, handles Jersey Joe Walcott.") In cultured circles, these charges were recognized as strictly publicity stuff, but to the girls with the boys in the green silk jackets they must have been as bad as charging Brockton High with playing dirty football.

The advance sale of tickets had not been particularly brisk, I had read in the newspapers, but on the morning of the fight the management reported three hundred and eighty-five thousand dollars already in hand, a statistic that later proved to have been purely imaginary. To judge from the failure to advertise on fight day, the Stadium must be operated by book publishers. Television rights—for regions outside the Chicago district, which was blacked out—were supposed to have been sold for another three hundred thousand dollars, and a 3-D feature-length movie of the fight was to bring in unknown sums. Bocchicchio and Walcott had been guaranteed a flat sum of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, regardless of the amount taken in at the gate, along with thirty per cent of the 3-D rights. The champion was to have thirty per cent of the gate, thirty per cent of the television and radio take, and thirty per cent of the 3-D rights.

I bought a thirty-dollar ticket, which entitled me to a seat in Row F of the first balcony, overlooking the ring. This essential preliminary disposed of, I took a streetcar back to the Loop and walked to Mike Fritzel's restaurant, where I had a date with a friend. Fritzel's is a kind of Chicago Lindy's, and as I went in I met a New York comedian named Jack E. Leonard, who told me he was playing at the Chez Paree, a Chicago night club. Leonard was sad because he wouldn't be able to see the fight. The headliner at the Chez was Tony Martin, a singer, and Martin also was a fight fan. Somebody had to do the early show, and Martin had pulled rank on Leonard, who would therefore miss the fight. He is probably still laughing.

The fellow I was lunching with told me a bit about Mr. Duggan. Duggan, he said, had had a sports program on N.B.C. television, in the course of which he had needled the identical ownership of the Stadium and the International Boxing Club, and had predicted that the fight would never be held in Chicago. N.B.C. had dropped him—yielding to outside pressure, according to Duggan; nothing of the sort, according to N.B.C.—and the Hearst *American* had picked him up as a sports

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IN "THE 5th SEASON"
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Tues. thru Sun. Evgs. (No Mons.) $4.80, $4.20, $3.60, $3.00, $2.40, $1.80., Mats. Sat. & Sun. $3.60, $3.00, $2.40, $1.80, $1.20 (Incl. Tax).

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In New York City 12,000 school children have had rheumatic fever; 4,000 have rheumatic heart disease.
But rheumatic fever and rheumatic heart disease can be prevented!
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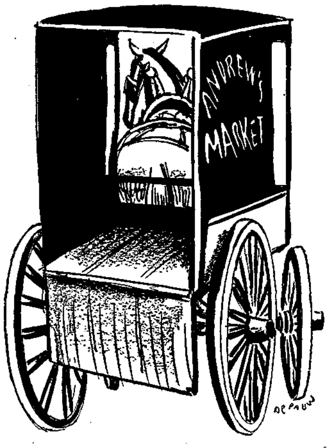
NO MINIMUM
202 West 56th Street

columnist. He had christened the Stadium Octopus Palace because it is the home of the boxing octopus that controls professional fighting all over the country. He was already famous even to the outmost suburbs as a champion of free speech, a fearless iconoclast, and an exponent of the locally popular thesis that everybody in the world is trying to put one over on Chicago. I ventured the thought that Duggan's prestige might be damaged by the fact that the fight was going to be held in Chicago after all, but my informant said I didn't understand how the Chicago mind works. "They'll say the fight *wouldn't* have been held here unless Duggan had blown the whistle," he said. "It'll make him bigger."

After lunch, I went back to my hotel to rest. This is always a good idea before a big fight, because you are going to have to battle crowds going in, you can never find a taxi coming out, and you often have to toddle home without benefit of daffy unless you are willing to battle more crowds to get to a bar. The spectators sometimes take as much *punishment* as the fighters, and on this particular evening, as it turned out, we were to take considerably more.

AT eight o'clock, I took a taxi to within a third of a mile of the Stadium, dismounting when my vehicle could no longer advance. The first preliminary bout was to go on at eight-thirty, as it usually does in big shows, but the main bout was to begin at nine instead of ten, because it would have to be on the air at ten in the Eastern time zone. One result was that the hordes of people who customarily stream in between nine and ten were for once hurrying to get to their seats early. To extract the maximum amount of fun from this situation, the Stadium management had decided to admit ticket holders at my gate only in single file, like candidates for a crap game, each one squeezing by the belly of a large special policeman, who half blocked the interstice through which we were eventually admitted. I would like to be able to say he frisked each ticket holder for weapons; it would be a good Chicago anecdote. But he didn't. Now and again, he would stop the whole line to permit the egress of someone governed by a premonition; I can think of no other reason why so many people would want to come away from a fight before it started. When we had finally been allowed to proceed to the point where a guard was waiting to snatch our tickets, we were turned onto the first of six flights of concrete stairs and at length run down a ramp to our seats. The layout had evidently been designed by the same chap who built the stockyards, but fight followers have been a hardy lot since Egan's day. I arrived at my perch, which was as exiguous as a racing saddle but harder, full of that exhilaration that always precedes what old Pierce would call a contest of heroes. I could not sit back. The customers adjoining me had already arrived, and both of them overlapped their thirty dollars' worth of space by several inches. But by adopting a forward crouch, which I modelled after my recollection of how Eddie Arcaro rides a finish, I was able to maintain a kind of equilibrium and enjoy a good view of the ring. While we were thus wedged in, venders of binoculars and hot dogs, who merely block your vision as they walk down the aisles in other cities, walked over our feet and crawled over our laps.



The people in the row behind me were all Southerners in town for some sort of business convention at the Palmer House. Their chief concern was the identification of a man in the third row of the working-press seats, on the opposite side of the ring, whom some of them believed to be a sportswriter on a New Orleans paper.

"Yes, sir," one fellow would say, "that's the old Gray Eagle."

"No, sir," a colleague would reply, "that's just a movie actor. They never would send the old Gray Eagle all that distance."

To get away from the old Gray Eagle, I took to reading the biographical notes in the official program. The one I liked best was about Walcott. It began, "If public support was the decisive yardstick in Jersey Joe Walcott's bid to become the first boxer ever to regain the heavyweight championship, the popular 39-year-old Negro would be assured of the distinction when he encounters Rocky Marciano tonight. Few fighters have won the heart of the public as has this wholesome, deeply

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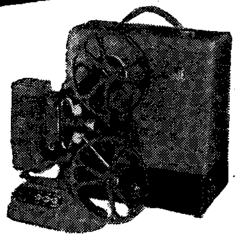

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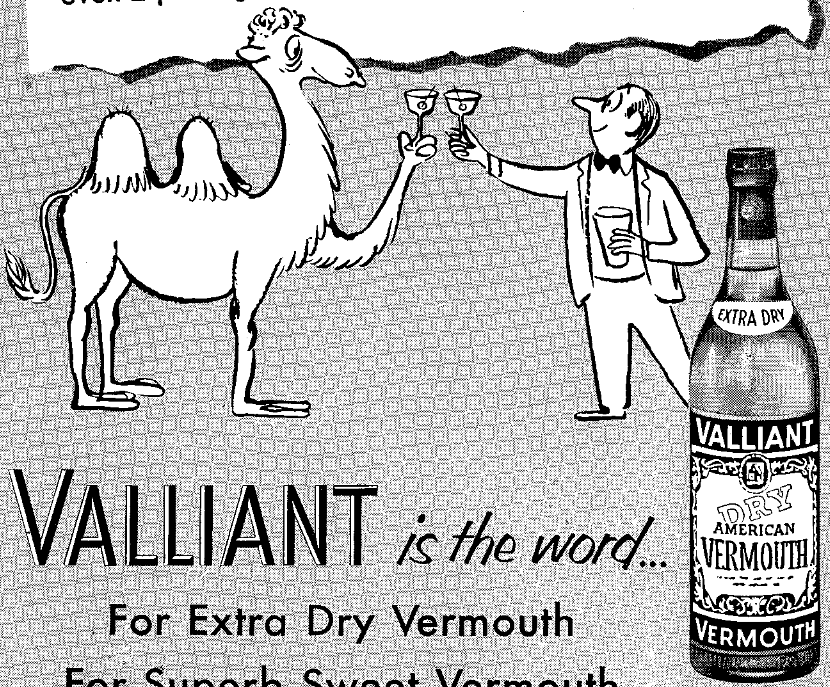

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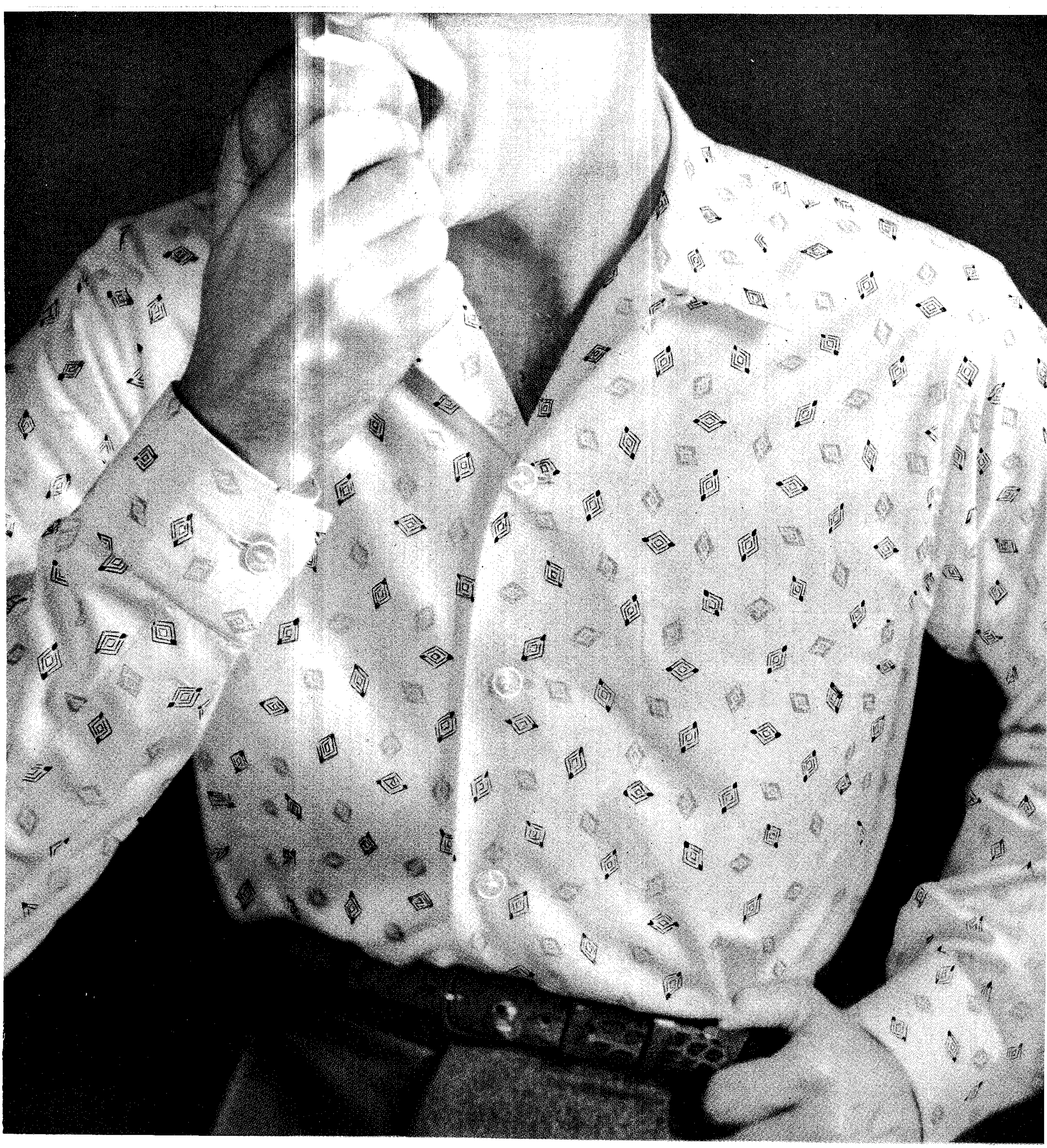
religious father of six children." That should have been the tipoff. The father of six children might want to get home to them in a hurry. But my disinclination to anticipate the worst hid the meaning of this clue.

There were two preliminaries before the main bout, and they fitted into the half hour with several minutes to spare, since both ended in quick knockouts. Neither presented any semblance of competition. Then Walcott and Marciano and their handlers came into the ring, hurriedly. Television time schedules have taken the old dragging dignity from the overture to a championship match. There were a number of garbled introductions of visiting prize-ring celebrities, the announcer never seeming to know the name of the fighter in the ring but always announcing the name of a fellow who had just left or one who was still making his way up through the crowd. Of the former champions introduced, only Tony Zale, the middleweight, got a big hand. "Look, he's still active!" a man in front of me exclaimed when Zale climbed into the ring. I saw Zale lose his title in a grand fight less than five years ago. Ezzard Charles, who lost the heavyweight title to Walcott, and Jim Braddock, who lost it to Joe Louis, were present too, but the old champions with the greatest names, Jack Dempsey and Joe Louis, weren't.

Then the ring was cleared. As the hour hand of the big clock on the balcony facing us neared nine, the principals went to the center of the ring to hear the referee make his brief speech, and then returned to their corners. Marciano jumped up and down in his—he was trying to warm up for a fast start—and Walcott sat quiet, waiting for the bell. In a moment, the fight started. Because all these anterior events had been crammed into a half hour, it was still very early in the evening. There were great blocks of empty seats at the ends of the vast shed, both on the arena floor (euphemistically called ringside), and in the mezzanine and first balcony. All the empties were fifty- and thirty-dollar seats. In retrospect, the judgment of the people who didn't buy them seems excellent. (After the bout, the International Boxing Club announced that the fight had been attended by around sixteen thousand people, of whom a bare thirteen thousand were paid admissions. It drew a gross gate of $331,795, which included the federal and state taxes on each ticket.)

Marciano had had a whole swarm



Breeding Plumage—by Hathaway

This irresistible shirt is made by Hathaway in Waterville, Maine. The design is a classic foulard, hand-printed in England on fine Egyptian cotton. Five years ago you would have thought twice before wearing such a brave and brilliant color. But the dreary Victorian tyranny of drab suits and white shirts has at last come to an end, and today you dare dress as vividly as your wife, if not more so. True, some men have awful taste, and some manufacturers pander to them by making hideously vulgar shirts. Not so Hathaway. Take this classic English foulard, for example. It comes from the great Aldwinckle in London, in a wide range of patterns—all in the impeccable tradition of English taste. Like all Hathaway shirts, these foulards are beautifully made; the stitching so close that you can hardly see it (22 to the inch!); the one-piece sleeve; the scrupulous matching of designs; the fuller body, requiring three extra yards for every dozen shirts. The price is $15.00. At the most distinguished stores, or write C. F. Hathaway, Waterville, Maine.

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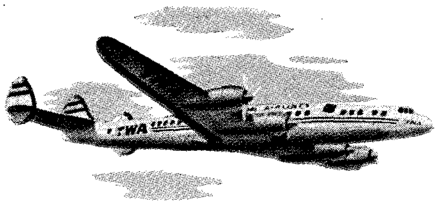

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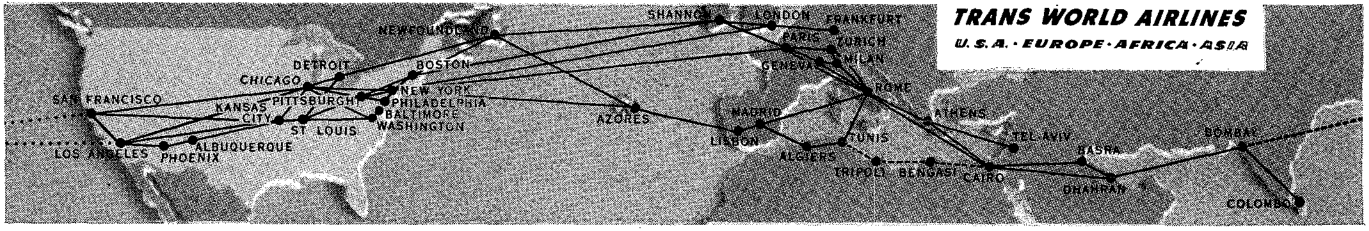
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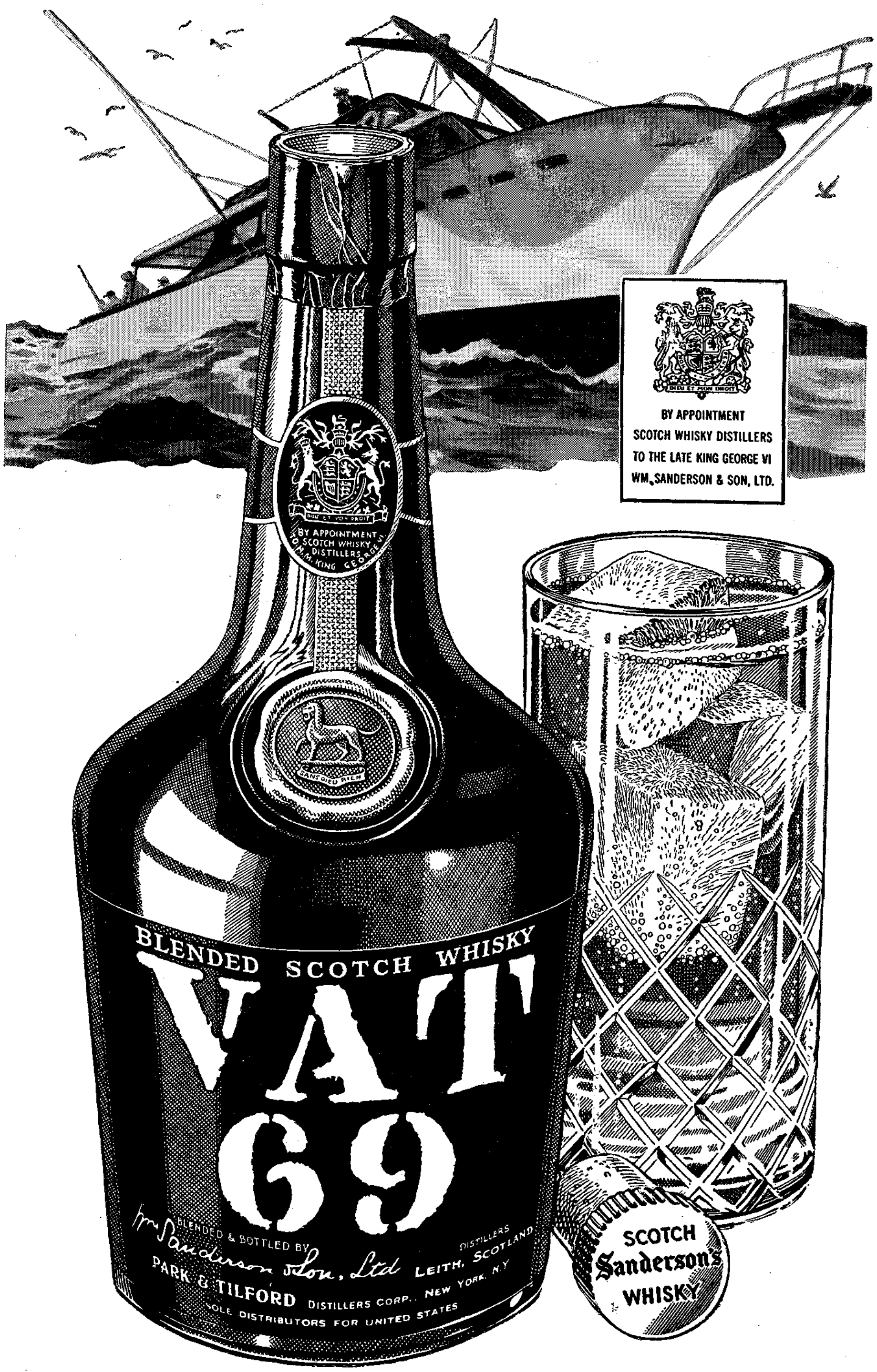
of handlers in his corner—Al Weill, his manager, who the program said was "realizing a lifetime ambition;" his trainer, Charlie Goldman, described in the same document as "an elf from Brooklyn with a broken nose;" Al Columbo, a pal from Brockton; Freddie Brown, a fight handler good at stopping cuts; and Marty Weill, Al's son. When they left the ring and the bell rang, the champion looked lonely. He sought the company of the only other human up there with him, Walcott. But the wholesome, religious father of six children was not in a sociable mood.

A small colored man far off to my left cried encouragingly, "Come on, Satchel!"—a reference to Satchel Paige, the big-league-baseball pitcher, who is even older than Walcott but sometimes comes through in tight spots. There was no great conviction in his voice, and none at all in the way Walcott handled himself. In his fights with Joe Louis, in 1947 and 1948, Walcott skipped about the ring with skilled abandon, confusing the old sharpshooter, whose own legs had already gone. Louis knocked him out in the second fight, but he needed a total of twenty-six rounds to catch him. Last September, I saw Walcott walk out and beat Marciano to the punch. But this time he neither punched nor skipped; he just backed away. And Marciano, never a fast starter, couldn't think of much to do but walk after him. When he got close, Walcott grabbed his arms. It appeared to be the kind of fight we could all settle down to. The excitement, if any, would not come until the late rounds. The pace was so slow that I looked a couple of times at the big clock that measures off each three-minute round. Walcott flicked a couple of left jabs at Marciano as he retreated, but he was going away so fast that they fell short. Marciano missed a couple of right swings that were so clumsy I thought they were feints, designed to draw some counteraction. If so, they failed. Then, while the two men were groping about in Marciano's corner, the champion with his back toward our side of the house, I saw Rocky throw a high left hook, and Walcott hit the floor. I learned afterward that Marciano had thrown a rising right to the jaw immediately after the left, but I couldn't see it land from where I sat. So I simply assumed Jersey Joe had been knocked down with a left hook.

It wasn't a crashing knockdown, the kind that leaves the recipient limp, like

"It's a LIGHT, MILD Scotch"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Sis, Boom... Bah!

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This is probably good if you want to reach three-quarters of the population. But it's no good for us because we want to reach only three or four persons. We can tell you who they are, too.

We'd like to reach the president of American Airlines. We'd like to reach the man in charge of truck sales for Ford. We'd like to reach the advertising director of the Chase National Bank. We'd like to reach the publisher of The Saturday Evening Post. That's good enough for a start.

When we do reach them we'd like to tell them why they ought to be advertising in Nation's Business every month, where they can reach 800,000 businessmen, all over America, big business and small, big towns and small . . . more, and at lower cost, than through any other business magazine.

We figure these four men, at least, must be reading The New Yorker. They might not see a skyrocket before next July. Nation's Business, *a general magazine for businessmen,* Washington 6, D. C.

(*Advertisement*)

a wet hat, or jerky, like a new-caught flounder. This appeared to be a sit-down-and-think-it-over knockdown, such as you might see in any barroom on a night of full moon. Jersey Joe must have begun the process of ratiocination right away. But the conclusion at which he was arriving was not instantly apparent. Like the drowning men in stories, he may have been reviewing his whole life, with a long pause on what had happened to him in Philadelphia. The dramatic significance of the fleeting seconds was lost upon the crowd, because everybody present, with the possible exception of Mr. Walcott himself, took it for granted that he would get up within ten seconds. And maybe he thought so, too, for a while, but if he did, he dismissed the thought. Sprawled on the canvas floor covering, his right arm hooked over the middle strand of the ropes, he waited for the referee to count ten, and arose. Even then, it was not clear to us in the balcony that the fight was over. Unable to hear the count, we assumed that he had risen on nine. But when the referee, a slight man named Frank Sikora, spread his arms wide to indicate that all was ended, Walcott walked calmly over to the ropes on our side of the ring, evincing a commendable independence of public opinion. If he had maintained this attitude, I would have admired him. The spectators were resentful, and their resentment was based on the suspicion that he had not been hit hard enough. This is a decision every man must make for himself, and of all the sixteen thousand persons under the big shed, Walcott was in the best position to make it. But as he heard the boos, he changed his mind. He mimed outrage, batting his gloved hands together and stamping like a wrestler. Wrestling is classed as a species of exhibition by the New York State Athletic Commission, and the acting is part of the show. Jersey Joe made it plain that he had not been knocked out at all. The crowd, with a forlorn hope that the fight might be resumed—after all, it had got precious little action for its money—increased its booing, but it was now booing *for* Walcott. Jersey Joe had stolen the scene from the man who had knocked him out. (And yet no man possesses a higher character for a deserving well-behaved man than ROCKY MARCIANO.) The whole fight had lasted two minutes and twenty-five seconds. The Kentucky Derby this year lasted two minutes and two seconds, and nobody cried, "Stop thief!" But fight fans are accustomed to more protracted pleasures.

LIKE the toddlers of North Walsham long ago, I made for the nearest lushing crib to restore my spirits. Going down the concrete stairs of the Stadium in front of me were three men, one of whom shouted, with what sounded like immense satisfaction, "This will kill boxing in Chicago!" One of his companions said indignantly, "I thought they were going to work it the opposite, so there'd be a bigger gate next time." It was evident he felt hurt because "they" had disappointed him. The third said, with a bitter laugh, "Write Duggan a letter."

In the Stadium Tavern, the closest dispensary of daffy and *eau de vie*, I caught one of the bartenders tying on his apron. "I sneaked off to watch the fight and I had to run like hell to get back here for the rush," he said. I had one Scotch, which I tossed off like milk, and headed for a streetcar. There were plenty of cars, because a good part of the crowd had remained behind to watch the rest of the minor bouts on the card, hoping to salvage a few nickels' worth of amusement. I found myself sitting next to a knowing drunk, a pale old man who was the shade and shape of a fat, soft clam. "Waidle you read the papers tomorrow," he said exultantly. "Duggan'll burn up the paper."

"What for?" I asked. "Duggan said Walcott would kill him."

The old drunk winked and snorted. "But he knew sumpm was up, dint he?" he said. "He couldn't write all 'at stuff if it wasn't true, could he? They'd soom."

A man with a flashlight gun and camera—a newspaper photographer who had been at ringside—was telling anybody who cared to listen what had really happened. "It was a right uppercut that did it," he said. "He tried to get up, but he couldn't make it in time." (The moving pictures of the count, however, show that Walcott didn't start until it was all over.) "Read Duggan!" the photographer yelled as he swung off the car. I think he meant to be funny, but a stout man sitting with a woman shouted a protest after him, "But Duggan predicted—"

I stopped briefly in the lobby of the Morrison, where friends and admirers of Marciano were giving a party to celebrate his victory. A couple of the kids in green jackets were standing there when Al Columbo, who had been in the ring with Rocky, breezed in, straight from the Stadium. "He didn't butt him this time!" Mr. Columbo yelled.

I decided I didn't want to go to a party, and went on to my hotel and bed.

NEXT morning, I bought an armful of Chicago newspapers at the airport and read them on the plane going home. The first columnist I turned to, naturally, was Duggan, and he was as omniscient as if he had been right. "If the Illinois Boxing Commission has the guts God gave a lazy white dog," he began, "they'll hold up those purses till they get a look at the films of last night's fiasco to determine what knocked out Jersey Joe Walcott. . . . Out here in a hick town like Chicago, I guess anything can happen. Everybody knew the fight had no business here in the first place. It was a natural for New York in June. But say what you want about New York, you can be sure they wouldn't stand for the exhibition we put up with last night." I have never seen the man, but I make him no worse than even money to wind up as mayor. He had proved that, like everything else that goes wrong in Chicago, it was New York's fault. We had planted that fight on them like a road company of "The Student Prince." —A. J. LIEBLING

•

CIRCUS

The silver morning shifts her birds
From tree to tree.
Young green fires burn along
the branch.
The river moves but each wave holds
a place—
Pattern of knives above the
juggling tide.

Now in the south the circus of the sun
Lays out its route, lifts the white tent,
Parades the pachyderm,
And pins the green chameleon
to the cloth.
Coffee mists rise above the gabbling
cook tent.
Aerialists web above the tumblers' ring.

Behold! In flaming silk, the acrobat,
The wire-walking sun.

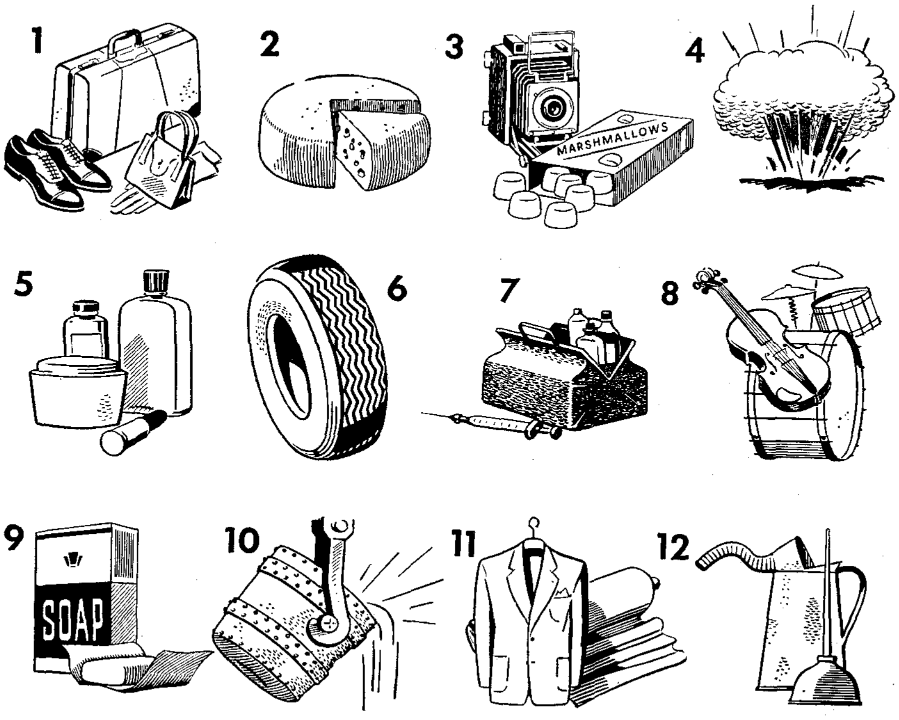
—ROBERT LAX

•

The attack against the United Nations was made by Mrs. Bruce D. Reynolds of Charlottesville, Va., national defense chairman, who said that the D. A. R. almost single-handedly "fought the United Nations war in Korea until popular demand forced the training of Republic of Korea forces. . . ."—*The Times.*

We never knew that.

How Do These 12 Things Affect The Price of MEAT?



ONLY about 50% of a meat animal is *meat.* But by saving "everything but the squeal" from *the other half,* meat packing companies are able to "cancel out" many of the costs of processing your meat.

By-products of meat packing are used to make, or to help make—every item on this page—and there are a dozen others for every one shown.

If there were no meat packing industry, with facilities for saving these by-products and making them available to other industries that need them, the full cost of the animal, and all the costs of processing it, would have to be recovered from the sale of the meat alone.

As it is, money from the sale of by-products frequently makes it possible for the meat packer to sell the beef from a steer *for less than was paid for the animal on the hoof.*

Did you know . . . that all these items help to bring your meat from farm to table at a lower service cost than almost any other food?

1. **Hides and skins for leather goods.**
2. **Rennet for cheese making.**
3. **Gelatin for marshmallows, photographic film, printers' rollers.**
4. **Glycerin for explosives used in mining and blasting.**
5. **Lanolin for cosmetics.**
6. **Chemicals for tires that run cooler.**
7. **Medicines such as insulin, pepsin, epinephrine, ACTH, cortisone . . . and surgical sutures.**
8. **Drumheads and violin strings.**
9. **Animal fats for soap.**
10. **Bone charcoal for high-grade steel, such as ball bearings.**
11. **Wool for clothing.**
12. **Special oils and organic chemicals widely used in industry.**

AMERICAN MEAT INSTITUTE

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

MAY 21

IT is symptomatic of conditions here that the Republican opposition to the Republican program on taxes and the budget was freely discussing its views and its strategy for several days before the program itself was announced. By the time the President went on the air Tuesday evening, there was a definite impression throughout Washington that whatever it was the administration wanted, the administration would have a hard time getting it. This is still the impression two days later. Actually, if the President's requests could be submitted to a vote one at a time, they would all be accepted, and in most cases by crashing majorities. The administration has almost solid support from the Democrats—except, probably, on the proposed cuts in military appropriations—and most Republicans could be persuaded to go along on maintaining present taxes on individual incomes and corporation earnings. The really militant opposition to the tax program consists of only a handful of representatives; in the Senate, which has nothing to do with initiating revenue measures, there is very little opposition, though there is, to be sure, some rather formidable indifference. But the outcome will not be decided by any simple show of hands by those for and against the administration's proposals; it will be determined by votes taken on measures submitted by the committees concerned, and from all indications these measures will differ in numerous and radical ways from the recommendations of the President. Representative Daniel Reed, of New York, the former Cornell football coach who now heads the House Ways and Means Committee and in that capacity has a good deal more power in the fiscal affairs of the republic than the Secretary of the Treasury or the head of the Stock Exchange, insists that he and his fourteen Republican colleagues on the committee will have no part in prolonging beyond its expiration date any tax originated by the Democrats. If he has his way, as he customarily does, the committee will offer a tax measure containing an eleven-per-cent cut for individuals, and it will do nothing to prevent the surplus-profits taxes from passing out of the picture at the scheduled time.

Representative Reed's powers are great but they are not cosmic, and it would be at least theoretically possible for the administration to bypass his committee by means of some parliamentary finagling involving the Rules Committee or by means of amendments offered on the floor of the House. Such a bypass would be a practical possibility, too, if administration leaders in Congress had any heart for it, which they plainly do not. The Speaker of the House, Joseph W. Martin, has said that he is "prayerfully hoping" that the Ways and Means Committee will follow the President's suggestions. Representative Martin is a resourceful fighter, and when he announces publicly that he is reduced to prayer and hope, the implication is either that he regards the struggle as futile or that he lacks the kind of conviction that could spur him to action. It is generally supposed that the latter is the case. There are administration supporters who are full of conviction—peculiarly, few of them are in high places in the committees—and they might be organized to do battle. Such an undertaking would, however, destroy even the pretense of a jolly, brotherly relationship between the White House and Congress; there would be immediate reprisals, and the President would have to go to the mat for every piece of legislation he wanted. (When Representative Reed was asked the other day whether he would bottle up other measures if the administration carried the case for its tax program outside his committee, he said, "When I fight, I fight.") The Washington *Star* last night expressed the opinion that the President is as well aware of this prospect as the next man and that the aim of his budget speech was not to win a complete victory for his fiscal program but simply to see if by taking his case before the country he could salvage some of it. This seems a reasonable enough interpretation, and it may well be that a spirit of compromise will somehow be generated in Congress, possibly by Mr. Martin's prayers. But, as the President made clear in his address, he needs all the revenue measures now on the books, and not just some of them, to come anywhere close to meeting current expenditures. At the moment, the prospect for a balanced budget appears to be about as remote as it has been for some years past.

BEFORE the House Ways and Means Committee goes into the problem of taxes, it will have to con-

1

2

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He buys, or influences the buying of, many types of goods and services for his company.

As a family man—

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The man in two positions to buy

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clude its work on a tariff bill. It has been holding hearings on tariffs for several weeks now, and from its deliberations the fact has emerged that the Eisenhower administration will lead the country at least part of the way back to the kind of economic nationalism that prevailed during the Presidency of Herbert Hoover and that is enduringly symbolized in the names of Senator Reed Smoot, of Utah, and Representative Willis Hawley, of Oregon, co-authors of the world's all-time highest tariff schedule. On June 12th, the Reciprocal Trade Agreements Act, which became law in 1934 and which authorized the President to negotiate agreements cutting tariffs by as much as fifty per cent, is due to expire. The administration has asked Congress to extend it for a year and has promised to have a study made of the entire tariff problem during that time. Out of this study, the President and his advisers have said, will come a new approach to foreign trade and a whole new set of tariff recommendations. The White House neglected, however, to arrange for any Republican member of Congress to introduce legislation embodying its request for an extension. A couple of Democrats have put in bills embodying the request, but the only bill that Mr. Reed's committee has shown any interest in is one drawn up by Representative Richard M. Simpson, a Republican delegate from the Pennsylvania coal fields, who has his own views on what should be done. Mr. Simpson's bill provides for a one-year extension of the Reciprocal Trade Act but amends it in so many fundamental ways that the extension itself is of almost negligible importance. It compels the President to accept most of the findings of the Tariff Commission, and it then proceeds to turn the Commission, which was set up on a nonpolitical basis in 1916, into a purely partisan body by adding a member who would give the party in power a majority. It opens wider all the escape hatches in the present Act, and it singles out lead, zinc, and residual fuel oil for special protective treatment.

To head off the Simpson Bill at this stage would require the same kind of revolt against the House Ways and Means Committee that would be needed to secure passage of the President's tax program. Not only is it unlikely that the administration will wish to take such a course, because of the risks involved; it is unlikely that it would do so even if there were no risks. Several administration witnesses have testified against the Simpson Bill, but their opposition has been diffident, and they have, with the notable exception of Secretary of the Treasury Humphrey, been hard pressed to advance any reasons for their stand. A fairly typical sample of what has been going on in the committee hearings is found in the following extract from the testimony of the Secretary of State:

> MR. BOGGS: Mr. Secretary, what I am trying to find out is whether or not you are for or against the Simpson Bill.
>
> SECRETARY DULLES: I am against the Simpson Bill at this time. Whether I will be against it a year from now I do not know.
>
> MR. BOGGS: Are you against the provision in the Simpson Bill having to do with zinc and lead?
>
> SECRETARY DULLES: I am against the Simpson Bill at the present time. Whether I will be against it a year from now I do not know.
>
> MR. BOGGS: What is your feeling about the provisions in the Simpson Bill limiting the authority of the President of the United States with respect to negotiation of trade agreements?
>
> SECRETARY DULLES: . . . I must make the same answer.

Speaking of the new program the administration hopes to offer after the year of study, Mr. Dulles said, "I would not attempt at the present time to prejudge the question of whether it will be a change up or a change down." To what extent this phlegmatic neutrality represents the attitude of the President is uncertain. It has been more or less taken for granted here that his belief in the principle of coalition and his advocacy of such notions as European federation would put him on the side of those who favor a general relaxation of restrictions on commerce. There is very little in his record, though, to suggest that this is the case, and it may well be that he either fails to acknowledge any relationship between tariffs and mutual security or has some private view of the matter that makes it possible for him to be both a protectionist and a believer in collective security. He has had almost nothing to say about tariffs. Running last year on a platform that did not venture into the field of world trade, he himself touched only lightly and ambiguously on the subject. "While maintaining tariff policies that operate in the interest of our agriculture and industry," he said in New York last October, "we should seek out opportunities to increase imports of commodities, goods, and services which will improve our own economy and help make our Allies self-supporting." This was in the great bipartisan tradition of American tariff pronouncements; it is the sort of thing a protec-

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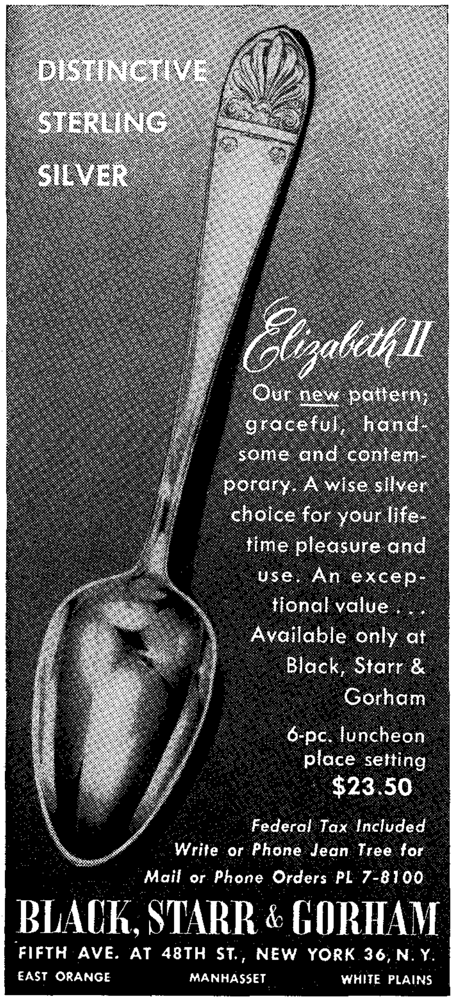
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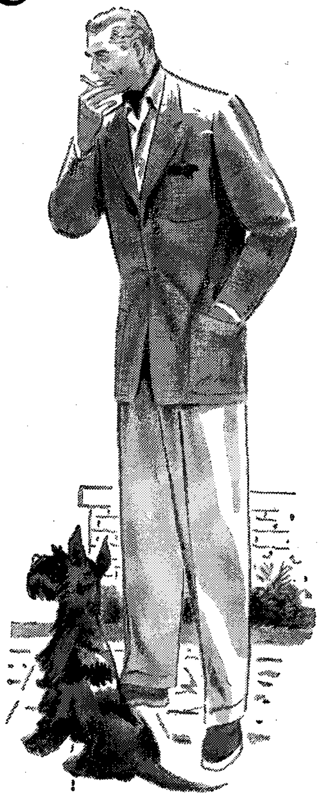
tionist can safely say before a low-tariff audience and the sort of thing a low-tariff man can safely say to an audience of protectionists.

To judge by his appointments and by certain of his early actions in office, it would seem reasonable to assume that the President leans toward the protectionist side of the argument. Mr. Dulles has never really been smoked out on the issue, but Messrs. Weeks, Benson, and McKay, the Secretaries of Commerce, Agriculture, and the Interior, respectively, are high-tariff men of tested conviction, as is Sherman Adams, a figure of enormous and constantly expanding power in the White House. The President's first appointment to the Tariff Commission, Joseph Talbot, a former representative from Connecticut, has been a high-tariff man throughout his career (it turned out, though, that the President was unaware of this when he made the choice; he hadn't known Mr. Talbot and had no specific information about his views), and in the hearings on his confirmation he supported all the provisions of the Simpson Bill.

In the President's first opportunity to exercise authority in the field—an opportunity provided by a request by the American makers of inexpensive briar pipes to raise tariffs on competing products from abroad—he exercised it by putting off a decision either way, pending a study of the matter. This could have been taken as a simple manifestation of judiciousness if it had not been for the fact that the briar-pipe industry is a very small one and about as unrelated to national security as any industry could be. "If we can't afford Europe's specialties, what can we afford?" the Washington *Post* asked the other day. "If we insist on selling our mass-production stuff abroad and protecting our handicrafts at home, what can the world do about the dollar gap?" That the President has protectionist leanings was also shown by his reluctance to do anything in the Chief Joseph Dam case, in which British manufacturers of power-generating equipment submitted a competitive bid that was one million six hundred thousand dollars lower than any American bid and were nevertheless rejected as contractors.

The trend back to Smoot-Hawleyism is distinct, though perhaps not overwhelming, in the executive branch. In the legislative branch, it appears to be irresistible. A recent survey of the voting records of Republican congressmen shows that approximately eighty-five per cent of them have been consistently in favor of the highest tariff schedules pro-



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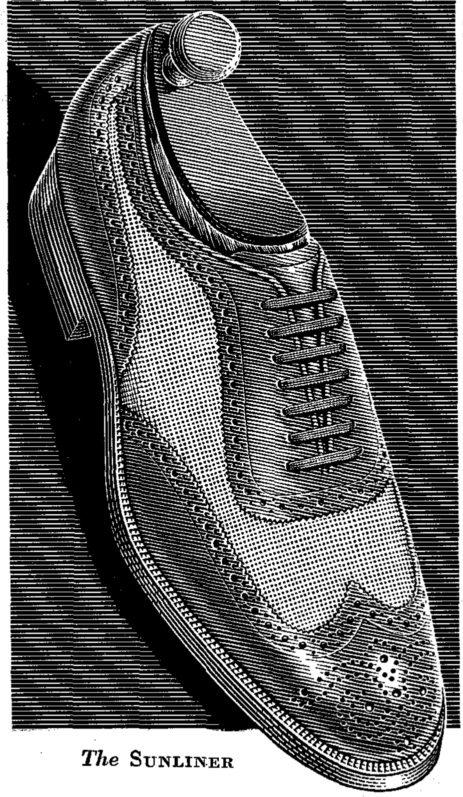

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posed. Protectionist sentiment is as intensive as it is extensive. Recently, Representative H. R. Gross, of Iowa, rose in the House to declare his belief that supporters of "Trade, Not Aid" programs ought to be investigated. He himself, he said, had received a petition for a lowering of tariff barriers, had promptly transmitted the names of the signers to the Committee on Un-American Activities, and had been informed—not in the least to his surprise, one gathered—that ten out of twenty-three were connected with organizations of dubious patriotism. Representative John P. Saylor, of Pennsylvania, said the other day that he didn't think any Americans except "habitués of country clubs and other lavish lounges" cared much for the idea of trade carried by "ships flying ensigns that many of our own people do not recognize, inasmuch as when they think of a flag they think of the Stars and Stripes." The portents are unmistakable. Even if Reciprocal Trade, unamended by Representative Simpson, should be extended for a year—in the past, the normal period of extension has been three years, which is thought to be the least amount of time necessary for a foreign manufacturer to plan and carry out sales campaigns in the American market—the following year would undoubtedly see an upturn in tariff rates. The dollar gap of the free nations, which has been rising by about four billion dollars a year, could barely be eliminated if the United States removed the tariffs on everything. It is evidently on the verge of becoming greater.

THE truce talks at Panmunjom are to be resumed early next week, and it is reported that American negotiators will advance a plan that has much in common with the Indian proposal passed by the United Nations General Assembly last December and also with certain Chinese proposals that have recently been turned down. It would finesse the whole problem of prisoner exchange for the time being and make it a subject for the political conferences following the armistice, if there is an armistice. The unofficial but apparently authoritative announcement of this scheme has met with considerable hostility here and with repeated assertions that it violates our established principle of voluntary repatriation. The answer that the administration is expected to make, and that United Nations spokesmen are already making, is that it yields no principle at all but merely postpones the finding of a solution. It could not postpone it for much beyond four or five months—a short period of time as time is measured in negotiations with Communist powers—for the plan we are said to be backing now calls for political talks to be held within three months of the signing of an armistice, and it further provides that if a settlement of the prisoner dispute is not reached during the first thirty days of the political conferences, the custody of the prisoners and the responsibility for resolving the repatriation problem shall go automatically to the United Nations. We could block unacceptable solutions both at the political conferences and in the United Nations, where sentiment up to now has been with us on this point. What probably lies behind much of the anguish the plan has provoked is not the fear that there will be compromise on repatriation but the suspicion that if we get our way on this matter, we will have to give ground on some other—possibly the admission of Communist China to the United Nations. This suspicion, which has been openly voiced by Senator Knowland, of California, Senator Smith, of New Jersey, and a number of other men here, is doubtless well founded, for there is a strong sentiment in the United Nations for admitting Communist China at the conclusion of the Korean war, and the administration has repeatedly passed up opportunities to commit itself on the issue. In a recent press conference, President Eisenhower stated that he is at present opposed to admitting the Peiping government and indicated that his opposition was likely to be of some duration, but he conspicuously failed to bind himself with the thoroughness demanded by the Knowland faction. Secretary Dulles has long been suspect in his own party because of his statements of a few years back favoring eventual recognition of Peiping and admission of Communist China into the United Nations.

The administration apparently feels that it will be able to cross this bridge successfully when it comes to it, and there is no doubt that should the shooting be brought to an end, the public at large would give the President and the State Department all the diplomatic latitude they might want, though the administration would still have its difficulties in Congress, of course. A somewhat more immediate and more perplexing question is what will happen if the Communists fail to accept the plan we will offer next week. It is pointed out here that if this plan is rejected, there will be no honorable solution to the prisoner question. It is inconceivable that the United States can

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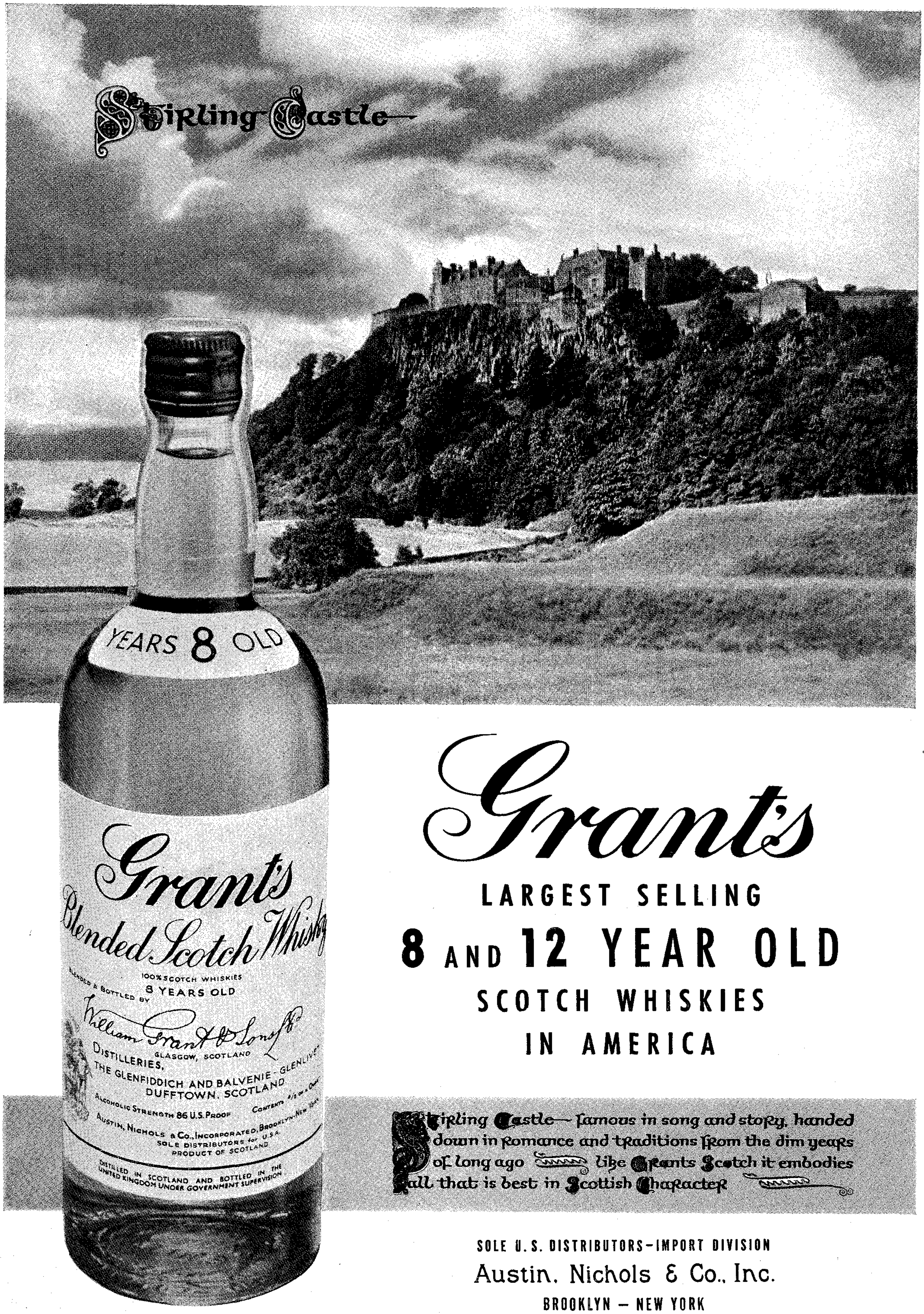
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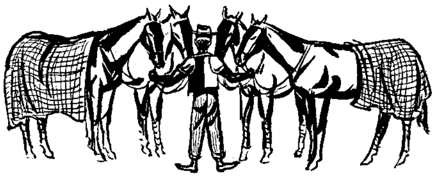
go any further in meeting Communist objections than it has already gone, for while the step now contemplated does not constitute any surrender of principle, it is the very last step of which this can be said. Moreover, if the Communists do not come to terms on the basis of this proposal, it will be impossible to escape the conclusion that repatriation has never been anything but a diversionary tactic for them. If they are unwilling to accept the plan, it will mean that they took up the argument over prisoners not because it had any real meaning for them but because it was the only thing left to argue about.

There is a steadily thickening gloom here based on the feeling that this may be exactly the case—that the Communists don't want a truce on any terms that could remotely be considered a fit subject for debate in this country. If this turns out to be so—if the resources of diplomacy are shown to be exhausted—then the administration will be faced with renewed demands for an extension of the war to the mainland of China. These will be exceedingly difficult to resist, even if the administration has any inclination to resist them. It is an open question whether or not it will have that inclination. On the one hand, its eagerness to cut expenses and bring the budget into balance would seem to militate against its taking on a commitment of the magnitude of a war with China, which most experts feel could not be concluded in less than a decade; on the other hand, its determination to avoid any taint of softness or appeasement would make it awkward for it to counter the arguments of the hard-policy advocates, whose case would be greatly strengthened by the failure of negotiation. Furthermore, even if the responsible authorities in the government—the President and the Secretary of State—are adherents of the limited-war school, the unlimited-war school has a powerful representation inside the administration itself. Senator Knowland is not, after all, a member of the minority party, as he was last year; he is the chairman of the Senate's Majority Policy Committee, and he has the full support of Senator Taft, the Republican floor leader. And the views of Senators Knowland and Taft will shortly have



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Admiral Radford will not be empowered to put his geopolitical theories into practice. But his views will necessarily carry great weight in administration counsels, and his allies in the Senate, who were in large part responsible for his appointment as chairman of the Joint Chiefs, are men of great influence. If the Communists reject the new truce proposals, the logic of events will be on the side of the Admiral and the people who agree with him more than it ever has been in the past. It is hard to see what then will stop them from carrying the day. —RICHARD H. ROVERE

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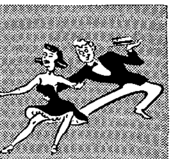

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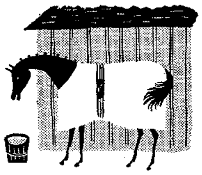


WELL, Native Dancer won the Preakness, as almost everyone expected he would. However, I venture to say nobody dreamed he'd have such a hard time doing it, for he beat Jamie K. by no more than a neck, and all his dozen other victories had been by lengths. Even so, the race at Pimlico last Saturday proved his courage and quality. Right from the start, he was closer to the pace than usual; he ran two pretty fast colts—the Kentucky Derby winner Dark Star and Tahitian King—off their feet and out of the money, and in the last furlong held his ground against a spectacular challenge from Jamie K., who some horsemen declare is the up-and-coming three-year-old. It takes a good colt to do all that. Besides, I've a notion that the track wasn't an easy one to run over. It was officially listed as "fast"—and anyone could see it was dusty on top—but it didn't look to me as though it had dried out thoroughly from the recent heavy rains, and I'm sure the footing was rough. (Certainly the time—1:57⅘ for the mile and three-sixteenths—was no great shakes.) All in all, Native Dancer ran a gallant race.

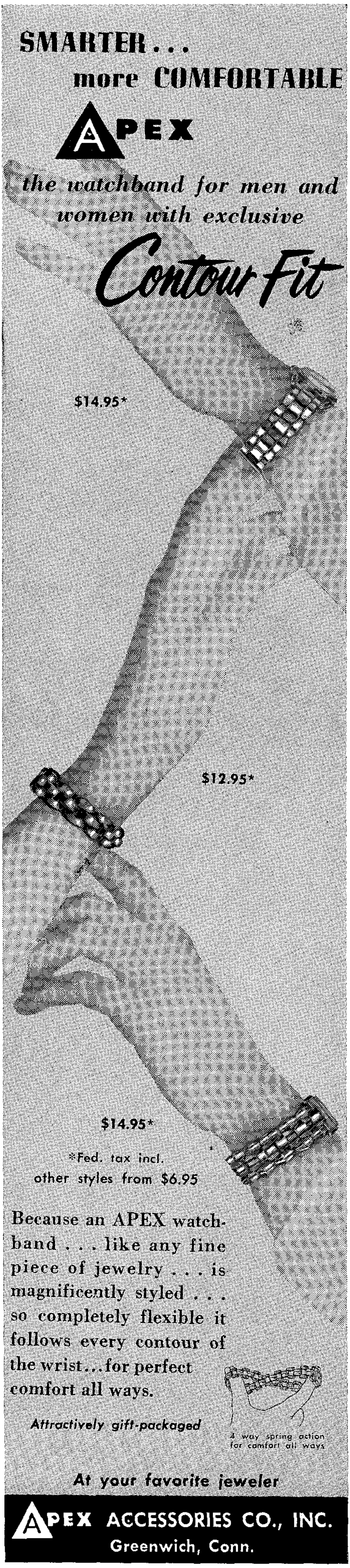
Recently, some of the mathematicians at *Life* figured out from photographs that Native Dancer has a stride of twenty-nine feet. I doubt that. You see, the stride of an average racer is between eighteen and twenty feet, depending on the size of the animal; the bigger they come, the longer they stride. Man o' War, who stood sixteen hands two inches (a hand, in case you haven't been measuring horses recently, is four inches), and had a great, bounding way of galloping, cleared twenty-four feet at a stride. This was generally agreed to be the record hereabouts until Conniver came along, half a dozen years ago. She was about seventeen hands high and had a stride of twenty-five feet. Before I read *Life's* estimate of Native Dancer's stride, the longest I had heard of was that of the Australian horse Bernborough. He's a huge fellow, well over seventeen hands, and when he was racing his stride was twenty-eight feet. Native Dancer is only sixteen hands. Anyhow, Alfred Vanderbilt, who owns him, is going to have his colt's stride measured one of these days, just for fun. It will be easy. Native Dancer will be sent at full speed for about a furlong over a freshly harrowed track, and his hoofprints will be as visible as if they were made in snow; somebody with a tape measure will do the rest.

To get back to the Preakness, Dark Star made a good try but didn't have things his own way, as he did in the Kentucky Derby. Tahitian King saw to it that he had plenty of opposition. Tahitian King went well for nearly a mile; then, as he went round the stretch turn, he was bumped—by Native Dancer, I thought—but I don't believe it mattered very much as far as the result was concerned. All the starters looked fit, but if I were giving out ribbons, the blue would go to Ben Whitaker's stable pony, who accompanied Tahitian King. He had been groomed till he shone, he had three gay rosettes braided into his tail, and he wore two blue and two white bandages—the stable's colors. The boy on Native Dancer's lead pony also wore something new and smart in riding kit—a jacket of cerise nylon with white sleeves and armbands in the stable's colors, which are "cerise, white diamonds."

Needless to say, from now on till the Belmont Stakes, a fortnight hence, you're going to hear a lot about how Native Dancer won't like the distance, which is a mile and a half; that Jamie K. would have won the Preakness in another jump; and that a long race is Royal Bay Gem's cup of tea. So I might as well make a couple of predictions, too. For all that he's a big, good-looking animal, Jamie K. doesn't impress me as a classic colt. And Royal Bay Gem will be running like anything at the end of the Belmont Stakes—and will finish third.

IT'S always fun to return to Pimlico, and I must say the new management has done a lot in the way of furbishing up the old place. For one thing, I didn't believe the big clubhouse could be modernized and made so comfortable without losing its charm and atmosphere, but it has been. And I'm told more improvements are in the works.

In my time, I've had many a fast taxi ride between the track and the railway station, but never anything like the one I had last weekend. While my cab was waiting for the traffic lights to change, Governor Theodore Roosevelt McKeldin, Jr., and his party came roaring down Park Heights Avenue, headed by a motorcycle escort and a police car. My driver cut in behind the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caravan, and from there on we went past dozens of red lights at fifty or sixty miles an hour. They say Mr. McKeldin always travels that way when he visits Baltimore. It must be nice to be the Governor of Maryland.

NOTHING all week—not even Native Dancer's Preakness—delighted me more than the victory of Tom Fool at Belmont Park in the Metropolitan Handicap, which I caught on television between races at Pimlico. When he overhauled Mr. Turf three furlongs from home, I knew he was going to win, but I fancy Royal Vale is going to be a bit harder to beat in the Suburban on Saturday. I've always been a pushover for Tom Fool, but even if I hadn't been, I'd have to say in all fairness that he's easily the handsomest of the older horses in training. In fact, I don't know when I've seen anything better turned out than he was for the Joe H. Palmer Handicap at Belmont earlier in the week. He ran as well as he looked, too, carrying a hundred and thirty pounds and beating Tea-Maker, to whom he gave sixteen pounds, without getting out of a good gallop. In the Metropolitan, he carried the same weight and was timed for the mile in 1:35⅘, which is just about as fast as horses run at Belmont Park. My nomination for the race of the year is one between Tom Fool and Native Dancer at a mile and a furlong. Don't ask me who'd win; I wouldn't even try to guess.

AFTER Mrs. George Widener's filly Evening Out won the Fashion Stakes a fortnight or so ago, it was suggested in some quarters (not here, however) that she was the best two-year-old of her sex under colors. It looks as though her supporters had something, for after a spot of bad luck at the start of the National Stallion Stakes the other afternoon, she stood a hard drive to win by a head from Maine Chance Farm's Fascinator. Darby Dan Farm's Clear Dawn was a distant third. After that, I must confess Evening Out will do until something better comes along, and I'm not sure when that's going to be. —AUDAX MINOR

•

NEW YORK (INS)—Ernest Hemingway, a master writing craftsman for more than a quarter century, landed his first Pulitzer prize Monday, for the "Old Man Arms" or "For Whom the Bell and The Sea."—*San Jose (Calif.) Mercury.*

Anyway, he landed it.

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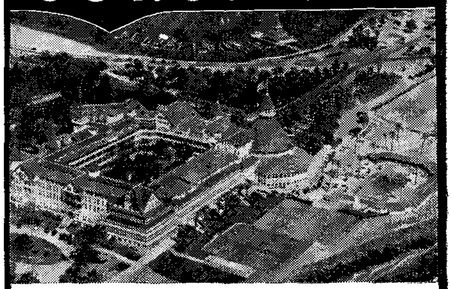
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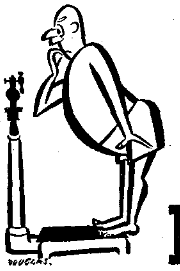
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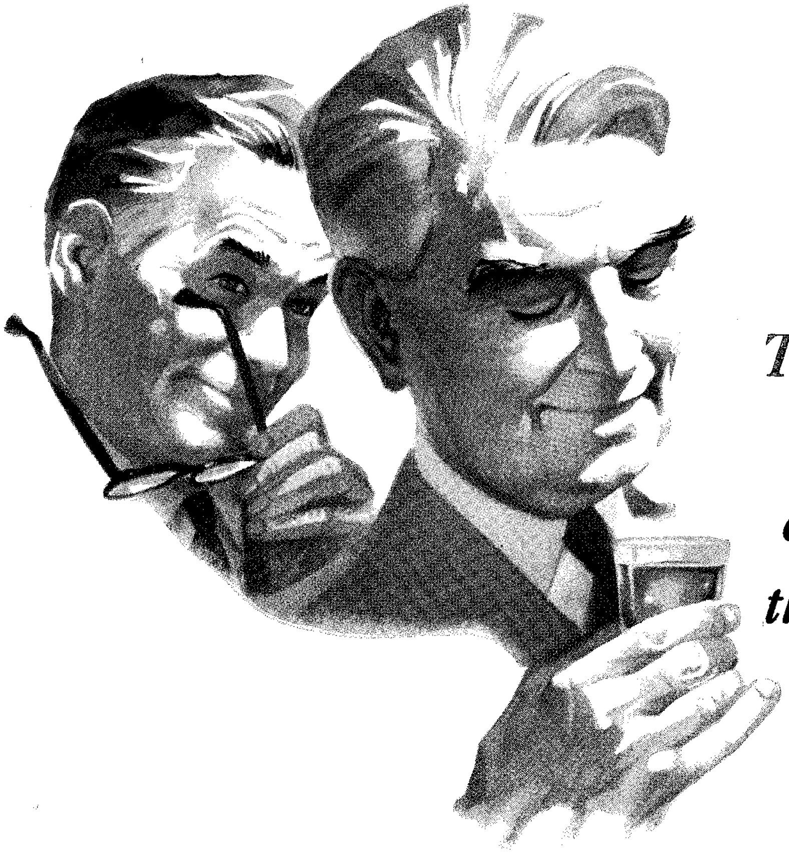
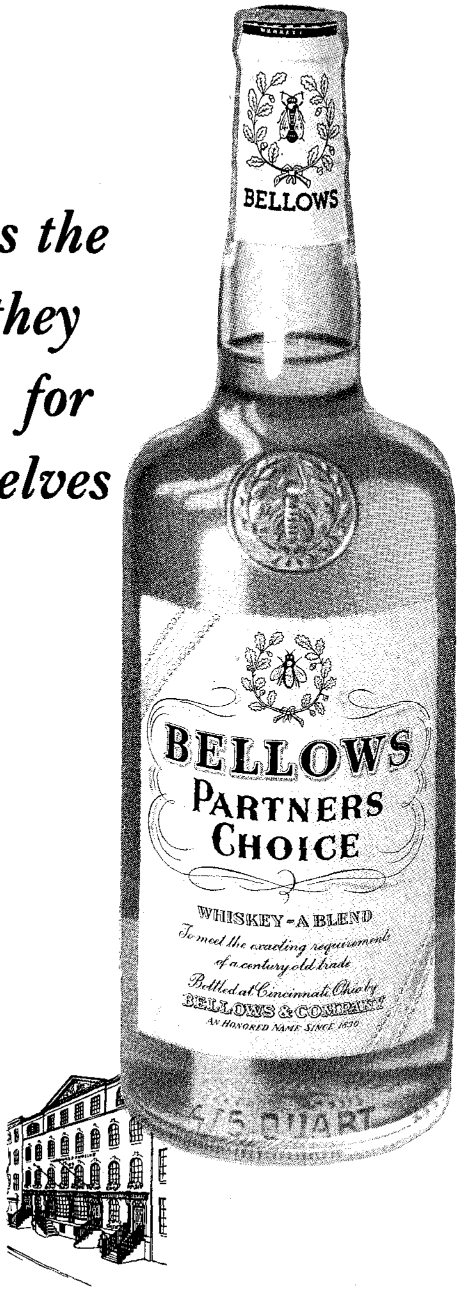


This is the one they chose for themselves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SORRY, NO ICE CREAM

THERE is something unnatural about an explosion at sea. In a land explosion, the surrounding area becomes a part of the pattern; at sea, everything outside the explosion area remains calm and serene and just as it was before, with the result that beauty and terror are mixed in sharp and, for the moment, unbelievable contrast. The pictures of the atomic-bomb tests at Eniwetok and, more recently, off Australia will illustrate this point for anyone who cares to look at them long enough to analyze them. I prefer not to look at them.

In the early summer of 1945, my ship was part of a convoy that was going from Okinawa to the Philippines. It was a strange kind of convoy, because, possibly for the first time in naval history, the escorts outnumbered the ships being convoyed; there was so much protection that everybody felt vaguely self-conscious. In our league, there were usually about three PCs—submarine chasers—to guard a dozen or more ships; this time, we had eight ships and a screen of nine escorts, most of which were PCs and the smaller SCs, and the escort commander was the destroyer-escort Underhill, a larger and more powerful ship than any we had worked with for a long time. All this was not because the convoy was particularly important; it was simply because the ships that were going to the Philippines had been held in Okinawa until there were enough of them to make up a convoy, and by sheer chance there were more escort vessels than anything else. At any rate, this unbalance, plus the fact that we were leaving the combat zone for a rear area, made us all feel a little silly, and as we filed out of Okinawa one sunny afternoon, we behaved like schoolboys going home for vacation. On my ship, the PC 1251, most of the crew were reading their newly arrived mail, the executive officer and the communications officer were playing cribbage, and the gunnery officer was making peanut-butter fudge.

The Underhill, our immediate superior, was a well-run and, in Navy parlance, a happy ship. A few days before, we had gone alongside to deliver some charts to her and had noticed not only that she was cleanly and efficiently handled but also that there was a good deal of lighthearted clowning among the nonworking members of the crew, and that there was none of the sullen weariness that distinguishes a badly run ship. She had just come from the Atlantic, where she had been working in much faster company than that in which she now found herself, and it was clear that the morale on board was high because the men were good, and knew they were good. Strangely enough, you can tell a thing like that without ever setting foot on a ship or talking to any of the men. It stands out, as though spelled in lights, and on the Underhill it stood out as clearly as on any ship I've ever seen.

It was also evident, in the first few days of the trip, that the Underhill was going to run an efficient screen. We had drills, and we zigzagged, and we even had gunnery practice, with the Underhill throwing up anti-aircraft shells and letting us fire at the black smoke puffs. One PC was stationed way out in front, as a scout, and another was stationed in the rear, as a rescue ship, and in every detail the convoy was run like an instructor's dream. The contagion of efficiency spread from the Underhill to the other ships, and we felt that we could take on any Japanese who might be so rash as to try to intercept us. The mere sight of all the escorts made us laugh, although our laughter was undoubtedly also stimulated partly by the fact that we were by now out of the forward combat zone.

ONE morning, when we had been out about a week, the Underhill picked up an unidentified aircraft on her radar, and all the escorts closed smartly in to their anti-aircraft stations, but the aircraft stayed more than seven miles away and after a while it disappeared, and we went back to our normal screening stations, slightly let down at not having had a chance to prove our efficiency. It was a brilliant, fire-hot day, and the glassy sea sparkled in the sun, and after getting the ship back on station I turned it over to the officer of the deck and went down to the comparative coolness of the wardroom. Howard Tampke, a chunky blond from Texas, who was the gunnery officer, was playing solitaire at the

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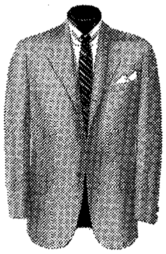

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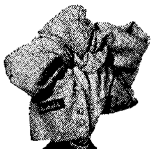

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HOLIDAY editors, gamesters all, seek to plumb somewhat more deeply than the usual "how to," "who won," and "what's new." We've tried to analyze the appeal of sports to mind and soul as well as to body. The result is an entire new series of articles on golf, tennis, baseball, fishing and other recreational activities from sailing to gliding.

The first, an article by Herbert Warren Wind, presents the fine fabric of golf. Uniquely, we think. It appears in our June issue.

wardroom table, while Wallace Roth, the executive officer, was manicuring his nails with a hunting knife.

"Who's winning the war?" Roth asked me as I came in.

"Search me," I said, and sat down.

"I heard that in Guam the birdmen have a pool on it," Tampke said. "They got a million-dollar pool that says the war will be over by October. You can dip into it for any money you want."

"Did they say October what year?" I asked.

"I don't know," Tampke replied. "I just heard October."

Roth yawned, stretched, and put the hunting knife back in its sheath. "Well, I'm going to take a nap," he said, and got up. "Let me know if it's over before lunch." He went into the radio room, then clattered down the ladder to the officers' quarters.

Tampke finished his solitaire, and he and I started a game of cribbage. We played quietly, lulled by the vibration of the engines and the gentle, almost imperceptible rocking of the ship. After a while, there was a knock at the door and the signalman came in. He handed me a message, and waited while I read it. It was from the Underhill, and it read, in part, "It occurs to me that you people might like some ice cream. I will give five gallons of ice cream to three ships a day in the following order of rotation," and listed the order in which the ships were to come alongside the Underhill. We were the second on the list. I initialled the message and passed it to Tampke, who read it and gave it back to the signalman. The signalman left, smiling.

"That's pretty damned nice," I said. I reached up and flicked the switch on the intercom radio, and asked to have the cook sent up to the wardroom. "He didn't have to do a thing like that," I said to Tampke.

Tampke shrugged. "I guess he's just a good guy," he said, and shuffled the cards. "Last ship I was on, we had chickens."

"To eat?" I asked.

"Well, they were supposed to be for eggs," Tampke said. "We kept them in a coop on the fantail, but somehow they just kept disappearing. I guess *somebody* ate them."

"You should have kept them locked up," I said.

"Don't be a dreamer, Captain," Tampke said. "Your deal." He put the cards in front of me.

The cook knocked at the wardroom door and came in, holding his hat in

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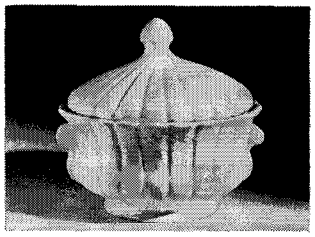

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his hands. "You wanted me, sir?" he said.

"Yes," I said. "It seems that the Underhill—the DE—is going to give us five gallons of ice cream, if we come alongside with a container to take it in."

The cook's eyes widened. "Christ, Captain!" he exclaimed. "What kind ice cream?"

"I don't know," I said. "Just break out some kind of can, and we'll find out when we get alongside the DE. It won't be for a half hour or more, probably."

"Aye, aye, sir," said the cook, and jammed his hat on his head and disappeared. As he ran down the deck, we could hear him shouting, "Ice cream, you bastards! *Ice cream!*"

Tampke and I went back to our cribbage, and after a while the intercom opened up with a cackle. "Bridge to wardroom," it said. "Is the captain there?"

I pressed the talking switch. "Go ahead," I said.

"Captain, the DE says hold off on the ice-cream deal. He's spotted a mine and he's going to sink it."

"O.K.," I replied.

Tampke had picked up his new hand and was arranging the cards. "I get two for cutting the jack," he said. "I took them already."

I had just got my hand arranged when the intercom opened up again. "Captain, the convoy is changing course," it said. "The mine is just ahead of them. They're coming over this way." By "convoy" he meant all the other ships. Our screening station was about two miles from the main body of the convoy.

"I'll be right up," I said, and put my hand face down on the table. To Tampke, I said, "No fair peeking," and then went out and up to the flying bridge.

THE sun was hotter than before, and the bridge railing burned to the touch. The sea and sky were a blazing, brilliant blue, and far off, astern of the convoy, was a small cluster of puffy cumulus clouds. The ships had turned and were heading in our direction, all except the Underhill. I could see that she had stopped dead in the water. By using the binoculars, I could also see a small, black dot in the water ahead of her, with little dashes of spray spurting up around it from the DE's 20-mm. guns. I steered our ship out, to leave more room for the convoy, and then watched the Underhill become

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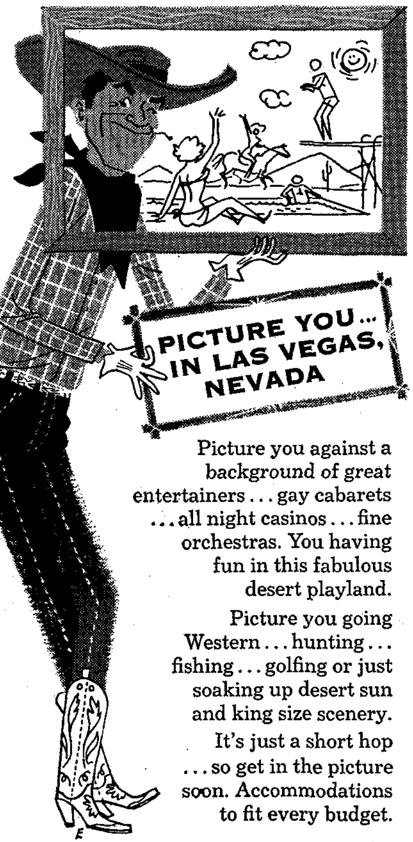

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smaller as we drew away from her.

Tampke came up on the bridge, squinting in the sudden glare of the sun. "Hasn't he sunk it yet?" he asked, looking back at the DE.

"I guess not," I replied.

"I was about to call you anyway," the officer of the deck said to me. "We were next in line for the ice cream."

The intercom on the bridge sputtered, and the voice of the radioman came on. "Tell the captain the DE says he's got a sub contact," it said. "He's leaving the mine to chase the contact."

Through the glasses, I could see that the Underhill had changed course. She was rapidly becoming smaller.

"Five will get you seven it's a whale," Tampke remarked. "Last ship I was on, we got two whales, one certain and one probable."

"This guy's just out of the Atlantic," I replied. "He probably thinks every contact he gets is a sub."

"DE says he's making a run now," said the intercom.

The Underhill was by this time about three miles astern of the convoy, but I could see the small puffs of smoke as depth charges were launched from the side throwers, and then the fountains of dirty gray water as the charges went off. At that distance, there was no noise, and no perceptible movement.

"DE says he thinks he got it," said the intercom.

"He sure uses his radio a lot," Tampke observed.

"Doctrine," I said. "That's what the book says you should do."

"I never knew anyone to follow the book like that, though," Tampke replied. "He must be a trade-school boy. And I still bet he's just got a whale."

"Probably," I said.

On our ship, the word of the Underhill's chase had spread quickly, and members of the crew began to appear on deck in various stages of undress, all looking back at the slowly disappearing speck on the horizon.

"DE says he's got a sub on the surface," came the radioman's voice. "He's chasing it and is going to ram."

I strained my eyes looking through the glasses, but the Underhill was beginning to shimmer in the horizon heat waves, and for a moment I lost sight of her. Then I saw a small burst of smoke, and thought excitedly that she might have exploded the sub, but the smoke turned into a boil of orange flame and started to rise straight upward; it bubbled and boiled and churned in a curdling of orange and black until it got up to about ten thousand feet, and then

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the smoke flattened out and mushroomed dirtily into the base of the white cumulus clouds. The Underhill disappeared from sight. Around me, I heard the comments of the crew.

"That was the DE blew up."

"Christ, did she go!"

"That was the DE."

"There ain't no survivors there."

"Where's the DE?"

"She blew up."

"Jesus, look at that smoke!"

"That's the DE, all right."

"There's nobody getting off that ship."

"That sombitch certainly blew up."

"You can't see nothing but smoke."

The smoke lifted a bit from the horizon, and underneath it was a tiny spot that seemed to be spurting steam. It disappeared as I watched. A lonely, hollow feeling came over me, and I lowered the glasses and looked at Tampke. His face was without expression, and his eyes were fixed on the horizon. The intercom opened up, and we both jumped.

"PC 804 is going back to look for survivors," it said.

For a long while, nobody said anything. Then the radio began to chatter with reports from several ships, and it appeared that the water astern of the convoy was swarming with small submarines. (We learned later that they were actually one-man torpedoes, run by kamikaze pilots. They had been launched from a mother sub guided into our path by the aircraft that had tailed us that morning.)

Then, with almost mechanical precision, the convoy flew apart. The PC 804 asked for another ship to help hunt for survivors; one of the SCs broke down and had to be taken in tow; we got a contact that passed directly beneath us, and when we chased it and tried to drop depth charges, the depth-charge-release bell didn't work; and within a short time it seemed as though there weren't three ships in the convoy that were going in the same direction. I remember the rest of the afternoon indistinctly, and it seemed that sunset came upon us quite fast. I do remember, however, that the dark mushroom of smoke from the Underhill hung in the sky until the last pink streaks of afterglow were blotted out by the oncoming night.

—NATHANIEL BENCHLEY

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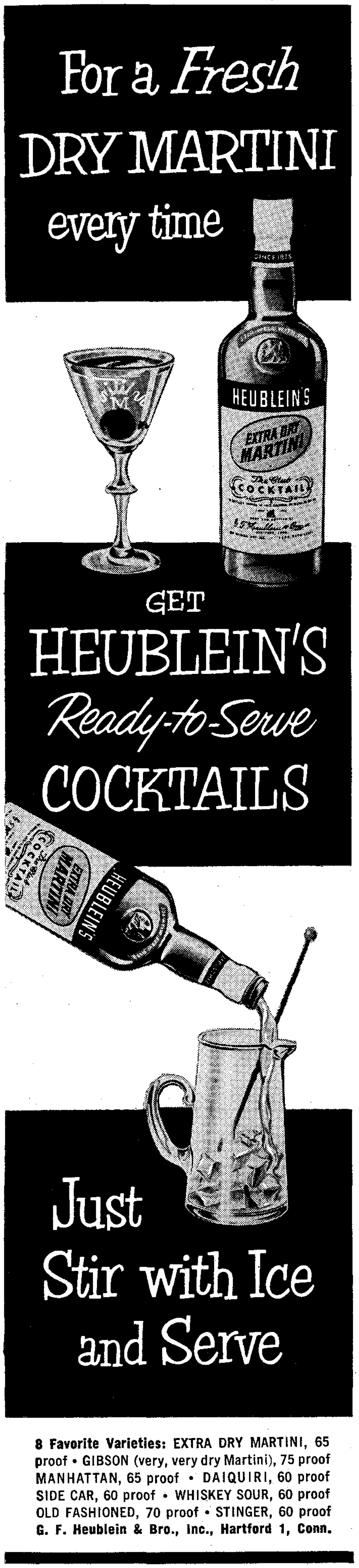

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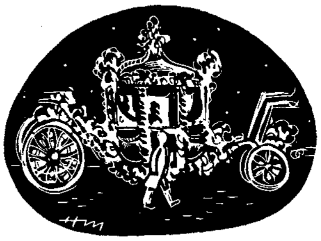
LETTER FROM LONDON

MAY 19

LONDON now looks like a sedate old dowager who has put on a frivolous new hat for a big party but has not yet completed the rest of her toilet. The Coronation decorations are going up bit by bit, with the result that half a street may be dressed in festive rig while the other half is still workaday drab. Taxi-drivers are becoming resigned (though their fares, gloomily watching the meter, are less so) to having to take long, complicated detours around the town because the usual routes are blocked by cranes and workmen hoisting more gala trimmings into position. Every fine afternoon and evening, the streets are taken over by the slowly ambling advance guard of the armies of Coronation sightseers who will soon close in on the city—the parties up from the country, the lovers mooning along hand in hand and smiling dreamily as though the capital were *en fête* for them alone, East Enders come to gaze critically at the West End's idea of a good show, and parents telling their children, as the youngsters stare fascinated at the gay buildings, to be sure and look hard so that they will be able to tell *their* children that they can remember how things were when Elizabeth II came to the throne.



Certainly, the decorations for this Coronation are going to give the crowds something to remember. The City of Westminster has employed Sir Hugh Casson, the forty-two-year-old architect who did such a brilliant job on the Festival of Britain site, to decorate the processional route (with the exception of the Mall, for which Eric Bedford designed the four handsome, airy arches, with a large model of a princess's coronet dangling by glittering gold wires from the top of each, under which the Queen is to ride and hear her first Coronation roars of welcome after she leaves the Palace, at twenty-six minutes past ten o'clock, precisely, on June 2nd). Casson's ideas are so lively and apt that they will surely shock to death those diehard Britons who think that you can't go wrong with a nice lot of red, white, and blue and a sprinkling of "Long May She Reign"s. His decorations have been kept light and feminine, appropriate to a young Queen and a summer's day. The lampposts along the route have been painted lilac, pale blue, or white, and are now being topped with huge, stylized crowns of Shocking-pink, white, or glowing-crimson plastic roses, which will be made to wink at night by electric lights hidden among their petals. On some streets, the lampposts support wicker cornucopias overflowing with more roses. Eros, in Piccadilly Circus, is looking out of an elegant gilded aluminum cage, shaped something like a Regency-period Chinese pavilion. The cage will be entwined with roses, and has the less giddy purpose of preventing the crowds from climbing on the statue. (Somebody wrote to one of the papers quoting Blake's lines about a robin redbreast in a cage putting all Heaven in a rage and asked what awful repercussions from Olympus might not follow the mewing up of the God of Love.) Pall Mall, for its entire length, is adorned with tall white masts carrying triumphal topknots of real palm leaves that have been painted gold. Casson has employed such unusual and economical decorative materials as gilded wire netting (cut into huge sprays of leaves that fan over Oxford Street) and ping-pong balls (threaded in garlands to hang from still other gay lampposts). The most entertaining decoration so far is the forest of white poles down the center of Whitehall, each of them supporting the disembodied accoutrements of a trooper in the Horse Guards executed in papier-mâché—the epaulettes, the white crossband, and the helmet with scarlet plume flowing stiffly out behind. Seen from the Trafalgar Square end, it looks as though a sovereign's escort of giant Household Cavalry were floating along above the traffic. In hundreds of sketches, all of which went to the Queen for her approval or criticism, Casson poured out endless inventions, including such whimsical items (now apparently dropped) as draping a real scarlet cloak on the equestrian statue of King Charles I and popping an equally real nosegay into the hand of every startled lady statue along the route. His décor will be the most lighthearted, enchantingly contemporary background that London has ever had for one of its grand historic occasions.

Along certain streets, group plans have been worked out for decorating every shop alike. In Regent Street, for instance, the two curving rows of Portland-stone buildings have blossomed out

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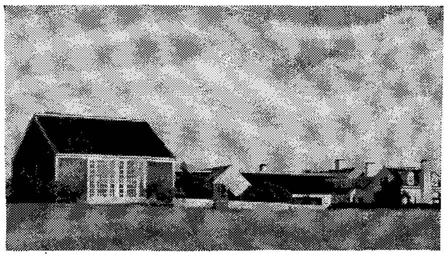

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in monster pink wild hedge roses with staring yellow stamens, and Bond Street has dignified blue banners bearing the royal cipher in gold. The decorations of individual shops are going up by degrees. Jacqmar, on Grosvenor Street, has a stunning pink-and-blue design by Oliver Messel. The Queen's dressmaker, Norman Hartnell, is appropriately decking his premises, on Bruton Street, with swags of mammoth royal-purple ermine tails and window boxes with magenta-purple geraniums. Undoubtedly the most fervently admired decoration scheme to date is along the frontage of the Selfridge stores, on Oxford Street. This is the works. Its principal feature is a tremendous colored plaster equestrian statue of Her Majesty mounted sidesaddle on her charger Winston and looking calm, queenly, and pretty in the dashing red-jacketed military habit in which she made such a resounding public hit when, substituting for her father, she reviewed the Trooping the Colour in 1951. Behind her is an equally tremendous oil painting of the first Elizabeth, whose sixteenth-century affirmation ("This Kingdom hath had many wise, noble, and victorious princes, but in love, care, sincerity, and justice I will compare with any prince that ever you had or shall have") is inscribed in gold on a vast purple banner facing another inscribed with words spoken by Elizabeth II last December (". . . with a new faith in the old and splendid belief given us by our forefathers and the strength to venture beyond the safeties of the past, I know we shall be worthy of our duty"). The crowds block the sidewalk as they stare up at all this and sigh with appreciation. There is also much activity in all the Woolworths, which, with no nonsense about lilac lampposts, are doing a roaring old-fashioned trade in red, white, and blue bunting and streamers, in gold cardboard crowns and medallions of the Queen, and in vividly colored portraits of the royal pair and their good-looking children—decorations that will be stuck up in thousands of shabby little back streets where the Coronation coach will not be seen.

All over England on the great day large and small celebrations will be in full swing. Even the tiniest villages are planning some sort of jubilation. Though the Ministry of Food has announced that, in spite of meat rationing, permits allowing the roasting of an ox will be issued to any community that has a long tradition of ox roasting on such loyal occasions, not many places seem to have managed to dig up the

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necessary tradition or, maybe still more difficult, the ox. Lots of villages are going to roast a deer or two, which in many cases will be donated from the park of the local big house. The problem is to prevent these barbecues from being charred to a chip by nightfall for want of basting, since everybody intends to stick by a radio or television set most of the day. In the majority of cases, the organizers of rural festivities plan to give adults a television view of the events in London and swigs of Commonwealth wine with which to toast Her Majesty. The young will receive some sort of souvenir and be stodged with tea and buns. The Coronation-committee directive issued by one little Sussex village rules sternly, "Each child will be given a Queen Elizabeth mug and a package of tea, the latter to be eaten at the child's own discretion on the village green." There are countless plans for Elizabethan fairs and for earnest pageants built around former English Queens, with local ladies representing Boadicea and Berengaria of Navarre. At nightfall, bonfires will ring the English hills and red, white, and blue rockets will break into showers among the stars.

RIGHT now, as if in conscious preparation, the most magnificent Coronation display is being effortlessly put on by the countryside, which is flying its annual dazzling tricolor of red may, cherryblossoms, and bluebells. For one rather pathetically short week, hidden with her family at Balmoral from crowds and photographers, the central figure of the whole stupendous symbolic show has been having fun fishing for salmon. To judge by the program of their future engagements, this is the last bit of privacy the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh will have for some time. On four of the first seven days following the Coronation, they will travel by car to be seen by multitudes in the north, south, east, and west points of the capital, and during that week there will be a state function at Buckingham Palace almost every evening. Later in June, the Queen is scheduled to review her fleet, to attend the gala performance of Benjamin Britten's Coronation opera, "Gloriana," at Covent Garden, to look in on the schoolboys at Eton, to look in on the horses at Ascot (one engagement she will unquestionably enjoy), to lunch with City bigwigs at Guildhall, and to pay a Coronation visit of seven close-packed days to Scotland. In July, she will pay similar visits to her eager subjects in Wales and

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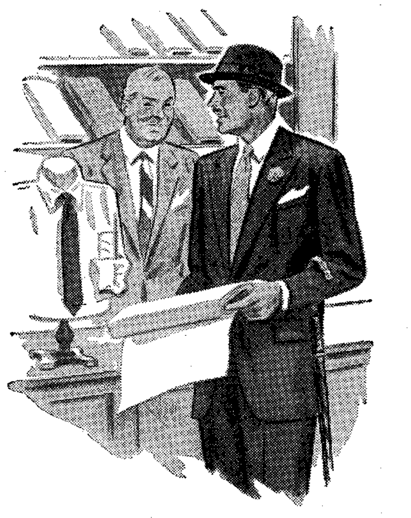

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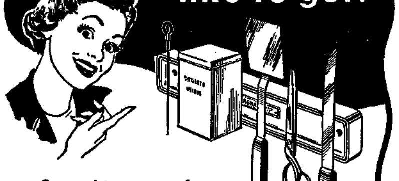

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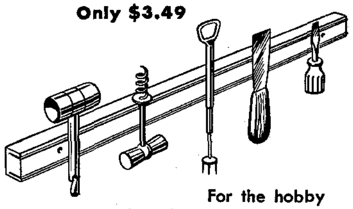

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Northern Ireland, and keep another gruelling round of English engagements, which include reviewing her Air Force, planting the first of a grove of oak trees in Windsor Park to commemorate her crowning, being present at four Buckingham Palace investitures and two garden parties, and meeting the members of the London County Council at an evening party at County Hall. At all these functions, Her Majesty will be expected to radiate gracious pleasure and show the customary royal interest in the conversation of those around her, many of whom will certainly be double her age or more. There is real solicitude in the comments of the public on the exhausting load that will descend on her shoulders along with the splendid Robe Royal—and the perhaps more meaningly named Pall of Cloth of Gold—in the Abbey ceremony on Coronation Day.

The Queen of England who is starting her reign on such an unprecedented wave of affection is known to her people only as an attractive, appealing young woman whose real character they have not yet had a chance to gauge in spite of the rivers of print that have gushed forth about her. One of the most firmly held notions concerning her is that she is more serious-minded than her sister, the gay, popular Princess Margaret, and the English, who have not forgotten their shock over the gay, popular Prince of Wales who never was crowned King, frequently say thoughtfully that it was a good thing for England that this unfrivolous temperament went to the first-born. There seems no doubt that the Queen is starting in on the job with extreme seriousness and that she has some definite personal views on how it should be done. Every now and then, there are a few Socialist pleas for a simpler, more democratically modern way of life for the Royal Family, maybe more on the lines of the pleasant Dutch and Scandinavian models. It already appears clear, however, that the Queen has firm ideas on that subject and every intention of keeping up the traditional splendor of the Crown, the abstract symbol that is all that holds together the largest political group in the world. No one is more keenly interested in every detail of the crowning of the Queen of England than the Queen of England herself. She has a considerable knowledge, backed up by a great deal of stuffy reading, of the history of the Coronation ritual, and on one or two complicated points of the ceremonial she was recently able to enlighten the Duke of Norfolk, who is her hereditary

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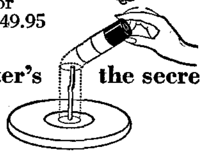

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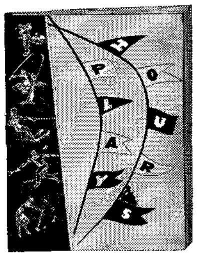

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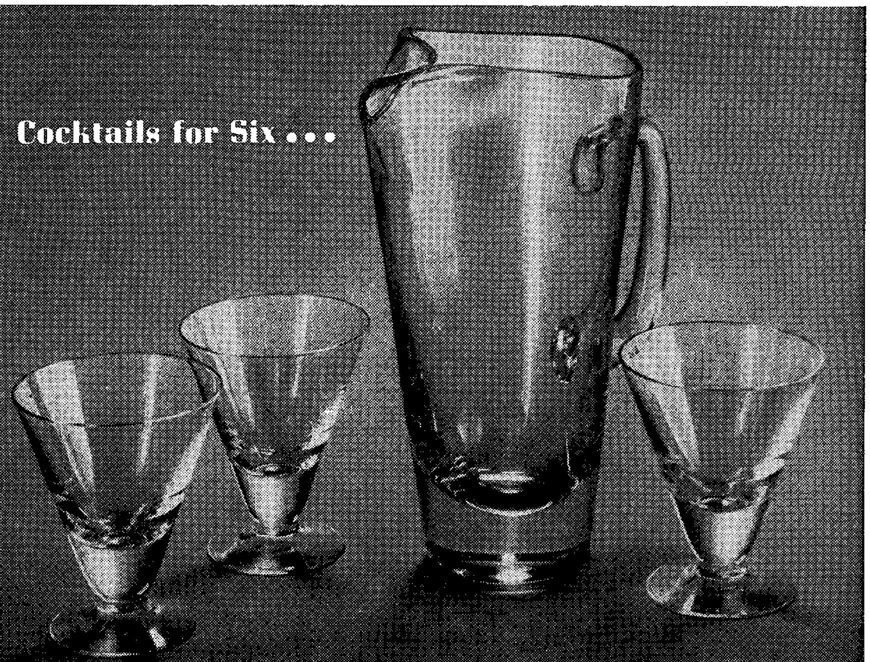
Earl Marshal of England, ex-officio head of the College of Arms, and the highest authority in the country on royal precedence and the like. She was enthusiastic about the idea of carrying with her in the golden coach a map indicating exactly who will be sitting where in the government stands. This map, charmingly bound in pale-blue leather with her cipher in red and gold, will indicate at a glance whether her next smiling bow will be directed toward visitors from one of the Commonwealth nations, or toward the services, or toward school children, or toward trade-unionists and their wives.

Because the Queen takes pains to get things absolutely right, she is determined that those around her shall also strive for perfection. The officer in charge of the day's ceremonial of the Changing of the Guard at the Palace was sent for not long ago by an aide in the royal household, who informed him that the Queen had been quietly taking a look at the proceedings from behind a window curtain and that as a result he had been commanded to say that Her Majesty had noticed that the third Guardsman from the left did not seem to be bearing himself as smartly that morning as befitted the Brigade of Guards. Since she came to the throne, she has shown a greater concern about the effect of her own public appearances. She is interested in what is written about her and reads press clippings carefully. Photographers say gratefully that she has learned to sit and stand far more easily and naturally than she used to. In some of the press pictures taken when she was Princess Elizabeth, her expression was serious, which emphasized her striking resemblance to her grandmother, the late Queen Mary, and to her great-great-great-great-grandmother, Queen Charlotte, the wife of King George III. Inasmuch as she looks her prettiest smiling, it has not gone unnoticed by a pleased public that in the photographs taken since she became Queen she has smiled. Though she often sits for grand-manner camera studies herself, she dislikes studio portraits of her children and usually insists on informal garden shots of them in the jerseys and leggings—the same for Princess Anne as for Prince Charles—that have become standard wear for thousands of little English girls and boys. The Queen is rated as a good broadcaster. She takes a lot of trouble over her speeches, and her voice on the air sounds dignified, fresh, and very young—a fine combination, in the opinion of her subjects. She was grati-



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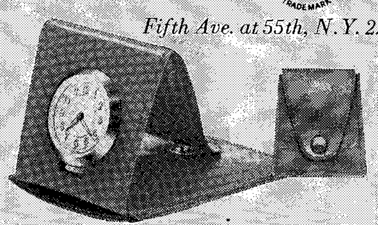

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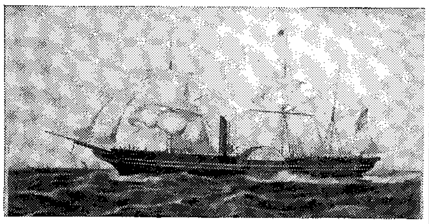

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fied by the enormous mail that poured into Buckingham Palace for days last winter after her Christmas broadcast. Practically all the letter writers said that they had liked best the bit in which she had asked everybody to pray for her, and she was gratified by this, too.

Nothing would please the Queen's subjects more than a Derby win, on June 6th, for the Queen's promising colt, Aureole, who recently won by five easy lengths in the Lingfield Derby trial (which customarily provides a pointer for the big classic) and has consequently jumped forward in the betting. Nothing would please the Queen more, either, than to come down from the royal box at Epsom and lead in her first Derby winner. She has a deep interest in her racing stables, an interest she shares with Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, who encouraged her to own horses. King George VI was never a great racing man. About the only exceptions to the Queen's now regularly smiling pictures are the shots taken of her at race meetings. An editor who wanted a happy, suitably sporting photograph to illustrate an article on the Royal Stud searched despairingly through hundreds of prints, all of which showed her with her glasses up, looking tense, grim, and deadly businesslike. The British public, which loves to have a couple of bob on a horse, is delighted to feel that the throne is occupied by a real enthusiast.

If anything could settle the anxieties of those who fear that the coming session of wearing and often boring functions will put a cruel strain on the Queen, it should be the fact that she is obviously in such wonderfully blooming looks. She appears at her best when dressed as the London crowds will often see her during the coming weeks—in full fig for the evening, consisting of a Hartnell tulle crinoline, a white fox stole, and a fortune in tiara, necklace, earrings, and bracelets. (She likes jewelry and has shown a special fondness for the beautiful and becoming diamond coronet that was given her by Queen Mary, who also understood the importance to the British Commonwealth of a queen who looks like a queen.) Lately, she has shown a preference for darker, simpler street clothes that are more in line with what an ordinary chic young married woman would wear, though they may be less helpful than more formal attire in identifying her right away at public affairs. She occasionally grows impatient with the frequently printed story that the

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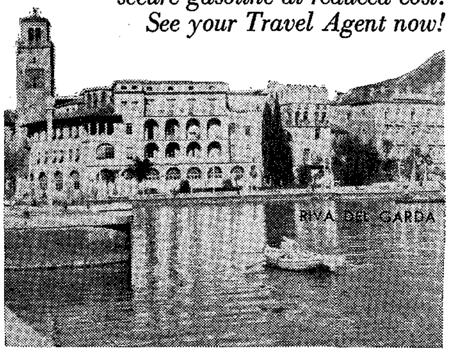

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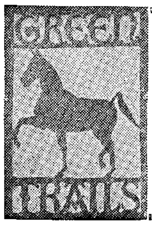

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He could name a horse in nine languages—and bought a cow to ride on.—BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

WOODSTOCK COUNTRY SCHOOL—a college-preparatory boarding school for boys and girls in Woodstock, VERMONT

Duke has helped considerably to sharpen her dress sense. A while ago, an article containing something to that effect was sent to Buckingham Palace for approval and was returned with the offending lines smartly pencilled out. Everyone who has been able to observe the Queen at close quarters since she came to the throne has been immensely and emotionally impressed. She apparently has the power to rouse devotion in those whose job it is to support her, to advise her, and to watch her with interest and hope. What ordinary people who have never got within yards of her say expresses the same feeling. They say contentedly, "She's going to do a damned good job," and perhaps, of all the Coronation odes and praises that will resound on June 2nd, this affectionate verdict is the one that will sound the best to the new Queen of England.

—Mollie Panter-Downes

•

EXAMINATION

I walk the aisles of this gymnasium,
proctoring in literature along
the corridors of an Elysium
where green girls twist their handkerchiefs among
the odd conceits by antique poets sung
of mistresses who once, like these, were young.
In all the metaphysical distress,
May winds, amid the papers, lift a dress.

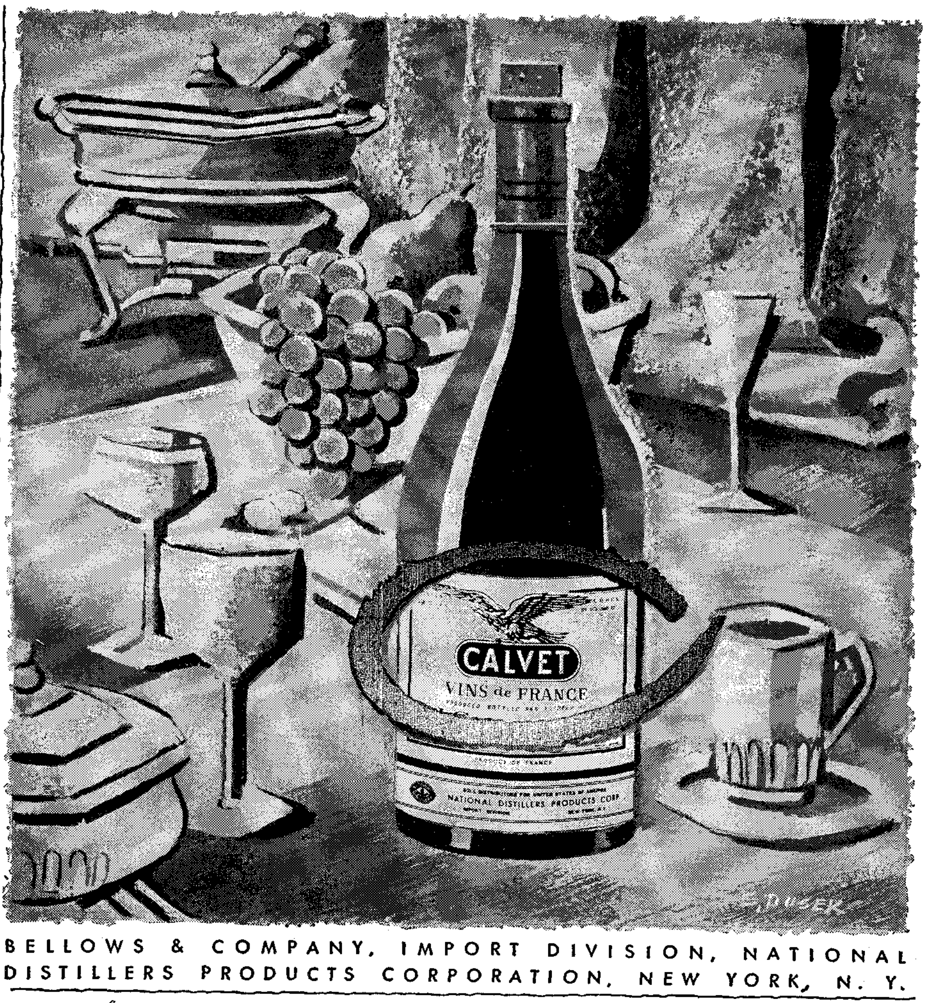
I don't know what it is about examinations—
something in the atmosphere, the emanations
that arise from these young bodies all together,
their sun-struck hair
through the dazzling air,
or just spring weather—

but, proctoring, I note
the fractious petticoat
of this bright sophomore.
O polished knees,
O golden apples of Hesperides,
O *literature!* —John Senior

•

Attorney Fred D. Kaplan, 57, whose doctor wanted him to keep on barking in the Florida sun until warmer weather arrived, appeared in Federal Court today and pleaded guilty to a charge of failing to file a 1948 income tax return.—*The World-Telegram & Sun.*

A man should always listen to his doctor.



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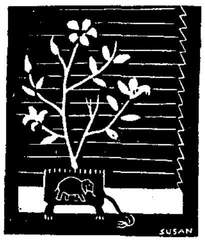
AT BETTER STORES

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

ABOUT THE HOUSE



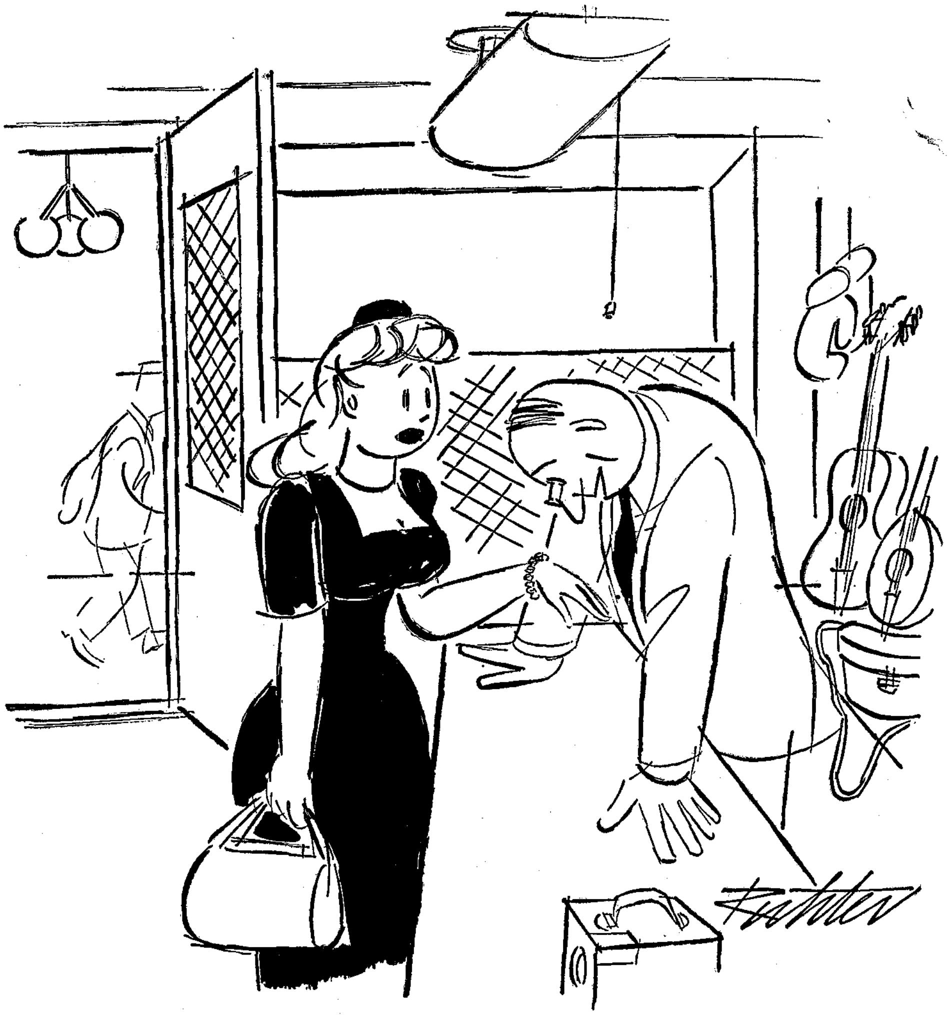
THE pleasant little breathing spell that usually follows spring planting was not in the cards this year. What with cold weather and incessant rain, the seeds got into the ground so late that they will scarcely have sprouted before gardeners are faced with the problems of hot-weather upkeep. These harried people have had a bad couple of months, and need all the aid and comfort possible, so it is fortunate that the makers of garden implements have chosen this spring to come out with an array of new tools and conveniences that is more impressive than anything we've seen in a long time. I'm happy to add that a number of them seem not only ingenious but sensible, and promise a lot of solace for the afflicted.

Ironically, some of the most revolutionary developments are in the sprinkler field, in which there appears to be a big movement to convert from metal contrivances to plastic ones, mostly in the form of supple, perforated tubes to be coupled to the business end of garden hoses. As you may remember, sprinklers of this type were discussed in these pages a few weeks ago, but new models are turning up every day. For instance, Max Schling Seedsmen, 618 Madison Avenue (58th), has one with a sliding clamp that cuts off the water at any point along the length of the tube, so that you can use as much or as little of the sprinkler as you choose. Going full blast, a fifty-foot length ($4.75) will sprinkle an area of a thousand square feet or, with the water pressure reduced, it will act as a soaker, gently saturating garden beds of—since it's very flexible—any shape. This also has the rather peculiar distinction of being the first lawn sprinkler in history that you can roll up and put in your pocket. Lewis & Conger have an elaborate variation, also fifty feet long, with five spray apertures, which can be controlled individually—there's a nozzle at each aperture. This one—it's called the Sprinklit, and costs $18.95—should provide putterers with many happy hours of fiddling and fussing in the long summer days. Still another variation, which I've heard about but not seen (it's sold only by mail, by the Jons Manufacturing Company, Dept. F-7, 406 Dantzier Street, St. Matthews, South Carolina), is called the Soakeze Multiple Root Soaker; this is a hose-end attachment with five slender Koroseal tubes, varying in length from seven to thirteen feet, branching out of it. It costs $6.95, including postage.

The claim for all these watering devices is that they will keep their flexibility and not petrify with age, as some of the earlier plastic hoses did. Meanwhile, for the once-bitten-twice-shy contingent, which may prefer to let the other fellow find out how these plastic innovations are going to hold up, there are as many metal sprinklers in the garden shops as ever, including the type that sprays in a square instead of a circle, and the ambulating type that crawls from one end of the lawn to the other but *won't*, no matter what you've heard, turn corners or swerve to avoid a tree. And the old porous canvas Soil Soaker, ancestor of all the perforated plastic sprinklers, is still around, too, and as faithful a performer as ever.

To make still lighter work of watering, there's a new timing device, available for around $10 practically anywhere, that fits on the faucet and doles out water precisely as long as you want it doled out; it can be set, very much like one of those kitchen timers, for anything up to an hour, and it can be used with any kind of sprinkler.

For anybody who thinks that the zenith in hose reels was reached long ago with the kind that screws onto an outside wall and allows you to unwind no more than you need, I recommend a look at a reel that showed up this year at Goldsmith Brothers, 77 Nassau Street. It looks pretty much like its prototype, but it is portable, and can be hauled around the grounds from one outlet to another, and hooked onto a bracket, which you attach to the wall, near the faucet. For $4.95, you



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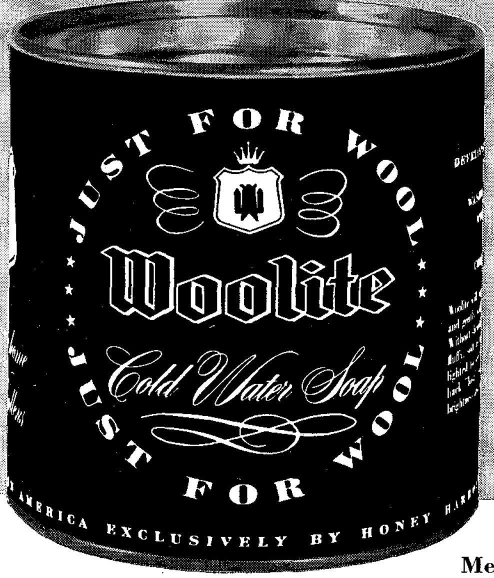

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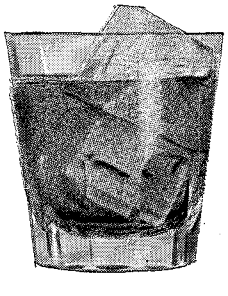
how to make the world's Smartest drink



Day or night those who know are asking for Dubonnet on-the-rocks! Mild, yes, but with a crisp, tangy taste distinction—the drink of the smartest people everywhere! Place 2 ice cubes in old-fashioned glass. Fill with world-famous Dubonnet (only drink of its kind). Add a twist of lemon peel. It's smarter to say:

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MADE AND BOTTLED IN U.S.A. BY DUBONNET CORPORATION PHILADELPHIA, PA.

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Dubonnet and Dubonnet Blonde Aperitif Wines
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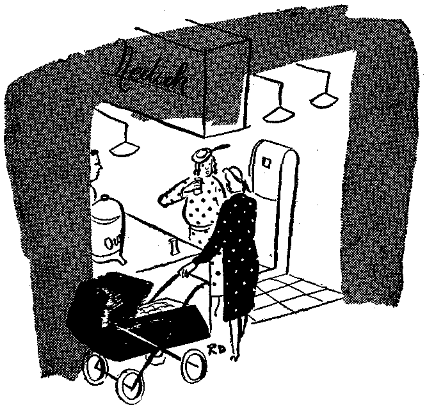
get the reel (it will hold seventy-five feet of rubber hose or twice that much of plastic hose) and one bracket, which remains on the wall. Extra brackets are seventy-five cents each. It is hard to believe that there can be a gardener who won't gnash his teeth over not having thought of this himself.

THOSE two skyrocketing wonders of science, dry weed killers and wet fertilizers, have inspired a formidable output of new machinery for spreading them. O. M. Scott & Sons, the lawn specialists, for years have made one of the best push-type seeder spreaders. Naturally, it was designed for their own seeds, fertilizers, and weed killers (including the invaluable Scutl, to which crab grass in my lawn succumbs without a struggle), but it also deals competently with other people's products. Well, there is a new model on the market this year, and it has two improvements that should endear it to anyone with dry stuff to spread. First, the dial apparatus that controls the openings in the hopper and determines whether the spreader is to distribute a little or a lot, is mounted right up on the handle bars instead of on the shaft, and is easier to operate; you simply twist the handle bars until the setting you want registers on the dial. Second, the hopper is now equipped with a series of revolving fins that prevent clogging of whatever it is you're spreading. Even lime, the cloggiest of all the dry stuff with which lawns and gardens must be dosed, flows through like a dream. The smallest spreader, which will take care of the average lawn, costs $12.50, and a larger one is $19.50. The great big professional type costs $44.50. Another Scott spreader, made for relatively minor jobs, is designed to be attached to any hand lawnmower. Unfortunately, you can't spread as you mow, because you have to turn the mower over on its back, the way you do when you're putting it away, before you can attach the spreader; of course, the mower rolls a lot easier that way. This pickaback spreader costs only $4.95. Scott products are available at Macy; Stern; Patterson Brothers, 15 Park Row; Farm & Garden Nursery, 85 Vesey Street; Irving Hardware Supply, 100 Greenwich Street; and Zullow's Hardware, 307 Third Avenue (23rd).

As for the liquid fertilizers that have come out during the last couple of years, and for which such extravagant claims are being made, I suppose even the most skeptical gardeners will want to try one of them this season, and at least there's an enormous choice of sprayers for getting them into the ground, in case the area to be fed is large. (If it's small, a good big watering can is hard to beat.) Most of the sprayers can also be used for poisons—insecticides, weed killers, and so on—but I think it's far wiser to have one sprayer on hand just for plant food, and separate sprayers for each type of poison. I have always favored the pump-and-pail sprayer, largely because you mix the solution in the pail and because the weight of the thing is supported by the ground, not you, while you're spraying. Several pail sprayers even use the water pressure of the garden hose to squirt the fluid. A very modest example is the Melnor Spray-Mix, consisting of a nozzlelike brass attachment for the hose, plus a five-foot suction tube to draw the fluid out of the pail; you provide the pail. The Melnor automatically dilutes anything it sprays, in a proportion of twenty parts to one, so you have to mix your spray solution twenty times stronger than the recipe calls for. This outfit costs $1.49, at Wanamaker. There are much fancier sprayers almost anywhere, if you want to spend a lot of money.

When I was in Wanamaker a while ago, looking for something to pump water out of a flooded basement, I ran across a pump that is a blood relative of the sprayer I just mentioned. It's the Hydry water pump, and it works much like the Melnor Spray-Mix. It, too, requires a garden hose—in fact, two lengths of hose, one to plug in at an outlet and supply the pressure and the other to carry away the water you want to get rid of. I understand the Hydry will lift water to a height of ten feet at the rate of more than three hundred gallons an hour, and will lift it fifteen feet at a lesser rate. Anyone with a garden pool is bound to need something like this at one time or another. The Hydry costs $4.95, and, come to think of it, I don't see why it



couldn't be used for spraying as well as pumping.

I SUPPOSE everyone has heard about the new rubber rakes, but I hope other people have had less trouble finding them. My search ended way downtown, at the Peter Henderson, Stumpp & Walter store, 132 Church Street (I should have known enough to start there), and I am prepared to testify that they are as good as promised. The rubber teeth are hard but not rigid; they'd never tear up the lawn or uproot plants in a flower bed, as a metal rake will do in careless or inexperienced hands, nor will they glide maddeningly over any debris heavier than a leaf, as bamboo or metal lawn brooms do. This is not to say that they will ever replace the old types—merely that one of them would make a valuable extra rake. The ones at Peter Henderson range in width from twelve inches to thirty and in price from $2.25 to $4.

The same store has a wicked-looking instrument of savage saw teeth ($3.80) for raking out crab grass, which needs uprooting even after you've killed it with your favorite poison, and a wooden leaf rake that is big enough (twenty inches wide) to do a good job and light enough to manage easily ($2.75). Also in stock there are some exceptionally well-made long-handled grass shears, which are mounted on wheels and walk along with you; $3.95. And, by the way, this garden-supply house always seems to have on hand the dirt-gardening tool I value above all others—a double-action implement that has a cultivator claw and a scuffle hoe placed back to back on a single long handle; it's called a cultivator-weeder, and it costs $2.20. I'd as soon be without this master tool as without a garden to use it in.

Among short-handled tools for work on hands and knees, the best new one is the cultivator claw that straps to the forearm (there's also a grip, for the hand) in such a way that you use the arm muscles instead of the wrist; you can simply romp through your chores with this instrument, which costs $2.95 at Schling. I hope you won't be repelled by its appearance, for it looks like an artificial hand. If you add to it my favorite among kneeling pads, the rubber one with a tool tray across the front and metal grips at the sides for helping yourself up off the ground ($4.50, at Peter Henderson, Stumpp & Walter), you'll be as well equipped for such work as it is possible to be. For the pad, a lady gardener can substitute an apron that's

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B. Wiseman

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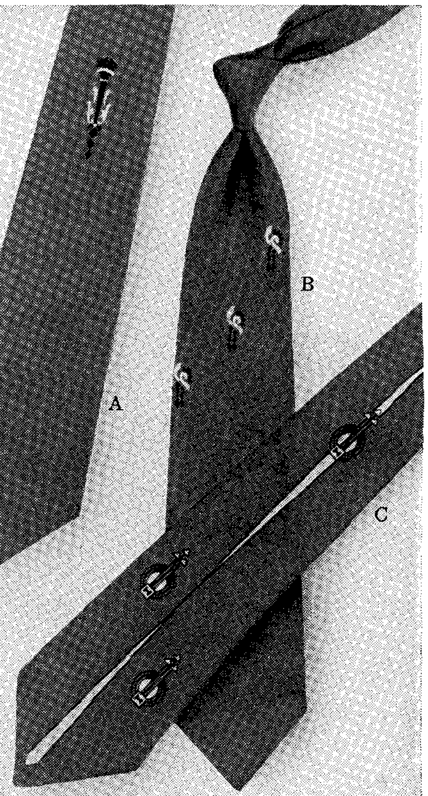

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George Boldt's castle

The castle on the St. Lawrence stands bare and gaunt. There is no glass in the windows. Bats roost in the empty rooms. The building is unfinished and always will be. For this was a dream dashed before it could come true.

George C. Boldt was a man who would have delighted Horatio Alger. From immigrant dishwasher to owner of the Waldorf-Astoria is a long step, but Boldt accomplished it before he reached 50.

Then came his dream—a great castle like the ones he had seen as a boy in Europe. In 1900 he bought an island, and began work on a grand scale, with an army of workmen, his own quarry, and a fleet of boats to ferry the stone.

The work went on for two years. No expense was spared. This was to be a work of art and, when finished, a magnificent present to the wife he loved.

Suddenly, word came to stop. Mrs. Boldt had died . . . and with her the dream.

Today, unfinished Boldt Castle in the Thousand Islands is one of the many interesting and unusual vacation attractions you can visit in New York State. Others are described in a free 196-page book, "*New York State Vacationlands.*" For your copy, write to the New York State Department of Commerce, Room 820, 112 State Street, Albany 7, New York.

(*Advertisement*)

new this year—the Tweeny, at Hammacher Schlemmer. It's made of denim and slit up the front into two panels, each of which has three pockets. The bottom pocket on either side contains a foam-rubber kneeling pad. To make sure that these panels stay where they belong when you kneel, there are elastic bands to strap around each leg. This getup looks rather odd, I must say, but it's very comfortable; $3.95.

Among the new gardening gloves are a vinyl-coated pair called Gard'nettes, which are watertight and practically impervious to thorns ($1.89, at Peter Henderson, S. & W.). Schling has green rubber garden boots, cushioned inside with foam rubber, that you can wear over soft slippers or even bare feet; $2.98 a pair.

AFTER all these modern improvements, it is pleasant to find that those old-fashioned, long-spouted watering cans, used these many years in European gardens, are still with us, and unchanged. Max Schling Seedsmen have both the English (squat) and the French (tall) varieties; each comes in three sizes, the smallest of which is a four-quart can of the English type ($13.95) and the largest a ten-quart French type ($16.75). And in Hammacher Schlemmer's garden shop, you can still get those outdoor brass faucets shaped like birds or animals. They cost $7.50 apiece, and add a grandmother's-garden touch that doesn't seem out of place even in the sleekest modern outdoor setting.

—B. B.

•

HARVARD CLUB OF NEW YORK CITY
27 West 44th Street
Monday, May 4, 1953, at 9:00 P.M.
THE BOHEMIANS
(New York Musicians Club)

The program for this evening of music will include Handel's Concerto in B flat for Harp and Strings; Ravel's Introduction and Allegro for Harp, String Quartet, Flute and Clarinet; a group of Soprano Solos; Bach's Air on the G String; and as the finale, Mendelssohn's E minor Violin concerto played by twenty eminent violinists.—*Announcement received by a Harvard man.*

Last one through is a rotten egg.

•

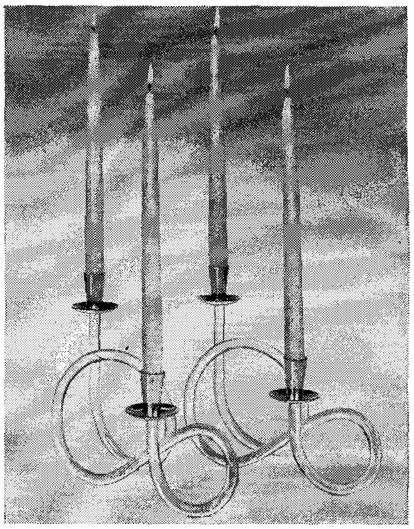
REMARKS WE DOUBT EVER GOT MADE

[*From the Post*]

It was the third time in Porterfield's career that the first man he faced in the seventh inning ruined a no-hitter.

"Gosh, that's the third time I've been at the doorstep of fame but each time was cheated of entrance," the Virginia-born hurler commented.

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE
AT ROCKEFELLER CENTER



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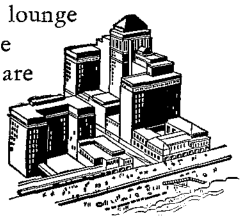
Tailor your activities here to suit yourself. The lounge model and the sports jacket are equally in vogue.



CHALFONTE-HADDON HALL
on the Boardwalk, Atlantic City, N.J.
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Write for illustrated folder No. 3

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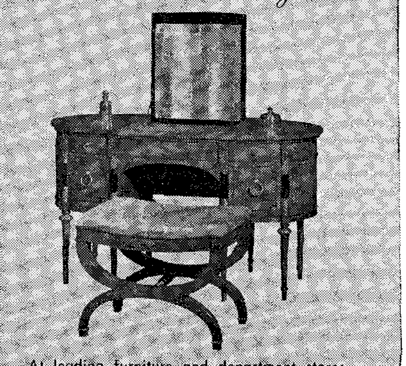

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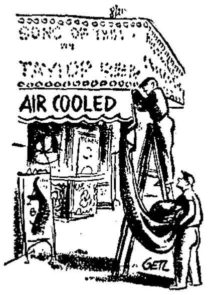
No Wedding Bells for Bess



A LOT of theories have been advanced to explain why Queen Elizabeth remained a spinster, but the most sentimental I've run across is the one proposed in the movie called "Young Bess." Adapted from a romantic novel by Margaret Irwin, the film flutters through Elizabeth's harrowing life with Father, and then, once old Henry is out of the way, settles down to prove that as a slip of a girl she lost her heart to Admiral Thomas Seymour, a gentleman enamored of her stepmother Catherine Parr, the lady who finally became Henry's widow. When Elizabeth begins to moon over the Admiral, both he and his brother Ned are big men in the Tudor scheme of things, but in the long pull Ned, who serves as Lord Protector to the realm, gets rid of his salty sibling by having him executed, and Elizabeth is left with no place to go emotionally. All this may sound like a Madison Avenue concept of history, but as directed by George Sidney, the piece doesn't churn up too much sudsy bathos to be intolerable, and, indeed, the cast goes about its work with such sincerity that you can enjoy the thing as a handsome costume exercise even though you're skeptical about Miss Irwin's history.

For some reason, I've always thought of Queen Elizabeth as being configured along the lines of Edith Sitwell, and it took me rather on the hip when Her Majesty emerged here in the person of Jean Simmons, a young lady who doesn't appear quite fitted for the rigors of English court life in the sixteenth century. However, she fits splendidly into this gentle interpretation of the *haut monde* of that tumultuous time, and every now and then puts a little ginger in her performance to indicate that she's aware Bess was a hell of a character. As Miss Simmons' beloved, Stewart Granger is muscular and masterful, and as the delicate Catherine, Deborah Kerr is graciously subdued, as well she might be after what she had gone through while running in tandem with Charles Laughton, the Henry VIII of the film. Mr. Laughton's stint is a short one, but he latches on to his part with more snorting, heaving, and belching than even the Elizabethans would have stood for. Rounding out the principals, we have Guy Rolfe, playing the nefarious Ned, and Rex Thompson, who portrays the eight-year-old Prince of Wales. Master Thompson talks in very big sentences for such a small boy.

ANOTHER alleged historic item is "The President's Lady," which purports to be the story of Andrew Jackson and his wife Rachel. Anything dealing with a figure as impressive and cantankerous as Jackson ought to be hugely interesting, but this film, based on a book by Irving Stone, keeps harping on what Rachel thought about things, and winds up neglecting all kinds of fascinating aspects of Jackson's career. True enough, the picture gets under way in fairly lively style, with Jackson, as a young lawyer, moving into the rugged territory inhabited by Rachel and her family, and it does a good job of explaining the marital tangle that made life for the Jacksons so difficult. But after that "The President's Lady" becomes pretty sodden, despite the efforts of Charlton Heston, Susan Hayward, John McIntire, and Fay Bainter, all of whom try hard.

A WIDE screen and something called Stereophonic sound are used to display "Thunder Bay," a piece about a contest between offshore oil drillers and shrimp fishermen. The contents of the movie, however, would not unduly crowd the head of a pin. James Stewart, Joanne Dru, Gilbert Roland, and Dan Duryea figure in it. . . . "Ring Around the Clock" is a loquacious Italian film that describes the workings of a town whose head man is a liberal democrat in trouble with the Communists, the Socialists, and the Christian Democrats. Reminiscent of "The Little World of Don Camillo," the picture is supposed to be funny, but its attempts at humor are a bit strained.

—JOHN MCCARTEN

•

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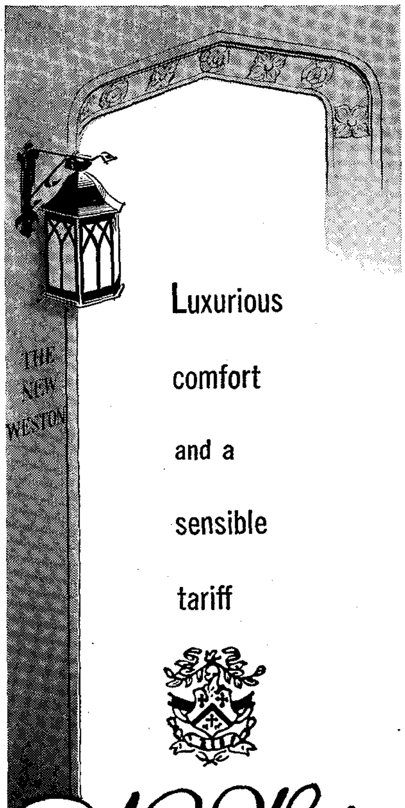

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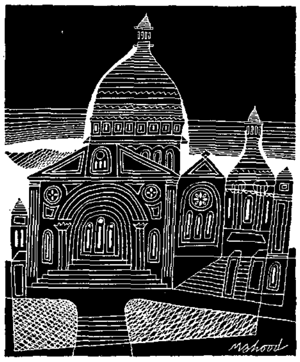
LETTER FROM PARIS

MAY 20

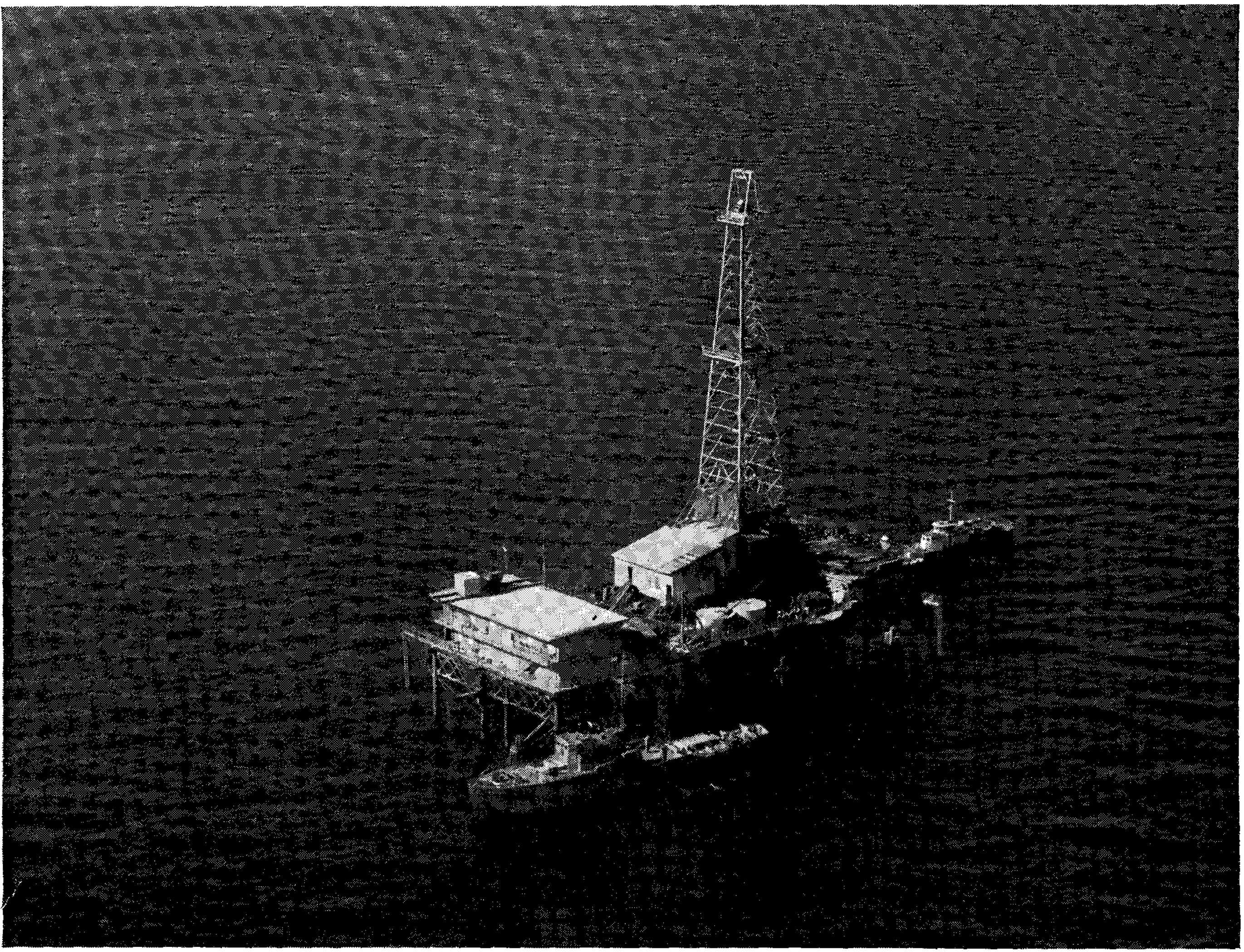
THE foreign-opera event of the spring season here was Richard Strauss's violent one-act domestic tragedy "Elektra," presented at the Paris Opéra by the Vienna State Opera company and the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra in such a way as to make music lovers' hair stand on end with excitement. From the opening sonorous crash, like an orchestrated crack of doom, music and murder kept up a brutal pace, pulled along by the savage acting, singing, and the struggles of mother and daughter—this being an opera in which men hardly count. Frau Elisabeth Höngen played the doomed Queen Clytemnestra as a red-dressed, red-haired, drunken bawd. As von Hofmannsthal's Elektra, "sordid and lower than a beast," young Frau Christl Goltz was truly prodigious in her musical intelligence and performance. Hers was a magnificent, vengeful voice that never faltered throughout the curious symbolic acrobatics demanded by the Vienna stage set—a bare, vast palace staircase, over which she crawled and climbed and down whose full length she rolled in her final crazed triumph. The *chef d'orchestre* was Dr. Karl Böhm, who used to be called "the Volcano" in the old Dresden Opera days. When the Paris Opéra first produced "Elektra," in the early nineteen-thirties (it repeated it infrequently thereafter), it was acted with classical refinement, as compared to Strauss's own realistic crime-opera conception. It is his harsh, original interpretation, going back to 1909, that the Vienna Opera still preserves.



On a lower scale, there was considerable disappointment here at the much-touted new De Sica film, "Terminal Station," now showing in both its English and its French-dubbed versions. Only Montgomery Clift pleased, as the Italo-American lover. Jennifer Jones was sharply scored for her acting, and the story was called thick and Hollywoody. Rarely has a film been labored over by so many talents—by De Sica, as director; by Cesare Zavattini, who previously had furnished De Sica with the script of "The Bicycle Thief;" by Paul Gallico and Carson McCullers, of whose work there is little trace; and finally by Truman Capote, who is given screen credit for the dialogue. Maybe there were too many cooks.

IT is only fair to warn American highbrows that Albert Camus' last book, "L'Homme Révolté," which even Parisians, accustomed to intricate modern French politico-philosophical works, found hard to follow, if fascinating, is coming out in New York. It will be called "The Rebel," and it will be in a remarkably clear translation, which must have been difficult, by Anthony Bower. In the book, a logical successor to his "Le Mythe de Sisyphe," Camus examines the problems of liberty and terrorism and of spiritual and historical revolt, delivering a sort of preliminary judgment on our half century, which has "uprooted, enslaved, or killed seventy million human beings." In his analysis, Camus moves from the particular to the general by means of the odd syllogism that if society accepts suicide, it must accept murder, and having accepted murder must accept war. A courageous pessimist, Camus leans back on Nietzsche, on the Revolutionary executioner Saint-Just, on the Marquis de Sade, Rimbaud, Baudelaire, and Lautréamont, and even on Louis XVI (as an example of dignity in death). Above all, he leans on phenomenology, nihilism, and rational atheism as beliefs that are more humane than belief in a divinity who has endowed man with evil. With literary melancholy, he treats the Russian and Nazi revolutions as corruptions beneath whose heavy ruins lies one permanent spark of life, which is the brain of sentient man, thinking forward again to a purer rebellion while knowing that "absolute justice destroys liberty," that "man must know a limit," that "a rebel is a man who says no," and that absolutes in thought, achieved in every case as presumed victories, lead only to man's bigoted destruction of man. Pre- and postwar Paris movements are the local bases for Camus' views—Surrealism, cerebralism (which followed Bergsonism), existentialism, atheism as a form of humanism, and, in a sudden switch to physicality, the cult of courage developed in the Resistance during the war.

"L'Homme Révolté" is an outstanding example of French education and



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TEXAS HAD A LOT to lose, for more than $7 million had already entered the state school fund from off-shore leases to oil prospectors. But there was a much greater loss in the balance — possible use of the Big Grab lever to nationalize harbors, inland lakes and rivers, and ultimately basic industries. Texans had to know how high the stakes were, and The News told them. Told them so well that Duckworth's Big Grab series was reprinted in the Congressional Record as well as 30 other newspapers in 14 states.

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EVERY spring, the French State organizes one notable Paris exhibition of French art that stays on view until autumn, like a long lesson on French talent for seasonal visitors to admire. This year's lesson is the Pavillon de Marsan's "Vitrail de France," whose contents—of such fragile beauty that they are hardly ever moved afield like this—are major stained-glass windows and panels of the eleventh to the sixteenth centuries, borrowed from the cathedrals and churches of France. The windows, lighted from behind by electricity, like false sunlight, are for once right in front of you, so you can look your fill and see them for what they are. At such close view, they emerge as an individual and great art of portraiture, painted on glass instead of canvas—the only great art that, over the centuries, the illiterate peasants ever laid eyes on, illustrating for them the sacred stories they were unable to read. In the show are the Crucifixion window from the cathedral of Châlons-sur-Marne; the Last Judgment, from Châteauroux; King Solomon in all his glory, from Beauvais; and Herod's banquet, from Chartres. Fifty thousand square metres of France's church windows were removed to safety during the war. The Pavillon de Marsan exhibition is only a colored patch of all this, but it is something rare to inspect.

SOME Paris newspapers have lately been running a regular news column entitled "Conflits Sociaux," or "Social Conflicts." The recent morning strike on the Métro and on the buses, which forced people to walk to work, was the forerunner of a twenty-four-hour strike of Paris transportation and the threat of a tieup of the national railways. The strikes this spring for better hours or more pay—among them the strikes in the Paris hotels and restaurants, and especially that of the French Line's gilt-braid ship officers, which expanded until it paralyzed the shipping in every river and seaport in France—have been carefully initiated when they could hurt most, which is at the beginning of the biggest tourist season in France's history. Since Americans are the biggest tourists, they may be the most interested to know, in very sim-

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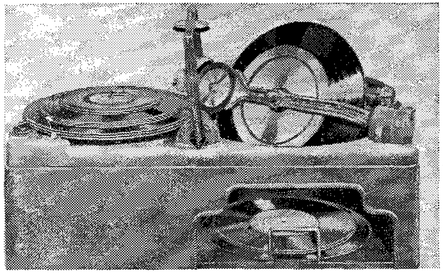

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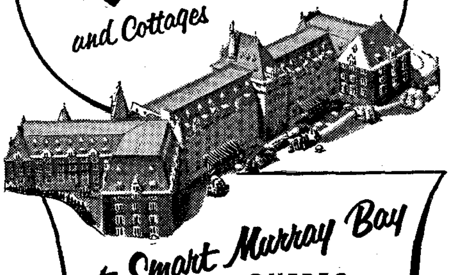

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plified form, what French workers are paid for working, and how much the French are paid for just being fathers and mothers. An average trained factory hand at the Renault motorcar works, where about twenty-five thousand men recently struck, is paid thirty to forty thousand francs monthly (eighty-six to a hundred and fourteen dollars), or not much, considering the cost of French living, which even American tourists find steep. But as a married father, the normal state of man, the Frenchman receives extraordinary money aids from the state, which greatly ease his financial situation, though they are usually not mentioned in the angry heat of strikes for more pay. In order to encourage the generally ill-paid French to have children, which otherwise they certainly could not afford, any married couple that produces a baby within the first two years of marriage—and not a day later—receives a kind of good-conduct prize of fifty-two thousand five hundred francs. The state Caisse des Allocations Familiales pays half this sum when the baby is born and the other half six months later, if the infant still lives. Basic childbirth expenses, which usually mean a midwife, are paid for by the Caisse des Assurances Sociales, the other government social agency. For this single child, the lucky mother, if she does not go out to work but stays home to care for it, thereafter receives thirty-five hundred francs a month, as a *femme au foyer.* If at the age of five it is still a singleton, the money starts dwindling; its parents are not a good repopulation investment. But if they achieve a second child within three years of the first, the state gives them another good-conduct bonus and promptly starts paying them a total of ten thousand five hundred francs a month. This is equal to a third or a quarter of a factory-hand father's monthly pay.

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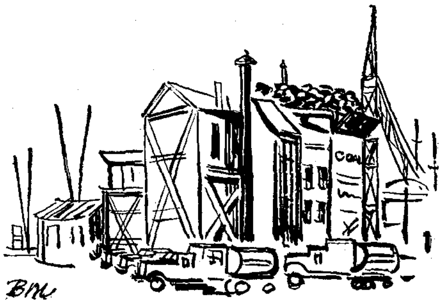

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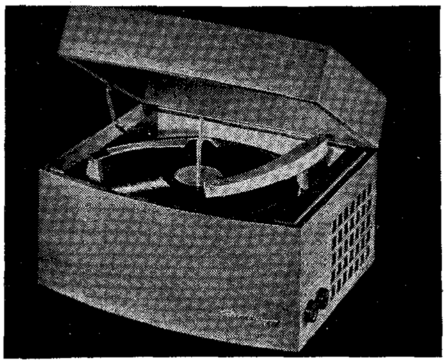

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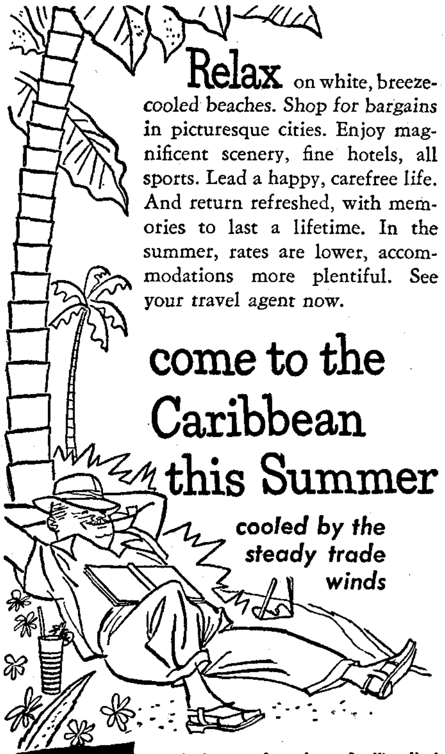
works, to their concierge, who receives the money in cash from a state *payeur*. The *payeur* usually visits a family on the same day each month, so that the wives or concierges know when to expect him. If the father is unemployed, the family allocation becomes too complicated to go into here. When there are three children, the domestic French unit officially becomes a *famille nombreuse* and gets reduced rates on rent, gas, electricity, buses, the Métro, and the railroads, and seventeen thousand five hundred francs a month for the children. The fertility scale keeps on rising; when the number of children reaches six (a figure the French seldom get to), the monthly allowance is thirty-three thousand two hundred and fifty francs, including the mother's *femme au foyer* payment, if she has survived all this. The father of six can almost afford not to work at all. This monthly state subsidy for children continues until they go to work, which they legally may at the age of fourteen, or until they reach the age of twenty, if they are being supported and educated. These family allowances come out of compensation funds supported entirely by the employers, and an employer's payments into the fund are increased as a worker's wages increase, which is one reason any talk of higher pay always provokes the French owner class to a regular fury.

FOR the past month, American visitors to Europe who are important enough to know important Europeans have been reporting that they are everywhere being asked the same anxious, two-headed question: "What are you going to do about McCarthy? What has happened to America?" In the past week in Paris, Senator McCarthy has suddenly become the main Franco-American topic of shrill conversation. The Paris newspapers, which at first were worried about McCarthyism, are now profoundly afraid of it and have been writing about it angrily. A recent typically complicated French headline was "McCARTHYISM, FORERUNNER OF FASCISM IN THE USA; SENATOR IS LEADER OF PRO-FASCIST GROUP WHOSE CENTER IS IN CHICAGO (NEAR WISCONSIN)." A typical Paris editorial said, "In his indecent attacks on those he dislikes, insult is mixed with excommunication. Goebbels in his best days did not do it any better." *Franc-Tireur*, which has always been pro-Eisenhower, said in an apprehensive headline, "McCARTHY IS COMPROMISING EISENHOWER'S FUTURE," and



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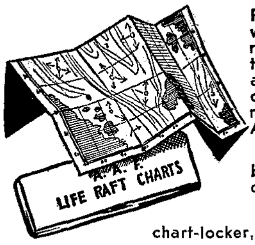

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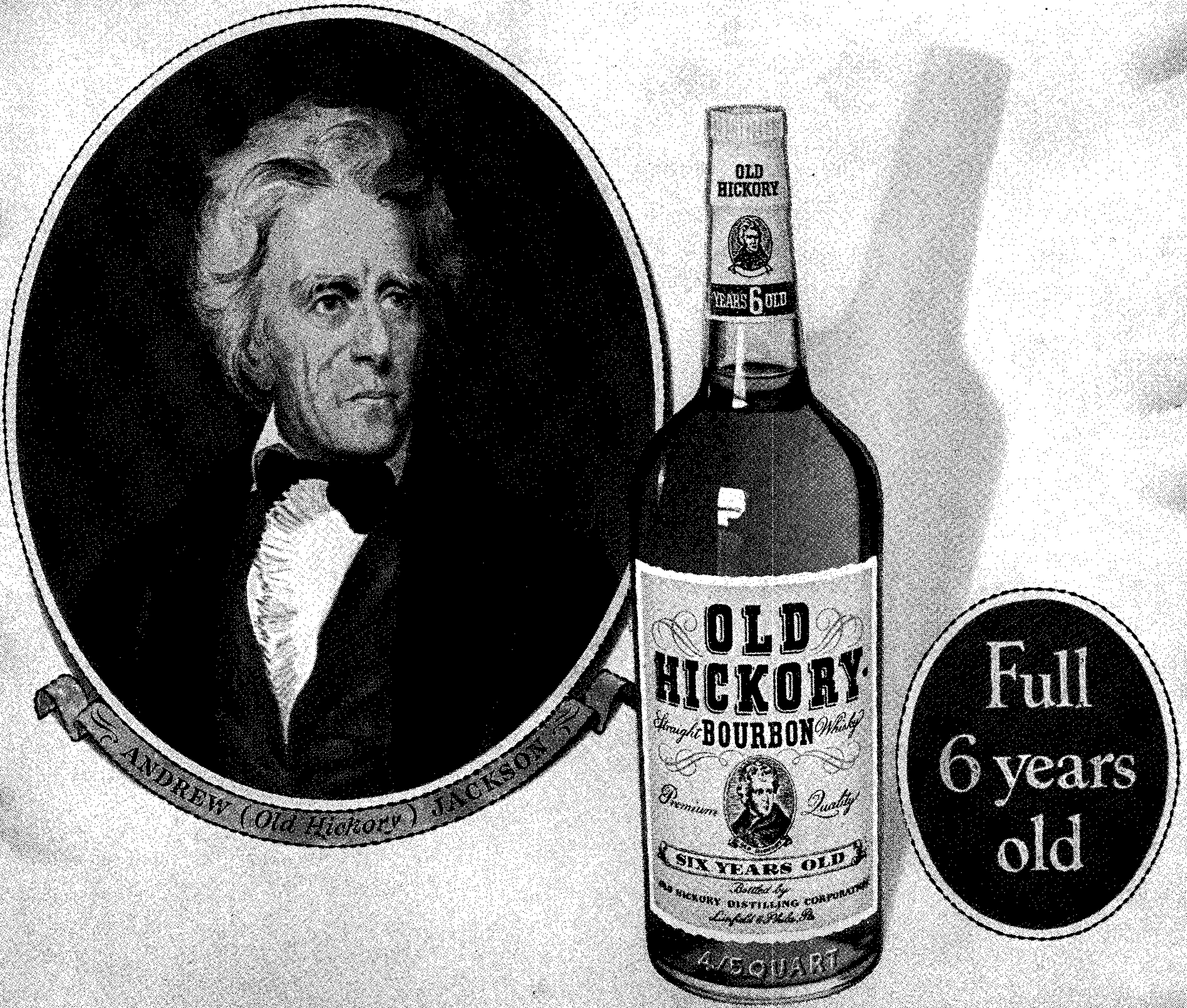
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referred to the Senator as a scarecrow with a bloody mailed fist. The conservative *Monde*, the most influential newspaper in France, had as a headline "THE MANIAC OF THE WITCH HUNT; DAILY HE WEIGHS MORE HEAVILY ON THE LIFE OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE."

Le Monde has given the most space, voice, and variety to the French concern over McCarthy. In an article called "The Two Troikas," it mentioned Moscow's three-horse government of Malenkov, Beria, and Molotov and asked, "Who reigns?" Then it took up the Washington triad of Eisenhower, Taft, and McCarthy, ending with the query, "Who governs?" *Le Monde* added, "The President of the United States should not forget that he is the leader of the free world, a title to which neither Taft nor McCarthy can pretend." And in an analysis of what it termed the danger to freedom of thought, which is what most alarms the individualistic French, the paper said, in part, "The drama of American liberals in their opposition to McCarthyism is that their counterattack aims at his methods rather than at the underlying issue in McCarthy's investigations. Nobody dares to raise the true question in the political and juridical fields: Can the Congressional investigations establish control over the political and religious ideas of private American individuals?" Of all the Paris press this last fortnight, the Communist *Humanité* alone has not lifted one stick of type against Senator McCarthy. —GENÊT

•

LIFE IN HOLLYWOOD DEPARTMENT

[*From the Los Angeles Herald & Express*]

When a week had passed with nary a fight between Cara Williams and John Barrymore, Jr., they decided something should be done. So they "staged" one!

They invited pals over and started tossing dishes and bottles at each other. John came running out of the kitchen with "blood" spattered over his shirt.

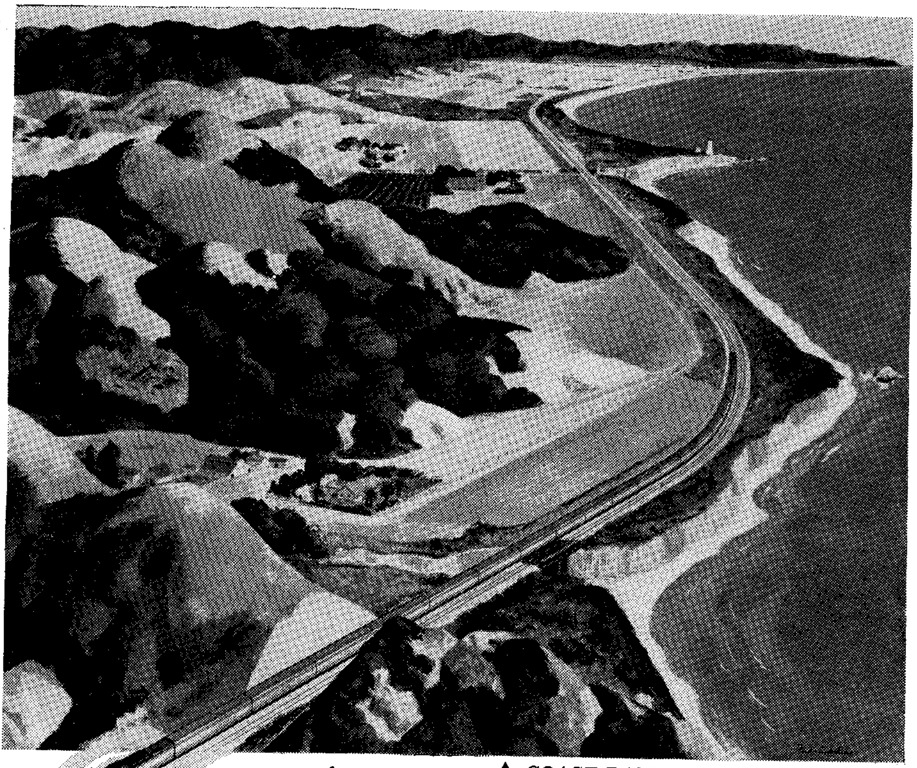
Then Cara announced it was a joke. The dishes and bottles were break-a-way, the "blood," ketchup, and the guests, flabbergasted.

•

Plans are complete for the Indiana County Young Republican Club's dinner tomorrow (Thursday) evening at Rustic Lodge with Enoch H. Thomas Jr., state Young GOP chairman, as guest speaker.

A limited number of ticks will be available at the door at 6 P.M.—*Indiana (Pa.) Evening Gazette.*

Seems to us plans are *unusually* complete.



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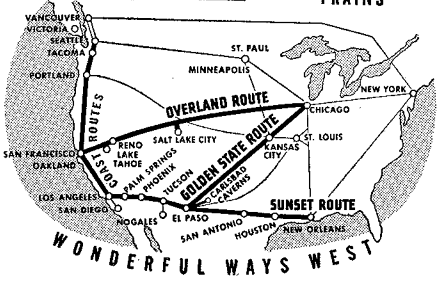
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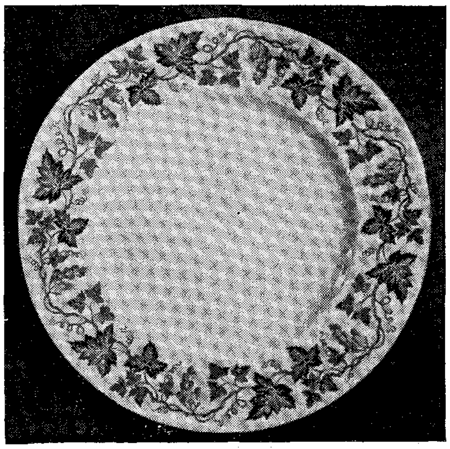

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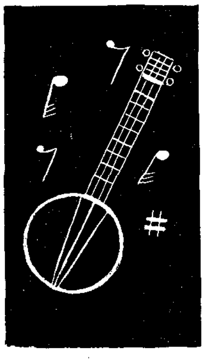
MUSICAL EVENTS

Tell It to Eliot



IN his "Collected Poems," T. S. Eliot classifies his "Sweeney Agonistes" as an "unfinished" work and describes it as "fragments of an Aristophanic melodrama." Unfinished it certainly seems to be, but an undaunted young composer named Richard Winslow has set what there is of it to music, and the resulting opera was put on for the first time here last week at Brander Matthews Theatre by the Opera Workshop of Columbia University. It turned out to be a rather interesting operatic experiment, though nothing more. The uninitiated reader of "Sweeney Agonistes" is likely to be baffled—not by Eliot's broader artistic intentions, because the poem and the title furnish clear enough evidence that he was trying to achieve for his tormented hero a classic dignity in colloquial terms, but by the lack of relevant information about the characters, the situation, and the plot. Except for the words "ting-a-ling" and "knock," which are printed in capital letters in the text (they are read in the present version by a child, who comes on with a hoop and stick), there are no stage directions in "Sweeney Agonistes;" all we are told is that the place is London and the time is just after the First World War, and aside from a suggestion that the hero, Sweeney, was an officer in the war, we know next to nothing about the people in the story.

Watching the opera, which was staged by Felix Brentano, I was impressed by Winslow's ingenuity in giving "Sweeney Agonistes" a semblance of form; it soon becomes apparent that Dusty and Doris, two of the leading characters in the poem, are prostitutes, living and working together in a flat, and that Wauchope, who shows up there with three companions—Klipstein, Krumpacker, and Sweeney—is an old and valued customer. It also becomes apparent that the obscure but repeated references by Dusty and Doris to somebody named Pereira, who "pays the rent" (he never appears in the play), are concerned with a generous patron of the girls whom Doris detests and Dusty tolerates philosophically. I suspect there have been other interpretations of "Sweeney Agonistes," but this one proved so persuasive that I am ready to accept it as an approximation of what Eliot had in mind when he wrote the poem. It also suggests why he didn't feel like elaborating on it, for once the garrulous Sweeney has succeeded in putting a chill on the evening—he had no business coming along in the first place, and consumes large quantities of the girls' whiskey—the party is done for and there just isn't any place to go but home. Making the best of the egocentric and unappetizing leading character, the composer has written a lively and effective score, which has the virtue of always seeking to clarify the drama instead of adding new subtleties. Following the dialogue with exactitude and intelligence, it adopts whatever style seems to be called for—a melodious duet for some soul-searching observations exchanged by Dusty and Doris, a music-hall song for Wauchope, and so on—and at times it simply gets out of the way altogether and lets the singers speak their lines. Winslow's score, arranged for an orchestra consisting only of piano, celesta, pedal timpani, and snare drum, is not especially distinctive in itself, but it is admirably theatrical and appropriate. A student cast gave the whole thing an extremely creditable performance.

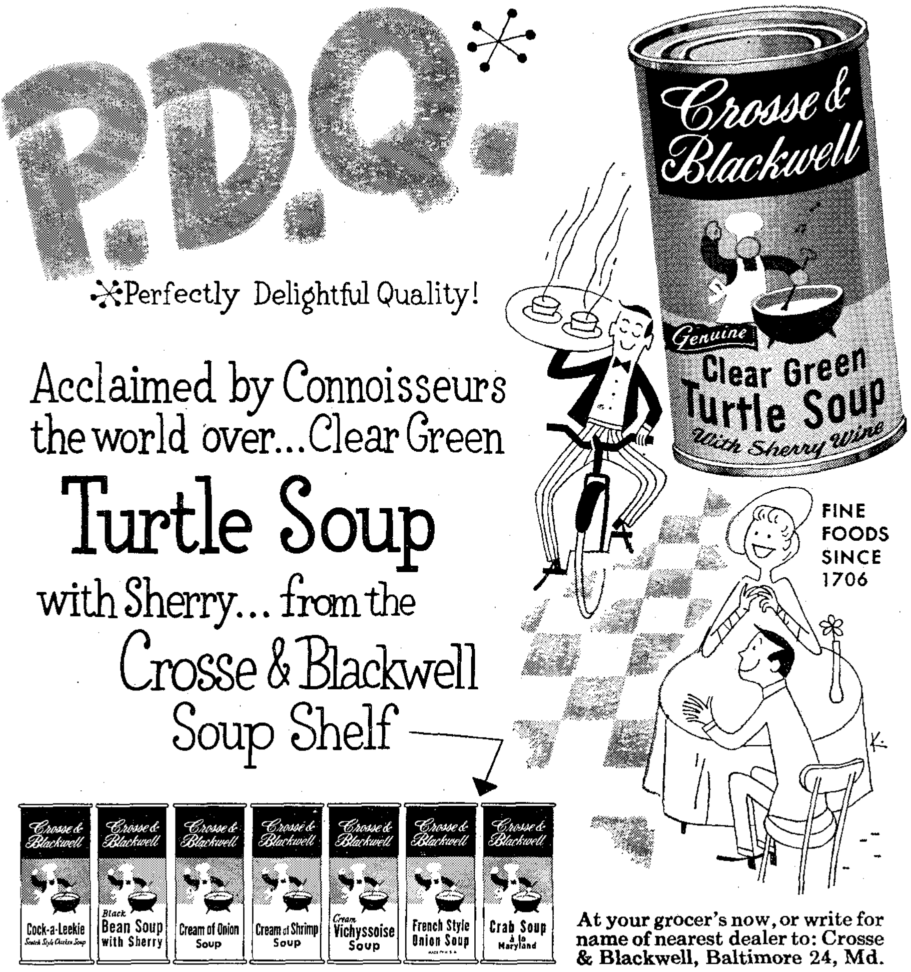
SOME clarification was needed—I needed some, at any rate—in the dance program Martha Graham and her company put on at the Alvin one night last week. The bill was made up of three longish ballets by Miss Graham—"Errand into the Maze," with a score by Gian-Carlo Menotti; "Dark Meadow," for which Carlos Chavez composed the music; and "Voyage," a new ballet, commissioned by the Katharine Cornell Foundation and set to a piece of music by William Schuman that had been, so help me, commissioned by the Sigma Alpha Iota Fraternity for its golden-anniversary convention, and was composed as a piano solo. This last, offered here in an orchestral transcription, impressed me as being a well-made, excellently arranged work and by far the worthiest of the three scores.

As nearly as I could make out, "Voyage" was occupied with a rather complicated shipboard romance that came up like a squall and disappeared as rapidly. At any rate, Miss Graham, stunningly gowned, had no sooner come out on deck, probably to admire the stars, than she was braced by three tall and handsome young men, each wearing a joyless expression and a dinner jacket of a different color. They danced around in a dreamy manner, and then each young man plucked an ornament from Miss Graham's headdress, causing her hair to fall to her shoulders. After that, they all floated through a door that I took to be the entrance to a companionway. Next, the men, still dancing around abstractedly—Miss Graham was off in a corner someplace—removed their jackets, ties, and shirts, and began to leap about, slapping their legs. Shortly, however, one of the fellows was all dressed up again and on the stage alone with Miss Graham. He handed her her ornaments, which she took, one by one, and put her hair back up with them. Boy and girl seemed to have found each other, for now, arm in arm, they moved proudly and sedately about, but then the two other men, also fully dressed again, reappeared and, after some more mixing, all four got in a line, circled around the stage, and floated off. Just another one of those things, I suppose, that are always taking place on cruises.

In view of my dim understanding of what went on all evening, I don't suppose there's any use in my trying to discuss "Errand into the Maze," in which Miss Graham danced the leading role, or "Dark Meadow," in which a girl named Yuriko was featured. I will only remark that the figures in all three ballets appeared to be engaged in the same type of cat-and-mouse game and that the choreography throughout struck me as being exceedingly stylish and inventive.

A MUCH more tangible dance work, "The Filly," in which a stableboy dreams of winning the big race with a horse he has cared for since it was born, was presented last week for the first time by the New York City Ballet at the City Center. A long and ambitious undertaking, in which the stable is suddenly transformed, in full view of the audience, into a grandstand, it suffered from the inability of the choreographer, Todd Bolender, to make up his mind whether the performers, other than the stableboy, were intended to represent human beings acting like horses, or vice versa, and from the inclination of the composer, John Colman, to pursue his own skittish course in a dull and almost completely inappropriate score. Roy Tobias was engaging as the stableboy, and Maria Tallchief, a good-looking filly to begin with, was every inch a thoroughbred in the title role.

—DOUGLAS WATT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BOOKS

Spokesman for the Rabbits

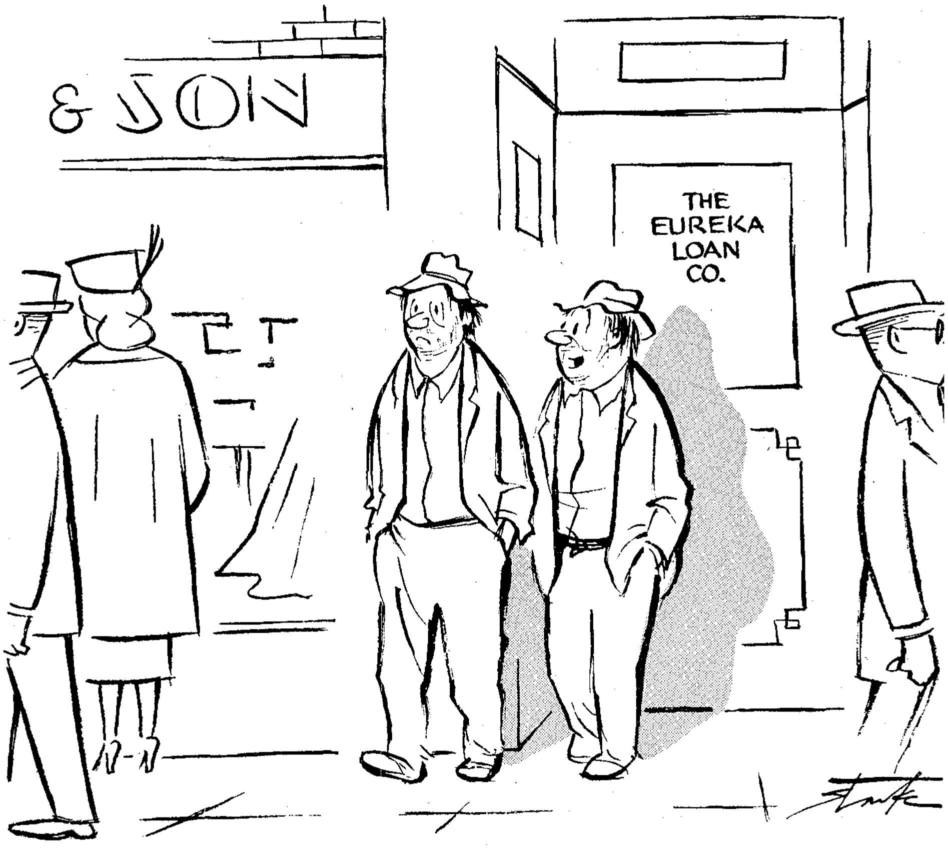
DURING the Second World War, people interested in writing about combat became increasingly aware of a ubiquitous craftsman named S. L. A. Marshall. A war earlier, Marshall, today a colonel in the Army Reserve and a brigadier general in the Michigan Civil Defense organization, was the youngest commissioned officer in the A.E.F. From 1927 to 1942, he was an editorial writer for the Detroit *News*, for which he is now a military commentator. Shortly after Pearl Harbor, he went back into the Army, as a military historian. By the end of the war, after having popped up at numerous scenes of action, he had become chief historian of the European Theatre of Operations and had conceived and perfected a method of battle reporting that, but for a later concept of another high-ranking officer, might well have become known as the Marshall Plan.

The S. L. A. Marshall Plan is a simple and sound one. It is Marshall's notion that the best way to find out about a battle is to talk to the men who fought it. As soon as possible after a unit near him has finished an action, he arranges to have all its able-bodied survivors gathered together, and gets from each man his recollections—while they are still fresh and still checkable by his comrades—of what happened. This technique makes Marshall a fairly singular historian, since most professionals in his field, in or out of uniform, rarely deal directly with articulate, primary sources. It gives him an edge over a lot of war correspondents, too, since most of them, even if they have the time, energy, ability, and inclination to emulate his industrious habits, are not in a position to request that the entire membership of military organizations be assembled for interrogation. The latest product of Marshall's researches, "The River and the Gauntlet" (Morrow), an account of six tragic days in Korea in the fall of 1950, gives as clear a picture of the fighting there as any book yet published, and it probably contains more quotations from privates first class than any other work ever written by any kind of brigadier general.

Marshall went to Korea soon after the war broke out there, and put in a tour of duty with the Eighth Army as something called an infantry-operations analyst. He arrived in time for that army's heady advance toward the Yalu and its headlong retreat away from it. In the Detroit *News* some months later, he remarked that he had read somewhere about wholesale flight and disgraceful panic in the Eighth Army in November, 1950. "Those who wrote those things lied in their teeth!" Marshall declared. "The River and the Gauntlet" is his attempt to set the record straight. It is the story, in impressive and moving detail, of what took place between November 25th and December 1, 1950, on one sector of the Eighth Army front, which was in northwestern Korea. (Marshall does not concern himself with the adventures of the X Corps, the eastern prong of General MacArthur's two-pronged march toward the Manchurian border; perhaps a corps infantry-operations analyst is working on a complementary narrative.)

It was the Eighth Army that General MacArthur's headquarters was talking about when, in its communiqué of November 24th, it said, "This morning the western sector of the pincer moves forward in general assault in an effort to complete the compression and close the vise." A day later, the compression and the vise materialized, but not as the communiqué had anticipated. Much of the compression came at the Chongchon River, a broad, shallow stream several miles south of the Yalu, where the 2nd and 25th Infantry Divisions of the Eighth Army were getting ready to assault an enemy that was about to assault them in what proved to be, according to Marshall, "one of the major decisive battles of the present century." The vise closed when the 2nd Division and some attached units, trying to pull back after taking a bad licking, had to run a six-mile gauntlet of Communist fire to escape being annihilated—"the longest retreat in American history."

These consecutive misfortunes were to become as controversial as any other episode of the Korean War. Marshall, however, as if he were a private first class himself, touches only briefly on the Big Picture. His explanation of the disasters is mainly faulty intelligence—our side's spies were simply not ample enough or well enough trained at that juncture to prove conclusively that a



"See, I told you they couldn't do any worse than say no."

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The streams that stand,
The stones that walk,
The singing sand . . .

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huge Chinese Communist Army, "a phantom which cast no shadow," was lurking in wait for our confidently advancing forces. Eighth Army Intelligence appears to have suspected this state of affairs, but its fears were either insufficiently impressed upon or insufficiently appreciated by the headquarters superior to it (MacArthur's), and it was the higher command—despite the misgivings of the Eighth Army commander, the late General Walton H. Walker—that ordered the start of this offensive, which Marshall, making one of his few critical observations, characterizes as "ill-timed." He also remarks that he considers "baffling" the contention of Major General Charles Willoughby, MacArthur's chief Intelligence officer, that the Communists never turned the Eighth Army's flank. Marshall talked to men who saw it being turned. But he does not want to blame anybody in particular for what occurred.

All Americans had some share in the mistakes which precipitated the winter battle with the Chinese; from the record of error lessons may be drawn in time to our possible profit. On the other hand, it fell to but a few of our countrymen to redeem with their sweat, courage, and lives the situation thus made. The story lies in whether they did mean or nobly.

The first soldiers to learn that the Chinese had entered the Korean War in full force, Marshall's post-mortems disclosed, were Private First Class Lawrence E. Smith, Jr., and Lieutenant Robert A. Kjonaas, Baker Company, 9th Infantry Regiment, 2nd Division. At 10:30 A.M. on November 25th, as the squad they were with was pausing to catch its breath while ascending a typically steep Korean hill, they were wounded by an unexpected shower of Chinese hand grenades. Baker Company had no idea that this incident marked the start of a widespread battle, but before twenty-six hours had elapsed, it knew it had been in a grim local fight. Its ranks had been reduced from a hundred and twenty-nine to thirty-four, "including at least five or six who had wounds which they didn't count." For two hours of that day, a segment of Baker was pinned down on a knoll by a ring of Chinese grenadiers in foxholes twenty feet away. The few Americans who got off that knoll did so largely because two teen-age riflemen with quick reflexes and strong throwing arms tossed back forty enemy grenades in the fleeting, perilous moments between their landing and their exploding.

Not far from where Baker was hit, King and Love Companies of the 9th

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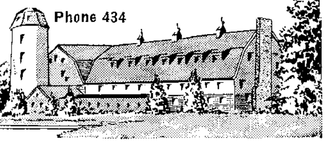
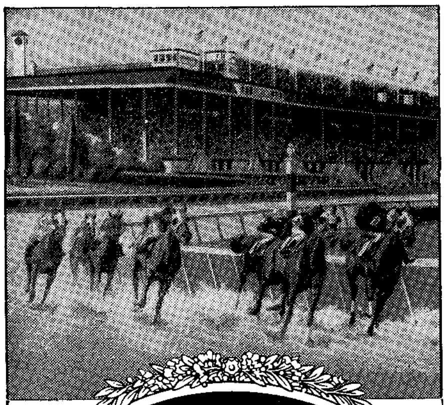


came under fire the night of that same day. Part of Baker's trouble had been that one of its platoons was being led by a lieutenant who had joined the outfit that morning and didn't know anybody in it. Love might have made out better—it was just about wiped out—if it had had enough grenades, but it ran out of them when a supply detail on its way up to the company bumped into some wandering Chinese in a rear area and turned back. King got into a jam because, after its radio communications with the rear had collapsed, a sergeant laying a telephone line from battalion headquarters up to the company was given the wrong kind of wire. He got heavy instead of light. He couldn't carry the heavy wire over the formidable hills, so he followed the winding bed of a stream, with the result that his wire didn't reach as far as the company command post. "There his personal striving ended," Marshall reports, "and with that failure King Company, left alone in a great void, ceased to operate as the outpost of an army."

The one thing that nearly every unit engaged along the Chongchon had in common with its neighbors was lack of information about what was going on elsewhere, as is usually the case in battle. (In the confusion, one Chinese soldier waving a safe-conduct pass surrendered to a group of Americans who were totally surrounded by other Chinese, and a detachment of Turks announced the capture of two hundred Chinese who turned out to be South Korean allies moving in the wrong direction.) Because of a general breakdown in communications, it was at first thought that the attacks on Baker, King, Love, and a few other companies were isolated instances, unrelated to an over-all pattern of attack. By the time rear headquarters received enough information to be able to understand the situation, the Chinese penetration had cut deep into the Eighth Army rear.

Most of the fighting took place after dark. Love Company of the 38th Infantry, on the 9th's right flank, was attacked at midnight of the twenty-fifth. For several hours, Private First Class Edsel Turner held one hill all by himself, his only companion a soldier too badly wounded to fire a weapon. Turner clung to his lonely position until he ran out of ammunition. Then he and his companion rolled down the hill—they lost track of each other in the process—and Turner hid between two boulders. At dawn, he discovered that he was the only American in a valley full of Chinese, and he had the



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strange experience of watching an enemy burial crew collect and inter the victims of his one-man stand. There were twenty-nine bodies.

That same night, Captain Reginald B. Desiderio, a rifle-company commander in the nearby 25th Division, earned a Medal of Honor, awarded posthumously. Wounded but refusing evacuation, Desiderio kept his company from yielding ground by shouting over and over, "Hold till daylight and you've got it made!" His company was in so ticklish a spot that the occupants of a couple of tanks fighting with it thought the position was untenable and started to abandon it. Desiderio kept them from leaving by pounding on the hulls of their machines with a rifle butt and cursing at the men inside. His company did hold, and till daybreak—a fact his men realized when, by the dawn's earliest light, they could make out the features of a soldier who had died shortly before—Desiderio.

THE battle at the river continued until around noon of November 29th, when the 2nd Division was authorized to withdraw. Here, again, poor intelligence proved costly. Nobody in authority knew that both ridges flanking the road the division elected to retreat over had for thirty-six hours been occupied by infiltrating Chinese. The division marched into a frightful ambush. The first units to head back on the road, a narrow one, abandoned a couple of vehicles that were shot up, instead of pushing them out of the way. That stopped everybody.

With the enemy gauntlet firmly established, the column's one chance for successful survival was that it could barrel on through, losing a vehicle now and then, but never giving the enemy a broadside standing target which would enable him to perfect his adjustment on the road. One wait killed that possibility, and all of the other waits, and hurts, misery, and death which followed came partly of it. In one serial after another, the jeeps and trucks, kitchens and ambulances, which were spliced in between the tanks, like chicks following a hen, had braked to a stop. There was nothing to spare them from the fire, save the inaccuracy of the Chinese gunners off the flanks. When any of the work vehicles were wrecked by bullets or mortar bursts, it became a block to the

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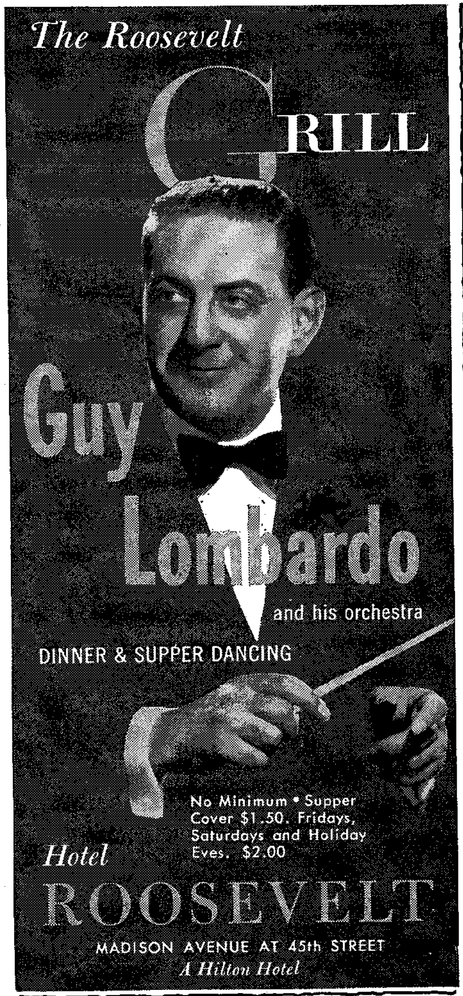
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column, and its riders became castaways, trying to hitchhike out of Hades.

The 2nd Division was no longer an organized tactical unit but a bunch of straggling individuals, "a host which had for five days survived massacre without sleep . . . unrested, unfed, and freezing." But most of the men kept going, some of them crawling through ditches already heaped with dead and wounded, and about half of them got out.

The alternative was to abandon hope and forsake any useful part in the salvage operation. Merely to keep moving required greater resolution than to take cover and await what developed. The strong made that choice; some of the weak rejected it, waited overlong for help which did not come, and paid the price of death or capture.

The resolution of some men was extraordinary. Lieutenant Tom Turner was knocked unconscious three times on his way back—twice by rocket bursts and once when enemy fire disabled a truck he was clinging to. He sprained an ankle badly, was captured and then inexplicably released by the enemy, and, fortified by a bottle of Scotch that had magically come through his misadventures intact, organized and led a successful assault on an enemy machine gun, then guided a group to the haven of a British force at the far end of the gauntlet.

It is improbable that any of the men who lived through the scenes Marshall has reconstructed could have told the story as graphically as he has, and Marshall knows the reason why. "In such an operation," he says, "men do not actually observe the battlefield. They see the world as a rabbit sees it, crouching to earth, with an eye on one little patch. On broken ground, like that of Korea, men under fire may witness nothing except possibly the lip of a bank ten feet away, with the dust kicking up all around it as the bullets hit." It is a service to soldiers everywhere, and to the people they represent, that so painstaking and sympathetic an analyst has demonstrated that the sum of their isolated, tiny parts in a great event can be made to add up into a stirring and revealing whole. —E. J. KAHN, JR.

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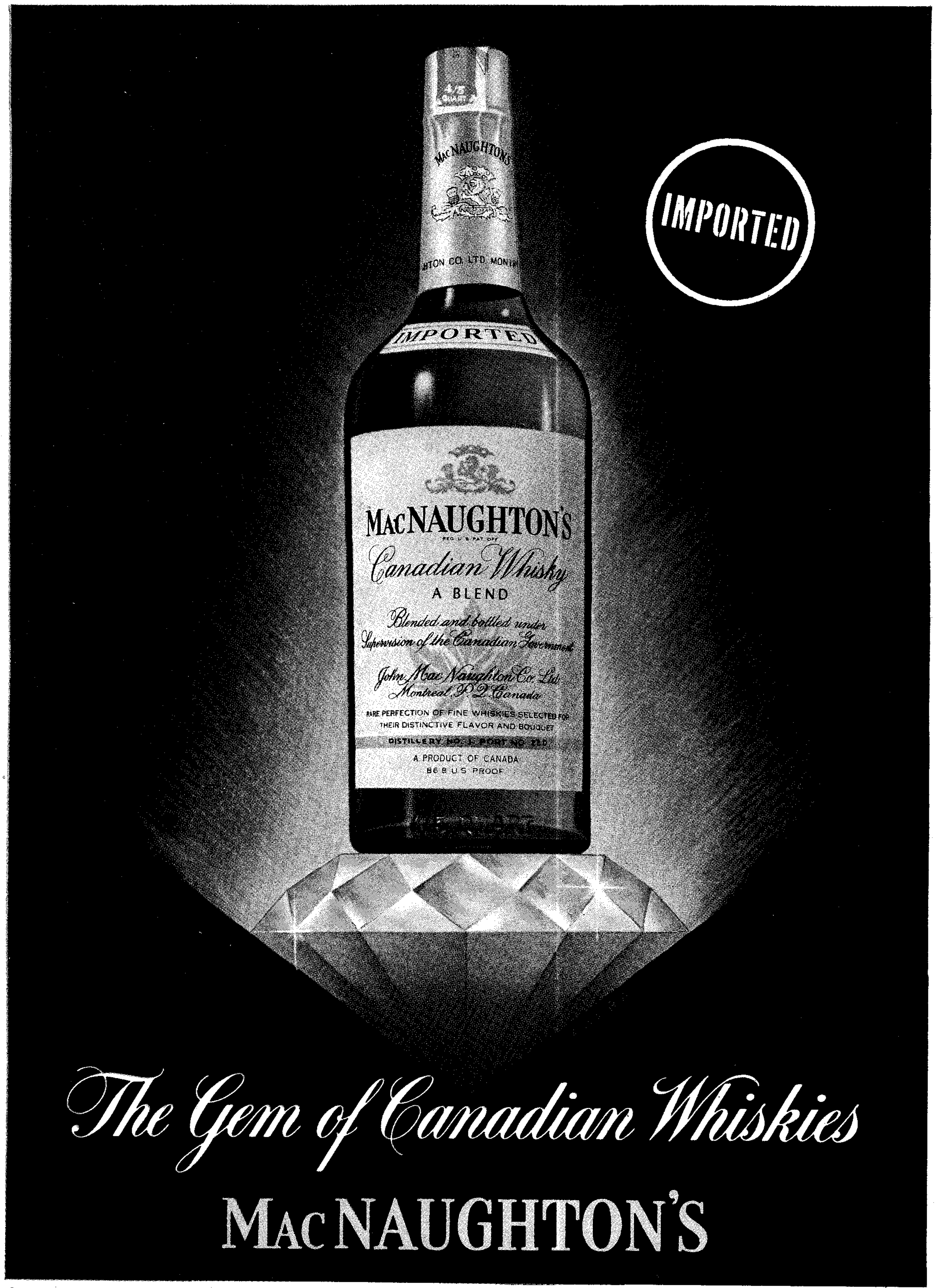
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